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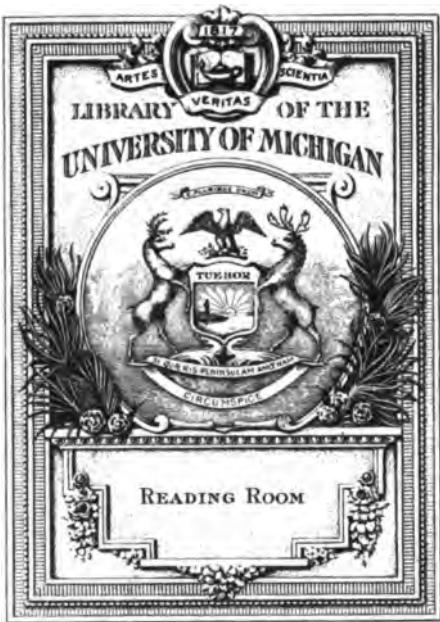
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The Speaker

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The Parson's Horse Race



AL, now, this 'ere does beat all! I wouldn't have thought it of the deacon. Why, this hoss he's sold the Widder Simpkins 'ell never be no good to her. That 'are's a used up critter, any fool can see that. He'll mabbe do for about a quarter of a mile on smooth roads, but come to drive him as a body wants to drive, why he blaws like my bellowsis; and the deacon knew it—must 'a know'd it."

So spoke Sam Lawson, drooping in a discouraged, contemplative attitude in front of an equally discouraged horse, that had just been brought to him by the Widder Simpkins for medical treatment. And Sam leaned back on his cold forge and seemed to deliver himself to a train of general reflection. "Yes, hosses does seem to be sorto unregenerate critters; there's sunthin about hosses that deceives the very elect. The best o' folks gets tripped up when it comes to deal in hosses. Ministers, now, folks allus thinks it's sunthin sort o' shaky for a minister to hav' much to do with hosses—sure to get um into trouble. There was old Parson Williams, of North Bilbriky, got into a dreadful mess about a hoss. Lord massy and he weren't to blame neither: but he got into the dreadfulest scrape you ever heard on—come nigh to unsetlin' him."

"O Sam, tell us about it," we boys shouted, delighted with the prospect of a story.

"Ye see, boys, Parson Williams—he's dead now, but when I was a boy he was one of the great men around here. He writ books, and he was a smart preacher. Folks said he had invitations to settle in Boston, and there ain't no doubt he might a had a Boston parish if he'd a been a mind to take it. He was purty up and down and commanden in his ways, and things had to go

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perty much as he said. He was a good deal sot by, Parson Williams was.

"And they lived purty easy and comfortable so fur as this world's goods is concerned, and he allers liked to have the best that there was a goin' and allers had an eye to good hosses.

"Now, there was Parson Adams and Parson Scranton and most of the ministers: they didn't know and didn't care what hoss they had, just jogged around with these 'ere poundin', sleepy critters that ministers mostly have. But Parson Williams he allers would have a hoss as was a hoss. He looked out fer blood. And the hoss he had at the time I'm telling about was a peeler, you bet. They called him Tamerlone from some heathen feller or other: the boys called him Tam for short. Tam was a great character. All the fellers for miles 'round knew the doctor's Tam, and used to come clear over from the other parishes to see him.

"Well, Cuff, he was the doctor's nigger man, he really made an idol of that 'er hoss—a reg'lar graven image—and bowed down and worshipped him. He didn't think nothin' was too good fer him. He washed and brushed and curried him, and rubbed him down until he shone like a woman's satin dress. You see, Tam wasn't no ladies' hoss. Miss Williams was 'fraid o' death of him. But the Parson liked to drive Tam; and he liked to go 'round the country on his back, and a fine figure of a man he was on him, too. He didn't let nobody else back him er handle the reins but Cuff; and Cuff was so dredful set up about it and swelled and bragged about that er hoss all 'round the country. Nobody couldn't put in a word about any other hoss, without Cuff's feathers would be all up, stiff as a tom-turkey's tail; and that's how Cuff got the doctor into trouble.

"Ye see, there nat'lly was others that thought they'd got hosses, and didn't want to be crowed over. There was Bill Atkins out to the west parish, and Ike Sanders, that kept a stable up to Piquot Holler; they was down a-lookin' at the parson's hoss, and a-bettin' on their'n and a-darin' Cuff to run with 'em. Wal, Cuff he couldn't stand it, and when the doctor's back was turned, he'd off on the sly, and they'd have their race; and Tam he'd beat 'em all. Tam, ye see, boys, was a hoss that couldn't and wouldn't hev a hoss ahead of him—he jest

wouldn't. Ef he dropped in his tracks the next minit, he would be ahead; and he allus got ahead.

"So the fellers all got their blood up and there was racin' in all the parishes; and it got so they even raced on Sunday.

"Wal, of course, they never got the doctor's hoss out on Sunday. Cuff wouldn't durst do that—Lord massy, no. He was allers there in church, settin' up in the doctor's clothes, rollin' his eyes, and lookin' as pious as if he never thought of racin' horses. He was an awful solemn nigger in church, Cuff was. But there was a lot of them fellers out to Pequot Holler, Bill Atkins and Tom Peters, and Ike Sanders and the Hokiem boys, used to go out ev'ry Sunday arter meetin' and race hosses. You see it was close to the State line, and if the s'lectmen was to come down on 'em they could just whip up their hosses over the State line, and they couldn't take 'em.

"Wal, it got to be a great scandal. The fellers talked about it up to the tavern and the deacons and tithingsman, they took it up and went to Parson Williams about it; and the parson he told 'em jest to keep still, not let the fellars know they was bein' watched, and next Sunday he and the tithingsman and the constable, they'd ride over and ketch 'em in the very act. So next Sunday afternoon Parson Williams and deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley (he was the constable that year) they got on their hosses and rode over to Pequot Holler.

The doctor's blood was up, and he meant to come down on 'em strong; for that was his way o' doin' in his parish. And they was in a sort o' day-a-judgment frame o' mind, and jogged along silent as a hearse, till, come to a rise the hill above to holler, they see three or four fellers with their hosses gettin' ready to race; and the parsons, says he, 'Let's go up quiet and get behind these bushes and we'll see what th're up to and catch 'em in the act.' But the mischief on it was that Ike Sanders see 'em comin' and he knowed Tam in a minit—Ike know'd Tam of old—and he just tipped the wink to the rest o' the boys. 'Wait,' says he, 'let 'em git close up, and then I'll give the word, and the doctor's hoss 'll be racin' ahead like thunder.'

"Wal, so the doctor and his folks, they drew up behind the bushes and saw 'em a-gittin' ready to start. Tam

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he begun to snuffle and paw; but the doctor never mistrusted what he was up to until Ike sung out, 'Go it, boys.' Tam give one fly, and was over the bushes, and in among 'em, a-goin' it like chain lightening, ahead of 'em all.

"Deacon Popkins and Ben Bradley jest stood and held their breath to see 'em all goin' it so like thunder; And the doctor he was took so sudden it was all he could do to jest hold on anyway; so away he went, and trees and bushes and fences streaked by him like ribbons. His hat flew off behind him, and his wig arter and got ketched in a barberry bush; but Lord massy, he couldn't stop to think of them. He jest leaned and caught Tam 'round the neck, and held on for dear life til they come to the stoppin' place. Wal, Tam was ahead of 'em all, sure enough, and was snortin' and snuffin' as if he'd got the very old boy in him, and was up to racin' some more on the spot.

"And then Ben and Ike and Tom and the two Hokium boys, they jest roared and danced around like wild critters. There's times, boys, when a minister must be tempted to swear if there ain't preventin' grace, and this must have been one of them times to Parson Williams. He didn't say nothin', but let 'em have their say. But when they'd got through and Ben had brought his hat and wig and brushed and settled him agin, the parson he says, 'Well, boys, you've had your say and your laugh; but I warn you now, I won't have this thing going on any more,' says he, 'so mind yourselves.'

"Wal, the boys see that the doctor's blood was up, and they rode off purty quiet, and I believe they never raced no more on that spot."



O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
Because the way is short, I thank thee, God."
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Ivy Green

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Oh! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.



The Origin of Roast Pig

BY CHARLES LAMB.



HANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal.

The art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand—much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling!

Again he felt and fumbled the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a

sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and, finding how matters stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones.

"You graceless whelp! What have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig—the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste! O Lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor. In conclusion both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze, and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize-town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in

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court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and, burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time a sage arose who made the discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.



Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
 With our poor earthward striving;
 We quench it that we may be still
 Content with merely living;
 But would we know that heart's full scope,
 Which we are hourly wronging,
 Our lives must climb from hope to hope
 And realize our longing.

—James Russell Lowell.

The Sulks

BY HELEN HICKS BATES.

A feller's fam'ly anyway's
A useless lot o' hulks.
If things ain't jest to suit their taste,
They up and git the sulks.
It's like as not there ain't a soul
Except theirselves to blame.
But that don't count a mite with them,
They're snarly jest the same.

O' course I don't mean Ma, you know,
She ain't got time to frown.
It keeps her on the jump all day
To smooth the others down,
Whichever's got the sulks.

You can't tell which'll git 'em next.
I'm sure I never know.
Sometimes I speak to sis about
Her parties or her beaux,
An' sis, she'll snap aroun' at me
Jest like she'd box my ears,
An' would, I guess, exceptin' Ma
Jest sorter always hears.

Nen Ma, she whispers me aside:
"The clouds are roun' to-day.
Better clear out, sonny boy,
An' go somewherees an' play,
Yer sister's got the sulks."

Now Pa's a man—an' growed up men
Know everything, an' so
Sometimes I ast him some few things
A feller'd orter know.
But Pa jest grumbles to hisself
An' scowls across his specs,
An' I ain't done a single thing
That could disturb or vex.

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Nen Ma, she whispers me aside:
 "The clouds are roun' to-day.
 Better clear out, sonny boy,
 An' go somewherees an' play,
 Yer Pa's got the sulks."

An' even Bud! You'd think a boy
 Ud have a mite more sense.
 Long pants an' all! He's big enough
 To vault across the fence;
 But sometimes, if I ast him nice
 To make a shinny stick,
 He'll shy a book at me an' growl:
 "Git out! You make me sick."

Nen Ma, she whispers me aside:
 "The clouds are roun' to-day.
 Better clear out, sonny boy,
 An' go somewherees an' play,
 Yer brother's got the sulks."

So I slide out across the fields
 An' down beside the crick,
 Where everything is peaceful like.
 The grass is soft an' thick;
 The squirrels chatter in the trees;
 The birds all sing like mad;
 The water dances in the sun,
 It seems so awful glad;

An' by an' by, way up above,
 The wind begins to blow,
 An' all the leaves begin to shake,
 They git to laffin' so;
 An' nothin's got the sulks.

The only thing that bothers me
 Is wishin' Ma was here.
 I wisht she did'nt have to stay
 With folks that act so queer.
 I may be wrong, but seems to me
 That folks ain't got no right
 To shadder other people's lives,
 Jest 'cause they don't feel bright.

But Ma, she's got to stay at home
An' never has no fun;
An' all day long she has to work,
You'd think she's be the one
To always git the sulks.



The Conqueror

BY EMIL CARL AURIN.

It's easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then, indeed, it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows; he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.

The Crackajack Story*

BY HAROLD KELLOCK.



T was a common report in the office that Billy Doring had no other interest in the world except the big news machine that he served. This was borne out by the fact that early reporters on the "gas-house" trick, stumbling into the office in the gray dawn, frequently found the little city editor there before them, and particularly by the experience of a man who dropped in once at midnight to recover some notes he had left behind for a current assignment, and was astonished to find a single electric lamp in that black, silent place glaring down upon Billy Doring perched on the edge of his chair, smoking his cigar and peering about with his curious smile.

But Douglas, the managing editor, knew that there was another side to Doring's life. He knew that on three days of the year the little city editor was sure to be absent from the office, and one of these days was his wedding anniversary, and the others were the birthdays of his wife, Anna, and little Lucy; and he was aware that in the drawer in Billy's table, amidst the litter of pencil stubs and clippings and old proofs, lay the photograph of a pretty, fair-haired woman with a little child.

Meanwhile the little city editor was announcing to his copy-readers: "We're going to run some roars for a week or two. Teaching fads and frills in the public schools is the thing."

He took up his telephone receiver. "This is the city desk," he murmured, in his tone of gentle inquiry.

And then, after a few intent seconds, he dropped his cigar on the floor and drew in his breath sharply. "Please repeat that bulletin," he said, curtly. The cada-verous copy-reader looked up with an air of astonishment. It was seldom indeed that anyone had to repeat a thing to Billy Doring, and seldom that he gave orders in that tone.

* From "McClure's Magazine," November, 1909.

Before Doring set the receiver down his right hand tapped the copy-reader's elbow.

"Headquarters reports steamboat *Abraham Lincoln* afire off Spuyten Duyvil, with women and children jumping into the water," he said in his usual soft voice. "It's a Sunday-school excursion, probably fifteen hundred aboard. Third Lutheran Church of Yorkville, Peter Henderson, pastor. You might pad it up for the first edition."

His eyes were wandering speculatively over the reporters' desks, while he continued his suggestions. "Merrihew can start the Harlem and Yonkers men out and call up the steamboat people. Brill, you might see what you can scrape up along the Hudson water-front by 'phone."

The cadaverous copy-reader convulsively grabbed a pile of copy-paper, and the other two were already at the telephone booths, while Billy Doring stepped to the reporters' desks. Four men sat there.

"Up at Spuyten Duyvil there's an excursion boat burning up filled with women and children," he said. "You might all go up. It sounds like a good story. Telephone."

The quartet made for the stairway on the run.

The telephone rang with a confirmatory bulletin from Police Headquarters, and Doring turned the receiver over to the cadaverous copy-reader as Brill rushed up, flushed and excited.

"She's been run aground all ablaze from stem to stern," he cried. "The water's full of women and children. Crackajack story!"

Doring was glancing at each page of Hoyt's hieroglyphics as fast as it was written. Without interrupting this supervision, he now wrote out, swiftly and without a single erasure, in his round, school-boy hand, an elaborate four-column caption for the story, and then rose to answer a bass bellow of "Doring!" from Douglas.

"What boat is that, Doring?" said Douglas, sharply, as the city editor came up.

"The *Abraham Lincoln*," said Doring.

Douglas grunted sharply, and for a minute the two men looked into each other's eyes.

"You—your wife—" Douglas ended in an inarticu-

late splutter; his vocal processes were not tuned to sympathy.

"I couldn't do anything up there—and we have to get out the paper," said Billy Doring, quietly. "No use mentioning it about the office—any little thing sends the men up in the air on a day like this." A sudden nasal clamor from the streets came through the open window. "The yellows are out with it," he said, and then the insistent telephone called him again.

Pretty soon the story began to trickle in over the telephone from many sources. It came in drops, as it were, not as a logical, consecutive narrative, but as a series of inadequate, incoherent thimblefuls thrown carelessly at a news desk that raged with a thirst for gallon draughts. Over this tantalizing lack of the essential tale for the first edition the men lost their nerves and their tempers, and gradually a pandemonium of shrieks and howls and recriminations awoke in the office, so that a timid young chap who approached up the narrow stairs to invoke the mysterious editorial functions to proclaim his approaching nuptials, stood for a minute staring wide, and then precipitately fled.

Through these trying earlier stages of the day Billy Doring alone was the figure of silent efficiency, steady-ing all hands to their work, loosing the tension here and there with a whimsical suggestion backed by his quaint smile.

And then the real work of the day began. The trickling story swelled to a torrential flood. The telephone wires were like great conduits voiding it into the office as into a reservoir. It inundated the place, threatened to drown them all in the fierce inrush of its mere bulk. And then Billy Doring, puffing a bit more briskly at a large black cigar, composed his forces to wrestle with the weltering problem.

It was a pitiful tale. The boat had been packed with sixteen hundred women and children. Someone had smelled smoke, and then flames were licking along the decks, and the next the whole craft was a raging furnace. The captain was old and irresolute; the crew, after ineffectual efforts to stem the blaze with rotten hose that burst in their hands, leaped overboard in panic at the rush of the flames. Some passengers on the upper deck managed to get over a life-raft, which

sank like a stone. There was a struggle for the life-preservers, the decayed canvas covering of which tore apart like paper, and then a scramble to get overboard.

This was the tale that poured in from a dozen sources, distorted with contradictions and impossibilities and the errors and omissions of haste and confusion. Billy Doring kept a hand on each separate strand of the tale, weaving the whole into the fabric of a strong, coherent, dramatic narrative told in terse, sharp English without the gush of fine writing.

It was early in the afternoon that a cub reporter called up with the first identifications of the dead.

"You might give them to me," said Doring.

There were two or three names beginning with the letters A, B, and C, and then the reporter said:

"Mrs. William Doring."

"Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

"How was the woman identified?" asked Billy, quietly.

"Letters in a little red morocco satchel she carried," said the reporter. "I hope it's no relation of yours, Mr. Doring?"

"That's all right," said Doring's even voice. "Give the rest of the names to Mr. Brill."

He knew that red morocco satchel.

He saw Brill run to the telephone booths, and then, mechanically, he wrote in the copy his wife's name, and below it: "Lucy Doring, 10 years old." After a minute, he erased this and substituted, "Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

A waiting boy reached out for the page, and as he did so he felt a hot drop fall upon the back of his hand. He looked up at Doring, and then his under jaw fell, and he stood, the paper held loosely in his hand, staring; for tears were trickling down the city editor's face.

"Go on, sonny," said the city editor, huskily. He drew his sleeve hastily across his eyes. But his voice was clear again when, an instant later, he gave orders to run the list of names in heavy type in a block.

Over the office, people were watching Doring furtively. The copy-boy who had seen Billy's tears whispered awesomely to some of his fellows. The sporting editors had got the rumor and were staring at Doring over their neglected work. Some of the pressmen gath-

ered in a flying group. "His wife and kid," said one. "Jee-rusalem! He's a calm one," ejaculated another. They kept an eye on Doring as they sweated over the machines. The telegraphers shook their heads at the news and stared portentously. The rumor invaded "The Desk" itself, and the copy-readers called out their orders in gentler tones. One of them whispered the report to Douglas, who sat now in a great litter of proofs and crumpled papers.

Douglas glanced over at Doring. The little man wore his quaint smile as he worked, but his face was very pale. "Doring!" shouted Douglas.

"I'm sorry, Doring," he spluttered, "con-damn-founded sorry! I guess you wanter go—up there." He waved a hand vaguely toward the window. "Go ahead. We'll get the paper out."

"Thanks," said Doring, fixing Douglas with his smile. "I'll see this edition through. Then, if you can spare me, I think I'll go out and buy a pistol and shoot all the directors of the steamboat company, and the captain, and the government inspectors who passed those life-belts and hose—and then possibly myself. But I'll see this edition through all right first."

Again his telephone called him.

"This is the city desk," he said, in his tone of mild inquiry.

"This is Anna," said a woman's voice.

"Anna! Lucy!" the words trembled from his lips. "We're all right. You remember Lucy's swimming lessons in public school? Well, they saved us. We had to jump overboard, and I gave out, and the kid held me up until some men in a rowboat picked us out. The only thing we lost was my red morocco satchel. I gave it to the mother of a little girl Lucy had been playing with to hold while I tried to get some life preservers, and I never saw her again. I should have called you up before, Billy—I know how anxious you must have been—but I gave out completely for a while. But we're all right now—clothes dry and everything."

"Thank God!" said Doring.

His eye peered humorously over at Merrihew, who was nervously puffing great clouds from his bulldog pipe.

"That's the wife—safe," he said. "I guess we'll for-

get that roar about teaching fads and frills in the schools."

Sorting thoughtfully through the proofs on his desk, he drew out the list of identified dead and drew his blue pencil through two lines of this—his wife's name and the "Ten-year-old girl, supposed to be her daughter."

"Hold the forms for this correction," he said, handing the slip to the make-up man, who was shuffling past.

"I'd hold them a year for that, Billy," cried the make-up man, as he glanced at the bit of proof. "They're safe, then?"

"Safe!" said Doring.

All the office was watching and listening to this conversation. With the important edition only a few minutes away, the whole human machinery of the place had miraculously stopped. Even the managing editor stood silent and motionless in the doorway of his den. And as the word "safe" framed itself on Billy's lips, a murmur spread from the copy-desks out to where the farthest pressman in the dim interior of the room stood, his idle hands on his hips, observing. The managing editor's sharp lips softened to a smile. He waved his arms aloft in a gesture that was meant to convey to Billy and to the world his congratulations, and as he did so the murmur grew to a hoarse cheer that shook the type in the cases.

Then suddenly Doring laid his head upon the shabby oak table and gave way to a paroxysm of sobs and hysterical laughter.



Lincoln's Rules for Living

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

There Ain't No West No More

There ain't no West no more, Bill; you'd hardly know
the land!
They've built a dry goods store, Bill, where Peg Leg's
used to stand!
They've got some real police, Bill—just plain brass-
buttoned dubs,
That aim to keep the peace, Bill, an' carry polished clubs.
The good old days is gone, Bill; they've gone for certain,
shore;
Here's what you can bet on, Bill: There ain't no West no
more!

Stay back there in the East, Bill, where folks kin break
a law;
The good old times is ceased, Bill; the West has come
to taw.
Why, Two-Tooth Jones is dead, Bill—he jest shot up
a town
An' got cracked on the head, Bill, by some one name
o' Brown,
That wore a silver star, Bill, an' never rode a hoss.
Stay right there where you are, Bill—the West is grow-
ing moss.

The faro game is closed, Bill; the lay-out's done been
burned!
Who'd ever have supposed, Bill, 'twould be so—I'll be
durned
If they ain't got a rule, Bill, that roulette doesn't go!
It's like a Sunday-school, Bill—it ain't the West you
know.
An' worse than all the rest, Bill—whatever would you
think?
They'll hang you in the West, Bill, for shootin' of a
Chink!

There ain't no West no more, Bill—just wipe it off your
map.
Them cowboy clothes you wore, Bill, the folks here now
would rap!

They pinch you if you cuss, Bill; they close the barn at night.
An' you can't start no fuss, Bill, nor mix up in a fight.
The good old days is gone, Bill; they've gone for certain shore;
Here's what you can bet on, Bill: There ain't no West no more!



Good Night, Dear World

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

Good night, dear world, now go to sleep,
Cease all thy restless motion,
While moon and stars their vigils keep
O'er mount, and plain, and ocean.
Good night, good night!

Good night, dear world, let dew soft fall,
O'er grass and flowers and clover,
While skies soft bend them over all,
Like unto ardent lover.
Good night, good night!

Good night, dear world, soothe at thy breast
Thy children as they slumber,
While beasts in stall, and birds in nest,
Are resting without number.
Good night, good night!

Good night, dear world, they nod, the trees,
The flowers in sleep are bowing,
Sweet lullabys sound on the breeze
While soft the streams are flowing.
Good night, good night!

Good night, dear world, within night's fold,
Oh, rest thee, till the morning
Doth come with its great crown of gold,
To greet the day's returning.
Good night, good night!

Mrs. O'Leary Makes a Morning Call

BY LEILA MORGAN.



HE top o' the mornin' to ye, Mrs. McQuade," called Mrs. O'Leary, as she knocked at the former's back porch screen door. "Shure, an' I thought I'd be afther comin' over an' tellin' ye of the good toime ye missed last night at me daughter Mary Ann's party. It's meself that's sorry ye weren't there, for it was a grand affair, it was.

"And is it 'Who all was there?' that ye are afther askin' me? Why, faith, indade, no less swells than the McManns themselves were there, with their swishin' silk gowns and danglin' ear-rings. If it's sthyle one wants to see, shure one needn't go farther than our own town of Sleightenville to look for it.

"What did we do, do ye ask? The saint be blessed, faith, and it's what didn't we do ye should be afther askin'. It's yerself would have enjoyed the music, seein' as how ye're sich a player and singer. 'What was it loike?' Indade! Well, shure to me it was loike havin' a screamin' baby and a howlin' dog together in one room durin' a thunderstorm. But shure, the rist of the people seemed to think it was wonderful. For meself, I was that scared Mary Ann's new pianny would be smashed, I could hardly keep me chair at all, at all; Shure, how anny wan can call them pieces that they pound off on the pianny music, is more thin I can iver tell. Now, if they had played 'Annie Rooney' or 'Little Kate Kearney,' shure, it would have been somethin' loike.

Afther we had a bits to eat—'refreshments,' as Mary Ann called them—the young folks danced till mornin'. And, Mrs. McQuade, shure, it's me sides that were breakin' wid laughin' to see them doin' the new kind of jig; the Hay Dance, faith, I think they called it. The 'Barn Dance,' is it? Well, shure, I knew it had somethin' to do wid the hay, but from the looks of it, indade, I would have thought it had more to do with lunatics.

For of all the jumpin' and kickin' and swingin', shure,
there niver was the loike of that whin Pat and I wint
to dances in the ould country. Now, don't tell me that's
iliven o'clock I hear sthrikin'; well, thin, and I must
be goin' this very minit. Shure, an' it's a cup of sugar
I came over for an' your askin' me about the party
made me fergit that there was a puddin' half made an'
waitin' me return. Faith, an' it's mesilf that's much
obliged to ye, an' if ye can jist let me have a couple
of eggs an' some flour that's all I'll be afther botherin'
ye about. Oh, an' I believe it's a cup of butter an' a
teaspoonful of soda I'll be havin' to have, too. It's the
kindhearted neighbor ye are, to be shure. Well, as I am
after sayin' before, it's roight sorry I am ye couldn't
be at the party, but I knew ye'd enjoy hearin' of it,
so that's why I came over.

"Good-day to yez, Mrs. McQuade, an' shure it's yer-
self must come over an' see me now. Good-mornin' to
ye, thin, I'll say."



A Citizen of Sunlight

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

He was never in the lowgrounds, where the wind of
trouble chills;
A citizen of sunlight—a brother of the hills;
"How's the world a-goin'?" An' his answer still was:
"Prime!"
I'm havin'—oh, I'm havin' of a halleluia time!"

A citizen of sunlight, he met the mornin' bright;
Opened all Life's windows, an' bathed his soul in light;
He heard the bells of mornin' on the highest hilltops
chime,
Forevermore a-havin' of a halleluia time.

No storms could blow the stars out—no thunder's solemn
roll
Could drown the joyous echoes of the singing in his soul;
Peace dwelt with him forever—the peace of God sublime,
An' that's why he was havin' of a halleluia time!

The Confession*

BY GEORGE DYRE ELDRIDGE.



IMMY, "the Oyster," was lying in St. Bar-nabas with a hole, bored by a pistol ball, through the small of his back.

"It's a moighty small hole for a man to crawl out of," he said to Father O'Drea; "but it's the door to Purgatory, sure."

And Father O'Drea found it in his conscience to answer, "Tut, tut, Jimmie! Ye'll live to cut up scandalous at me wake," and almost cheated himself into believing that Jimmy didn't see the tear that gathered in his eye and rolled down his rosy cheek before he could catch it under pretense of smothering a sneeze.

He was weaker the next day, and his eye burned with a feverish light. He had caught a word that morning. Mike McCreary had been put on trial for the Dolan murder and as the day wore on Jimmie had before him the picture of Mike battling for life with judge, jury and the district attorney's office for odds against him. That night he confided his fears to Father O'Drea.

"They've it in fur him, Faither," he moaned. "He voted the precinct agin Big Bill an' the man he was afther for alderman; an' sure I knew then they'd get him!"

"Nonsense!" answered the priest. "He killed Dolan, an' ye know it. Do you want all the scallawags to get off?"

"It's mostly the scallawags, Faither, who's ben kind to me," moaned Jimmie. "T'others ha' ben too busy to bother."

"But 'twas a dirty trick o' Mike's," urged the other. "If he'd got to get Dolan, why didn't he do it in a fair fight? Answer me that, man Jimmie!"

"Whist, Faither. When I was a little lad, an' me mither so poor she didn't buy us clothes fur fear we'd eat 'em, an' didn't buy us grub 'cause she didn't have the money, I saw a loaf o' bread one night be'ind a winder, an' somehow just then the winder got broke, an'

* From *Adventure*.

then I was runnin', like Paddy McGlyn wid the Devil behind him, an' I was a huggin' that loaf o' bread as if 'twas a gurl wid rid hair an' blue eyes, an' *plump!* I run into Mike, fur he was the cop thin, an' a foine one he was, begorra."

"Whar'd ye get that?" he ses.

"I picked it up," ses I.

"In the street?" ses he.

"In the street," ses I.

"Then, begorra," ses he, "ye'd betther get home, an' you an' yer mither an' the kids tuck it away, fur I see the baker comin', an' it's some tall lyin' I'll have to do, or it's the Island where ye'll find the nixt bit o' bread!"

"An' he lied fur me like a Christian, Faither. Do ye think he's the man w'd shtick the likes o' Dolan wid a knife? Faith, I believe Dolan was lyin' himself and was never shtuck at all, at all."

"Sure, Dolan was dead when they found him. If he hadn't been, he wouldn't a' ben the fool you are an' kept his mouth shut."

"Faith, the skunk did it himself."

"And what did he do with the knife? Will ye tell me that?"

"Whist, Faither; will they hang him?"

"Mike? They will."

"Sure, did the dochter say how long I'd last?"

The question came so suddenly and so took the priest off his guard that he had no time to cover his tracks, and before he could find himself he had given away the fact that the lad could not hope for more than forty-eight hours.

"Sure, then it's time I got the load off me soul. 'Twas myself that killed Dolan, an' ye can tell the judge so whinever ye want to."

Father O'Drea looked at the lad for a moment, and then shook his head.

"It's lyin' ye are, Jimmie, me lad; and you that near death."

The lad gave him back his glance, with eyes in which fear, almost terror, lurked. Once, twice, he tried to speak, and it was not till the priest had given him a drink that he whispered:

"It's the truth, Faither, I tell ye; an' I'll have the murder of Mike on me soul too if ye don't help me!"

I crep' up be'ind Dolan an' I drove the knife between his ribs, an' down he wint, wid a groan, an'-an' that was all."

The priest gazed down on the boy, and doubt grew in his face. That he was laboring under some terrible excitement—fear, hope, remorse, possibly—he was certain; and yet he doubted.

"What did you kill him for?" he asked.

"Sure, yer Riverence knows how he treated me sister Mary?"

Too well the good father knew, and he felt that here indeed was a motive that accounted for the crime as fully as that which the district attorney's office had patched up to tighten the net about Mike McCreary. What if the lad was telling the truth, and he, by his obstinate unbelief, was helping to hang the other for the crime of which he was innocent?

"What did ye do with the knife?" he asked, suddenly.

The lad's face lightened.

"I'll tell the judge and the cops when they come," he said; "I'll tell 'em where they'll find it."

The priest knew that the search for the weapon had been high and low, and that if indeed the lad could tell the hiding-place it would go far to prove the confession true. He stooped over the couch.

"Jimmie, me lad," he said solemnly, "it's the deadly sin ye're committing if ye're lying and ye so near death. If ye're lying, tell me!"

"Sure, it's the truth I'm tellin'."

"Do ye swear it on the blessed cross?"

The lad's face grew ghastly. Terror filled his eyes, and horror looked out from them. But this was for a moment only. As the good priest shuddered at his own hardness of heart in putting the lad to such a test, the other looked up, an almost beautiful smile broke over his face and he whispered:

"I swear it on the blessed cross!"

It was almost noonday when the officers of the law returned to St. Barnabas and brought the knife with which Dolan had been killed. They had found it where Jimmie told them to look, and the physicians who had examined the wound left no doubt in any mind that it was the veritable weapon with which the deed was done.

But Father O'Drea sat at the cot side and motioned the officers away.

"Ye're through," he said. "It's my turn now. The few minutes that are left belong to Holy Church."

"But the court had ordered the jury to hear his statement," said the assistant district attorney. "If you want McCreary freed—"

The tired eyes opened and the boy whispered:

"I am ready."

Father O'Drea turned to the surgeon in charge with a question he found no need to ask.

"Yes," said the surgeon, "but tell them to come quick and have it over. He's got more strength than nine out of ten men would have, but it can't last forever."

As the afternoon closed in the lad lay in a half stupor, merely opening his eyes at times and casting an appealing glance at Father O'Drea. Each time the priest shook his head and answered, "Not yet." Then in turn he would stoop and urge the dying lad to his last duty as a Christian, and each time the boy would in turn shake his head and repeat the words, "Not yet."

"Oh, Jimmie, me boy," pleaded the Father, "don't take the chance, don't wait too long—"

"Not yet," sighed Jimmie, and the eyes closed again.

At last came a messenger, and with his first step the lad's eyes opened, and an eager look came into his face.

"The court has directed the jury to bring in a verdict of 'Not Guilty,' and has discharged McCreary."

"Is he free?" whispered Jimmie.

"Yes; free."

"Can they touch him again?"

"Never; not even if they found out absolutely that he had done it."

"Faither, I'm ready," said Jimmie, and the few fleeting moments of the lad's life belonged to the priest and Holy Church.

As Father O'Drea left St. Barnabas, where he had closed the eyes of the dead lad, he found before the door a big man, half crouching and shaking as with a chill. He seized the priest by the arm.

"Is he——?" he could not speak the word.

"Yes, Mike, he's dead."

"Did he——"

"What he told me was under seal of the confessional, and no man will ever know; but Mike, if ye ever take a crooked step again in your whole life, and there's a curse the Church can find that'll send ye to Hell, and keep ye there through all eternity, ye may be sure I'll find it, or me name isn't Shemus O'Drea, as was given me in Holy Baptism!"



The Trial of Tom Grayson*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Tom Grayson, accused of the murder of George Lockwood, on the night of the Timber Creek camp-meeting, finds everything against him. The motive is clear, his pistol has been found near the body, he was near Lockwood at the time of the shooting, and David Sovine swears that he saw the crime committed. Public sentiment is strongly against Tom, and his only hope is in his lawyer, Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, too, seemed to have given up the case.



INCOLN sat out the forenoon without making a note, without a book or a scrap of paper before him, and without asking the witnesses a question. If he had given up the case, asked the audience, why did he not fight on every small point, as any other lawyer would have done, for the sake of making a show of zeal? To Allen, the public prosecutor, there was something annoying and ominous in Lincoln's silence. With a taste for climaxes, Allen had reserved his chief witness to the last. He already felt sure of his case; this was his finishing stroke.

"Call David Sovine," he said.

Dave appeared embarrassed. His coarse face twitched and quivered, and this appeared to annoy him; he sought to hide it by an affection of nonchalance, as he rested his weight now on one foot and now on the other.

"Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the 9th of August."

* From "The Graysons." Copyright, 1887, by Edward Eggleston.

"Yes, I was."

"What did you see there? Tell about the shooting."

Dave told the story substantially as he had told it at the coroner's inquest. He related his parting from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty that Tom would not shoot him, and Tom's shooting.

"How far away from Mason and Lockwood were you when the shooting took place?" asked the prosecutor.

"Twenty feet or more."

"What did Tom shoot with?"

"A pistol."

"What kind of a pistol?"

"One of the ole-fashion' sort—flint-lock, weth a ruther long barrel."

Tom's pistol was handed down.

"Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol."

"'Twas just such a one as that. I can't say it was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an' was about as long in the barrel."

"What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?"

"Tom run off as fast as his feet could carry him, an' I went up *towards* George, who'd fell over. He was dead ag'inst I could get there. Then purty soon the crowd come a-runnin' up to see what the fracas was."

After bringing out some further details, Allen turned to his opponent, and said:

"You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln."

There was a brief pause, and it was clear from the looks of the jury that their minds were so well made up that even a judge's charge in favor of the prisoner, if such a thing had been conceivable, would have gone for nothing. Lincoln at length rose slowly from his chair.

"You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?" he asked.

"Yes." Dave was all alert and answered promptly.

"Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?"

"No, I wasn't," said Dave, his suspicions excited by this mode of attack. It appeared that the lawyer, for some reason, wanted to make him confess of having been nearer to the scene, and perhaps implicated, and he therefore resolved to fight off.

"Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?"

"I was more than twenty."

"You had been talking to Lockwood, and you parted from him as a friend?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the time Tom came up you'd got—how far away? Be careful now."

"I've told you twiste. More than twenty feet."

"You might have been mistaken about its being Tom, then?"

"No, I wasn't."

"What time of night was it?"

"Long towards 10, I sh'd think."

"It might have been 11?"

"No, 't wusn't later'n about 10."

"Nor before 9?"

"No, 't wus nigh onto 10, I said." The witness showed some irritation, and spoke louder than before.

"How far away were you from the pulpit and meeting-place?"

"Twixt a half a mile an' a mile."

"Are you sure it was not less than a half mile."

"No, it wuz nigh onto a mile. I didn't measure it, but it's a mighty big three-quarters."

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood he made a better impression than he did on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved. Tom listened with an attention painful to see, his eyes moving anxiously from Lincoln to Dave, as he wondered what point in Dave's armor the lawyer could be driving at. He saw plainly that his salvation was staked on some last throw.

"You didn't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?"

"No! What should we have a candle for?"

"Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?"

"No, of course not! What'd they have candles for?"

"Where were the lights on the camp-ground?"

"Close by the preachers' tent."

"More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?"

"Anyway as much as three-quarters," said Dave, who began to wish that he could modify his previous statement of the distance.

"How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?"

"Twenty feet."

"You said 'or more' a while ago."

"Well, 't wusn't no less, p'r'aps," said Dave, showing signs of worry. "You don't think I measured it, do yeh?"

"There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?"

"No," said the witness, the cold perspiration beading on his face as he saw Lincoln's trap opening to receive him.

"You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the preachers' tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away, and in the woods?"

"No, of course not."

"How could you see Tom and know that it was he who fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?"

"Saw by moonlight," said Sovine, snappishly, dashing at any gap that offered a possible way of escape."

"What sort of trees were there on the ground?"

"Beech."

"Beech leaves are pretty thick in August?" asked Lincoln.

"Ye-es, ruther," gasped the witness, seeing a new pit-fall yawning just ahead of him.

"And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And you full twenty feet away?"

"Well, about that; nearly twenty, anyhow." Dave shifted his weight to his right foot.

"And you pretend to say to this court that by the moon-light, that you got through the beech trees, in August, you could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?"

"Yes." Dave now stood on his left foot.

"And you could see what kind of a pistol it was?" This was said with a little laugh, very exasperating to the witness.

"Yes, I could," answered Dave, with dogged resolution not to be faced down.

"And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?" There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.

"Yes." This was spoken feebly.

"And you twenty feet or more away?"

"I've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see."

whined the witness, apologetically.

Here Lincoln paused, and after regarding his uneasy victim for a quarter of a minute, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat and drew forth a small pamphlet in green covers. He turned the leaves of this with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was utterly silent. At last he fixed his thumb firmly at a certain place on a page, and turned his eyes to the judge.

"Now, your honor," he said to the court, "this witness," with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine, "has sworn over and over again that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood near the Union camp-meeting, on the night of the 9th of last August, and that he, the witness, was standing at the time twenty feet or more away, while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile distant from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are the witness's eyes that he even saw what kind of pistol the prisoner held in his hand, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson's as precisely like, and probably the identical weapon. All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot—saw and observed them at 10 o'clock at night by means of moonlight shining through the trees—beech trees in full leaf. That is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in a beech woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods." Lincoln paused here, and turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began again: "But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the witness I would like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will here see that on the night of the 9th of last August, when this extraordinary witness"—with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down on a chair in exhaustion—"saw the shape of a pistol at twenty feet away, at 10 o'clock by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past 1 in the morning."

Sovine had been gasping like a fish newly taken from

the water, while Lincoln uttered these words, and he now began to mutter something.

"You may have a chance to explain when the jury get done looking at the almanac," said the lawyer to him. "For the present you'd better keep silence."

Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman, an intelligent farmer. One after another the jurymen satisfied themselves that on the night of the 9th, that is—on the morning of the 10th, the moon came up at half-past 1 o'clock. When the last one had examined the page, the counsel recovered his little book, and slowly laid it face downward on the table in front of him, open at the place of its testimony. The audience was utterly silent and expectant. The prosecuting attorney got half-way to his feet to object to Lincoln's course, but he thought better of it, and sat down again.

"Now, may it please the court," Lincoln went on, "I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional—a matter of life and death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now, why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?" Lincoln stood still a moment and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale about the lips. Then he went on, very slowly: "Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move, your honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder."

These words, spoken with extreme deliberation and careful emphasis, shook the audience like an explosion.

"This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury," said the judge. "Sheriff, arrest David Sovine! This matter will have to be looked into."

The sheriff came down from his seat, and went up to the now stunned and bewildered Sovine.

"I arrest you," he said, taking him by the arm.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had lived for all these weeks had wrecked his control at last.

"God!" he muttered, dropping his head with a sort of shudder. "'Tain't any use keeping it back any longer. I didn't mean to shoot him, an' I wouldn't 'a' come here against Tom if I could 'a' got away."



The Owl and the Bell

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

"Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!"
 Sang the Bell to himself in his house at home.
 Up in the tower, away and unseen,
 In a twilight of ivy, cool and green;
 With his Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!
 Singing bass to himself in his house at home.

Said the Owl to himself, as he sat below
 On a window-ledge, like a ball of snow,
 "Pest on that fellow, sitting up there,
 Always calling the people to prayer!
 With his Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!
 Mighty big in his house at home!"

"I will move," said the Owl. "But it suits me well;
 And one may get used to it,—who can tell?"
 So he slept in the day with all his might,
 And rose and flapped out in the hush of night,
 When the Bell was asleep in his tower at home,
 Dreaming over his Bing, Bang, Bome!

For the Owl was born so poor and genteel,
 He was forced from the first to pick and steal;
 He scorned to work for honest bread—
 "Better have never been hatched," he said.
 So he slept all day; for he dared not roam
 Till the night had silenced the Bing, Bang, Bome!

When his six little darlings had chipped the egg,
 He must steal the more; 'twas a shame to beg.
 And they ate the more that they did not sleep well.
 "It's their gizzards," said ma; said pa, "It's the Bell!
 For they quiver like leaves in a wind-blown tote,
 When the Bell bellows out his Bing, Bang, Bome!"

But the Bell began to throb with the fear
 Of bringing the house about his one ear;
 And his people were patching all day long,
 And propping the walls to make them strong.
 So a fortnight he sat, and felt like a mome,
 For he dared not shout his Bing, Bang, Bome!

Said the Owl to himself, and hissed as he said,
 "I do believe the old fool is dead.
 Now, now, I vow, I shall never pounce twice
 And stealing shall be all sugar and spice.
 But I'll see the corpse, ere he's laid in the loam,
 And shout in his ear Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!

"Hoo! hoo!" he cried, as he entered the steeple,
 "They've hanged him at last, the righteous people!
 His swollen tongue lolls out of his head—
 Hoo! hoo! at last the old brute is dead.
 There let him hang, the shapeless gnome!
 Choked, with his throat full of Bing, Bang, Bome!"

So he danced about him, singing Too-whoo!
 And flapped the poor Bell and said, "Is that you?
 Where is your voice with its wonderful tone,
 Banging poor owls and making them groan?
 A fig for you now, in your great hall-dome!
 Too-whoo is better than Bing, Bang, Bome!"

So brave was the Owl, the downy and dapper,
 That he flew inside, and sat on the clapper;
 And he shouted Too-whoo! till the echo awoke
 Like the sound of a ghostly clapper-stroke.
 "Ah, ha!" quoth the Owl, "I am quite at home;
 I will take your place with my Bing, Bang, Bome!"

The owl was uplifted with pride and self-wonder;
 He hissed, and then called the echo thunder;

And he sat, the monarch of feathered fowl,
 Till—Bang! went the Bell, and down went the owl,
 Like an avalanche of feathers and foam,
 Loosed by the booming Bing, Bang, Bome.

He sat where he fell, as if naught was the matter,
 Though one of his eyebrows was certainly flatter.
 Said the eldest owlet, "Pa you were wrong;
 He's at it again with his vulgar song."
 "Be still," said the Owl; "you're guilty of pride:
 I brought him to life by perching inside."

"But why, my dear?" said his pillowry wife;
 "You know he was always the plague of your life."
 "I have given him a lesson of good for evil;
 "Perhaps the old ruffian will now be civil."
 The Owl looked righteous, and raised his comb;
 But the Bell bawled on his Bing, Bang, Bome!



Kallundborg Church

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Build at Kallundborg by the sea
 A church as stately as church may be,
 And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"
 Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,
 "Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"
 And off he strode, in his pride of will,
 To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me
 At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;
 Build it stately, and build it fair,
 Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is wrought
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,
Thou must the name of its builder tell,
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray;
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumor ran through the country-side;
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done;
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art!
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;
Before him the church stood large and fair:
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side:
"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice said,
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
He held her fast, and he held her long;
With the beating heart of a bird afeared,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"O love!" he cried, "let me look to-day
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away;
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart!

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow baffling his evil art;
For more than spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
Of a Troll-wife singing underground:
"To-morrow comes Fine, father thine:
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!"

"Lie still, my darling! next sunrise
Thou'l play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes!"
"Ho! ho!" quoth Esbern, "is that your game?
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.
"Too late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare;
And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound
Of a woman sobbing underground,
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon;
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!



The Deepwater Debate*

BY MAY McHENRY.



N golden, bygone days, when our fathers were young, people had time for the wholesome mental exercises of spelling-bees and debates. In that golden age Deepwater boasted not only the best speller in the valley, but the champion debating club as well.

The champion speakers of this champion club were the "Big Four," the three Barton boys, Daniel, Cyrus and Silas, and Cadwallader Evans, the schoolteacher. The fame of these rustic orators filled the land and reached the county-seat, down along the river; so that one eventful midwinter day there came an invitation for the Deepwater Debating Club to meet members of the Flowerville Lyceum in a discussion of some question of general interest; topic, time and place to be determined by committees from each club.

The Deepwater Club jumped at the challenge like a hungry dog at a bone. It was the opportunity they had been waiting for. The Flowerville Lyceum was a social and literary association that counted among its members some of the most cultured young people of both sexes in the county-seat. The Big Four shrewdly suspected that the challenge had been sent in a spirit of levity, that they were to furnish as much entertainment for the lyceum members as amateur theatricals or home talent minstrel performances. They did not allow the suspicion to keep them from a prompt accept-

* From "McClure's Magazine," December, 1905.



ance. It was a chance to prove their mettle. They had met and vanquished all the rural debaters in a large circuit, and they were eager to try conclusions with better equipped foes.

An expectant circle awaited the arrival of the stage at Gilly's store on the night when Daniel Barton returned from a meeting with the Lyceum committee in Flowerville.

"It's all settled," Daniel announced, as he unwound his long, worsted muffler, and pushed a way to a seat on the cracker-barrel, behind a red-hot stove. "The debate will be two weeks from next Friday night; to be held at the Deepwater schoolhouse, and to be followed by a supper at Boyd's hotel. If the sleighing holds out, the youth and beauty of Flowerville will come up in two large sleds, each drawn by four prancing horses."

"Who will speak, Dan'l? Who are they going to put up against us?" his brothers and the schoolteacher demanded in chorus.

"Lawyer Bleasley, Frank G. Potter and Sternger; Al Sternger."

Daniel mentioned the last name constrainedly, and his brothers glanced at him inquiringly. The schoolteacher rubbed his hands with enthusiasm.

"There is, indeed, an eloquent speaker, an opponent worthy of our highest efforts. I once had the pleasure of hearing him plead an important case, and his oratory far surpassed that of any of the older lawyers concerned, in my humble opinion."

"Don't you want to know the question we are to discuss?" Daniel inquired. "'Tis a great question," and he chuckled appreciatively. "Not exactly new. I believe you all have heard it. *'Resolved*, That war has brought more suffering upon the human race than the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks?"

The Deepwater Debaters had, as they expressed it, been brought up on "War and Intemperance;" it had been the pap of their oratorical infancy, and meat and drink as they developed.

"Well, for my part, I'm glad it is goin' to be about something we're all used to and can understand," the storekeeper broke in. "I'm like most folks, and like to hear something I know. It's like listening to a band play."

For two weeks Deepwater tingled and shivered with expectancy. When the eventful night of the debate arrived, the schoolhouse was crowded to the utmost, with the visitors from Flawerville occupying the front seats.

Feeling responsible for the success of the meeting, the Barton boys and the schoolteacher fairly radiated hospitality as they moved about, shaking hands right and left.

Daniel happened to be at the door when the young lawyer, Al Sternger, entered in company with a very pretty young woman. Daniel's greeting to the chief of the opponents was markedly stiff and brief, and he turned a grim face upon his second cousin, Delilah.

"Why, Daniel! You do not look as though you expected to win," Delilah exclaimed. "I do hope you are going to do your best. I am so anxious that Deepwater shall win."

"What is the use of pretending, Delilah?" Daniel growled. "We all know where your sympathies are."

Delilah's cheeks were pinker than usual as she followed her escort to a seat. She made no reply when Mr. Sternger complacently remarked that her relative seemed to be a victim of the green-eyed monster, and that such a state of mind was not favorable to the quick and accurate reasoning required in a debate.

They did not know what they were to encounter, those over-confident debaters from the county-seat. By the time the first speaker for the affirmative had ripped his courteous friend of the negative up the back, metaphorically and oratorically speaking, and had shown the premises and assumptions of the able gentleman to be unsupported by fact, his pathos to be bosh, his logic to be false; by the time he had sketched in war in such lurid colors as made Sherman's piquant definition seem tame and inadequate, by that time they began to have a faint conception.

The Deepwater debaters had worked hard. Every night for two weeks they had met to discuss and rehearse, every day they had thumbed the pages of histories and reference books, until they were ready to flaunt all the blood-dyed pages, from the siege of Troy to Bull Run. They flaunted them; they re-erected Tamerlane's pyramid of human skulls and traced the gory trials of the conquerors from Sesostris to Napoleon. They touched upon the ethical, the national, the commercial pernicious-

ness of armed strife, and expressed lofty sentiments worthy of a peace congress.

It is not to be denied that their opponents spoke well and forcibly on the side of intemperance. Yet, somehow, the polished rhetoric, the wit, and the reasoning failed to catch the fancy and impress the audience as, for instance, did the familiar and famous passage in which Cyrus Barton asserted and proved by historical facts, and demonstrated mathematically on the blackboard that the human blood shed in battle, if collected, would submerge the long, narrow valley of the Deepwater from hilltop to hilltop: a flood of gore whereon all the battleships of the world might float, a flood that would obliterate the entire landscape, from the North Mountains at the head of the valley to the hills beyond the placid Susquehanna, twenty-one miles to the south.

"Conceive of that, ladies and gentlemen," he said, sonorously. "Think of the vast, vernal cup of these hills filled with such a draught for the devil as that. Grasp the enormity, the vastness of it. Then, remember that this sea of blood represents at least fourteen millions of slain men, and that for every slain man there came a moan from the lips of some woman. Ah, those moans of women! My friends, they unite in a mighty wail of human agony that shakes the stars and thunders at the throne of God, crying out against war!"

However it might be with the judges, it was evident that the audience was for War. Al Sternger, who had the closing speech for the negative, felt that something must be done. It was preposterous to allow these farmers to have things their own way.

He made a remarkable speech, a fluent, fiery speech, such as he hoped to sway juries with. By turns he was dictatorial, ironical, confidential, pathetic. He laughed at his opponents' attempt to swim to victory in a sea of blood; he swept away the significance of statistics by a splendid figure of speech, and then he told a story—as only Al Sternger could tell a story. He described a drunkard's home—the bleak, fireless room, the starving children, the heart-broken mother, the terror and shame of the shuffling footsteps on the stair. He made them feel it and see it—feel the hunger and the shame, and the heart-break, until half the people in the room were openly wiping away tears.

Deepwater partisans looked blank. Make men weep, and you strike a more potent chord than logic or reason can strike. Even Cyrus and Silas Barton pursed up their mouths, and looked interrogatively at Daniel, who was to follow Mr. Sternger, closing the debate.

Daniel did not seem to notice this anxiety. Behind a desk he was reading something that had been passed to him from the other side of the room. When the time came, he arose to make the closing speech, quite unmoved by the general blowing of noses and heaving of sighs about him. Calmly, almost monotonously, he began summing up. His friends fidgeted. Could it be possible that he did not see the importance of overcoming the impression made by Sternger's speech? Was he not going to do something?

Just as Deepwater was ready to give up in despair, Daniel threw back his shoulders with the air of one who sees pleasant things in prospect. "And now, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I approach the extraordinary speech of the gentleman who preceded me."

He eulogized the speech, and told how proud he was to live in a county that could produce so eloquent a speaker. He expressed his admiration, but called attention to the fact that oratory and ridicule do not constitute argument.

"If we push aside the flowery language to get at the gist of the matter," he went on, "we find no real argument, except such as might be found in a well-told story. Now, that story cannot be accepted in this debate. Yes, I assert that story cannot be accepted, because of the unreliability of its source. It is a pitiful story. But one of the chief questions with regard to all evidence is the source. The speaker did not give his story as from his own experience or knowledge, nor did he tell where he got it. He was too astute to tell where he got it. Had I been in his place, I, too, should have been ashamed to tell where.

"Mr. President, we, of the affirmative, quoted from such lofty and incontrovertible authorities as Hume, Gibbon, Rollin, Ridpath, Josephus, yea, even Holy Writ. Behold the ponderous and scholarly volume from which the other side quoted." He drew a small, crumpled paper book from his pocket and, with subtle burlesque of Sternger's manner, read from it the opening sentences

of Sternger's story. "It is almost word for word, you see," he exclaimed, with glee. "Some of you have read it dozens of times without a tear or a tremor. This weighty authority is known to all who have been threatened by gout, spleen, measles, mumps, spinal meningitis, or hollow horn, as well as to those who would consult the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. Yes, it is an almanac—a *Vinegar Bitters advertisement almanac*. It seems to me that our worthy opponent has offered insult to his own dignity and the intelligence of the community, by introducing for serious consideration in this debate, a Vinegar Bitters almanac—and it is last year's almanac at that!"

The debate ended in a roar of laughter. After all, it is much more pleasant to laugh than to cry, and it is said that a laugh has overturned a throne. Certainly, in this case, it decided the issue of a debate.

After a rather lengthy session in the entry, the judges returned to their places, and the chairman announced, with great flourish, that the decision was in favor of the affirmative, and that the judges had stood two to one.

The debaters from Flowerville and the debaters from Deepwater shook hands and congratulated each other, and everybody cheered and made a noise. Deepwater was only restrained from more enthusiastic demonstrations by consideration for the sensibilities of the guests.

Daniel Barton's sister had accompanied him to the schoolhouse, but when they came to start for the supper at the tavern she murmured an excuse and a "you will not care, will you, Dan?" and was whirled away in the sleigh of a young farmer from up the creek.

The crowd on the schoolhouse porch was disposed to chaff the deserted brother. "Don't take it to heart, Dannie," he was advised. "Steal some other fellow's girl."

A sudden, reckless impulse, rather than the laughing words, prompted Daniel to turn to the girl who stood waiting for the sleigh that would come up in front of the porch when he moved on. "Are you ready, Delilah?" he asked, with matter-of-fact assurance, just as though she had not stopped riding in his sleigh two years before.

Greatly to his surprise, and greatly to the surprise of the onlookers, and of the young lawyer in the next

sleigh, Delilah stepped forward and permitted Daniel to swing her in under his big buffalo robe.

"Well, what are you up to now? Have you and Sternger quarreled?" Daniel demanded when they had turned into the main road.

"No, we have not quarreled," Delilah replied, placidly. "However, I think it quite likely that we will, don't you?"

"How did you come to know about that story? You do not make a practice of reading almanacs, do you?" Daniel asked, at length.

Delilah laughed nervously. "I will tell you how it happened. Mr. Sternger came to our house rather early this evening, and while we were waiting until it should be time to start to the schoolhouse, he picked up the almanac from Aunt Jen's work-basket, and read that story aloud, with all the oratorical flourishes. Aunt Jen had to take off her glasses to cry comfortably, but I saw that he was making fun. When I came down, ready to go, I found him still poring over the almanac, with a queer grin. In a flash it struck me that he intended to use that story in the debate. It made me furious, and so did the grin; for whatever you may think, Daniel, I am just as much a Deepwaterite as you yourself. As we went out I slipped the almanac into my muff. You know the rest.

"Deli, you saved the day—the night—the reputation of your native place. You are a brick and a patriot!" Daniel cried, boyishly. "I am sorry for Sternger," he added a moment later, as a sleigh with but one occupant dashed past them at a furious speed.

There was an interval of silence, then Daniel went on with more constraint in his tone: "But you have not explained why you left Sternger in the lurch; why you are here with me."

Delilah drooped her head so her big hat hid her face from the moonlight.

"I cannot explain that to myself. I do not know why I did it," she said, slowly, in a small voice. "I did not intend to treat him so rudely. He will say I am rightly named Delilah, the betrayer. It was your fault, Daniel. You challenged me. Besides it was the first thing you had asked me since—in a long time, and I had

made up my mind long ago to—to do the first thing you asked."

Then there was a longer silence.

"Why are you driving so very slowly?" Delilah cried, with sudden irritability. "Nearly everyone has passed us. What will they think?"

"That I am proposing to you for the fourth time, no doubt," said Daniel, calmly.

"But you are not!"

"No; I believe not. I swore I would not, didn't I?—Look here, Deli——!"

They had reached the cross-roads. Just ahead, blazing with lights and ringing with laughter, was the tavern where the guests from town were to be entertained at supper. To the right, between scrub-pines like Christmas trees, a level, white road stretched out into the silent, lonely night. Daniel brought his horse to a full stop and with one fur-gloved hand tilted the face under the big hat up to the witching, revealing moonlight. Then the sleigh turned swiftly into the silent, white road.

"Daniel, where——?" questioned Delilah, faintly.

"To Paradise!" Daniel answered, with joyous recklessness.



When the Cows Come Home

BY AGNES E. MITCHELL.

With klingle, kangle, klingle,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far off tower,
Or patterings of some April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
'Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tunes that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home.

Malvine and Pearl and Florimel,
Dekamp, Redrose and Gretchen Schnell,
Queen Bell and Sylph and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her “loo-oo”
And clang her silver bell;
Goling, golang, golinglelingle,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish tears,
And youthful hopes and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom and Phœbe Phillis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, to-linklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo and moo-oo and jingle
The cows are coming home;
And over there in Merlin hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will;
The dew drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle
With the ting-a-ling and jingle
The cows come slowly home;

Let down the bars, let in the train
 Of long-gone songs, and flowers and rain
 For dear old times come back again,
 When the cows come home.



The Stolen Song*

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



HEFT." This was the charge on which Florence McCarthy, aged nineteen, a chambermaid, was arraigned before the magistrate in the police court at Pineville, North Carolina, to be held a prisoner against the next sitting of the county court, or dismissed.

The prisoner sat in an arm-chair directly facing the magistrate. She was guarded by half of Pineville's police force—not because she was so formidable a criminal, but because the police force numbered two.

She was white as a sheet of paper, and the black rings beneath her eyes, which were half closed and drooping, and the sharp lines produced around her mouth and on her cheeks by recent weeping, struck out as plainly as the ink on this page. She was slight of figure, and the bones in her hands, which lay tightly clasped on her lap, were very prominent. Her hair was black, curly, and abundant. Her features were delicate and well formed. Yesterday she might have been a very pretty girl. Now, whenever she raised her eyes, she regained beauty, for the eyes were lustrous violet—big, Irish eyes.

Near her, in chairs or standing against the wall, were the complainant, the lawyers, and the witnesses.

"As Ah understand matters at present," said Squire Shaw, "Mr. Jaspar Neezle accuses the prisoner, Miss McCarthy, of stealing."

"I do accuse this young woman of stealing my phonograph, which I value at not less than five hundred dol-

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lars—and would not sell for five thousand. I am a collector of phonograph records of American life, in the sense that other men are collectors of pictures, photographs, historical records or stories of American life. My phonograph has been made to suit my special requirements. I have collected records of court cases, of real dialogue as it goes on in street cars, legislative halls, on street corners, and so forth and so on. I have records of various characteristic American sounds, if I may so express it, your Honor—like the noise made by trains, trolley cars, factories, machine-shops, and so forth and so forth. I do not work for money, but for the love of the thing. Now and then, however, I give what you may call entertainments, in order to assist some worthy cause or charity. I have been staying in Pineville for some weeks, and the ladies of the Episcopal Church enlisted me in an effort to raise some money, and I have been giving lectures, or demonstrations, in the parlors of several of the hotels and in the church.

"Well, that is all right. You understand now the value I put on my phonograph. At all the entertainments I have given, this young woman here"—he jerked a nervous finger toward the defendant—"has been present. Very much interested. Spoke to me how much she liked it. Naturally, I was pleased. All right. Yesterday I was to leave Pineville for Asheville. The young woman knew it. An hour or so before I was ready to leave the hotel, I missed the phonograph and a case of my records. Naturally, I created an uproar. Some other servants at the hotel came forward and said they had noticed this girl carrying some heavy bundle away into the woods back of the hotel. She was absent from the hotel. I notified the police. We searched the woods. We found the girl near a hut in which the phonograph and records were hidden away under leaves and pine needles. She confessed to the theft. She was arrested at once. Plenty of witnesses to all this. Personally, your Honor, I don't want the girl punished—so long as I have my phonograph; but the case was out of my hands then, and in the hands of the local representative of justice—I refer to your Honor."

The prisoner's counsel suddenly moved forward, and all eyes as suddenly left the little complainant and fixed

on Prentice. He was a darkly handsome, youthful-looking man, very thin and with sunken cheeks, and a little soft cough that ran through his speech continually. There was something about him that always attracted attention—some subtle emanation of an engaging and kindly soul.

"Squire Shaw," he said, smiling at the big man behind the desk, who returned the smile and nodded in a friendly fashion, "you will excuse me if I drop the formal 'your Honor' and all that business? I am not going to conduct a case—I am going to tell you a story. May I go on in my own way?"

"You shuah may, Mr. Prentice, sir," said Squire Shaw.

"Squire," he said, suddenly, stopping short, "do you know what it is to be lonely?"

There was something in the words that sent a thrill through all in the room.

"Loneliness is a terrible thing. And homesickness is another—it is a part of loneliness. Medical books have a big name for the thing; they call it nostalgia. I guess you have read in the newspapers of how it gets hold on our soldier boys in the Philippines and elsewhere; how they sicken of sheer longing for home, and sometimes die of it. They feel it not alone in their hearts, as we say, in their thoughts, continually fixed or reverting at any one of a thousand suggestions to the home place and the home folks, but they feel it in their bones. Their hands will stretch out vainly to touch something belonging to home. Their feet will ache to walk on the earth of home. . . ."

Prentice suddenly stopped. Then he walked quickly across the room to the prisoner's chair again.

"Little girl," he said, bending toward her, "isn't that your trouble—haven't you been homesick?"

The girl's white face disappeared into her hands. "Oh, God, yes!" she sobbed. "Oh, you know, Mr. Prentice—you know! You found out all about it. Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"Now, hush—be still," soothed Prentice, with pitying tenderness. "Hush, please, while I tell the people what they ought to know."

"Florence McCarthy comes from a mill town far up North, in Massachusetts. She has no father or mother

living, but she has relatives there. More important, perhaps, she has a sweetheart there, a young man who is employed in the office of the mill where she used to be employed—a mill where they make beautiful silks. I have been in that town. It is not a place where you or I would want to live—you who were born and raised in this sunny, pine-scented valley. It is an ugly town, mean and sordid—but it is this girl's home. Florence was born there. Her heart lives there. She lives there, although she is sitting in this room.

"Let me tell you, now, how all this matters in this case. I became interested in it long before Mr. Neezle became interested through the loss of his phonograph. I, too, am an exile, like Florence. Through the same cause—something wrong in here." He touched his breast, and a recurrence of his soft cough gave emphasis to his gesture. "Not with my heart, you know—"

"Ah reckon yo' heart is all right, sir," said the Squire.

"The hearts of most people are all right, Squire, as we find whenever we can look into them. Well! Florence has something wrong with her lungs. She fell sick, up there in that mill town. She and her sweetheart were saving money for their marriage. He is a man I'd like to know, I guess—full of sand, in a quiet way. He just simply *made* Florence pack her trunk and come down here. It happens that Mr. Jennings, of the Pineknot Inn, is a native of that mill town up North; and Florence's sweetheart wrote to him, and he consented to give the girl light work in the hotel. He made things as easy as possible for the little girl from the mill. She got along fine at first. Began to bloom again. The roses began to open in the white cheeks.

"And then the other sickness came upon the girl—the sick, unreasoning longing for home—just the sights and sounds and smells and faces and lights and dampness and mill whistles of that town up North. There is no explaining this sickness. It simply is. Her letters home got cheerless and desponding. Her sweetheart's encouraging letters did her no good. She wanted some tangible thing from home—some sight, some touch, some sound. Words scrawled on paper are poor substitutes for the words that lips can say.

"Her roses faded. She lost the health she had been gaining. Squire, imagine this girl, listlessly entering

the room at the hotel where Mr. Neezle was lecturing. Morbid? Indeed, yes. That is homesickness! Morbid; but something more than that—a dumb pulling at the strings of the heart; a stirring amid the very soil of the soul, nourished as it is by the memories of the birth-place, the home-place, the spot of earth where life created us, where we entered mysterious life. . . .

"Yes, imagine her there, and thus; and then, try to imagine the thing that suddenly happened—the wonder, the marvel, the miracle! Why, that girl left that room laughing, happy, almost gay! Ask her employers, ask the other servants on this point. For the next week she was a happy girl; for, day by day, the miracle was renewed—"

"Mistah Prentice, sir, you sho'ly puzzle me," said Squire Shaw, leaning heavily over his desk.

"What happened to Florence was this: She was suddenly carried back to her mill town. She heard the voice of the mill she used to work in, where her friends work; where her sweetheart works and lives. And she heard his voice! His very voice! His living voice! Yes.

"Imagine it, Squire. I am puzzling you? I am sorry. But I speak the facts. One of the records used that night was taken in the mill in which Florence worked at home. The one that followed was also taken there—and it reproduced the voice of her sweetheart, and his voice was speaking of her.

"Every time thereafter that Mr. Neezle gave his lecture, Florence was present, drinking in those sounds, transported to her home—or, rather, living in the part of her home that was thus almost magically brought across a thousand miles to her in her dark valley of exile.

"For those few days she was happy. Then she heard that Mr. Neezle was going away. She was heartbroken. I know that she asked Mr. Neezle what the phonograph would cost her, with some piteous idea that she might be able to buy it. That, of course, was out of the question. Then she tried to buy the two records. Mr. Neezle could not sell them.

"Then came the theft.

"But Florence did not try to steal the phonograph,

Squire Shaw; truly, she did not. She wanted to steal that song of home.

"Of the pitiful inadequacy of her methods you know. But I see that Mr. Neezle has his machine in court, and the box of records, just as they were found in the hut. Will you ask him to be good enough to play the two records I have referred to, and to repeat at the beginning of the second the explanatory words he used in his lectures?"

"Will Mr. Neezle do so?" Squire Shaw began. But the enthusiast in audible records of American life was already busy with his phonograph.

And suddenly, in that sunlit room, in the ears of the silent, thrilled people, there sounded, mute and as though far off, yet ear-filling and diapasonic, the throbbing, grinding, whirring clatter of the looms of the invisible mill in the North. Released a thousand miles away, the voice of the mill resounded in the Carolina hillside house.

The girl's head was lifted; her deep eyes widened and shone; her lips parted and her breath came faster while the sound of her home town beat on the air.

Neezle's voice was heard, in the professional accents of his platform: "You will notice, I think, a musical effect, accidentally produced by the manner in which those looms resound; a peculiar yet really musical rhythm, which drew my attention on my visit to the mill, and which, after many attempts, I caught with my phonograph. The next record"—his hand moved; there was a click; the sound ceased; the cylinder began to revolve again—"the next record was one of my first, unsuccessful attempts. But I did catch the dialogue you will hear; and it seemed to me valuable—a little passage, you might say, from some love story of the mills, with its beginning as unknown as its end. Now, hear."

The buzzing and throbbing of the looms began again, only still more faintly, more distantly, more broken. And then there came the sound of a man's voice; and a deep, deep flush came into the girl prisoner's face, and her eyes shone in a splendor of emotion.

The voice said:—"You see, that I don't know. Billy, I am sick sometimes. She loves me, all right, I guess; and you know how I feel—"

Another deeper voice broke in: "Sure I do, Tim. Why don't she get onto herself, and not be kickin' an' complainin' all the time? You're doin' your best for her."

The first voice said: "Yes, and I'll keep right on. She's sick for home. She can't come home. I guess I'll have to take home to her pretty soon. . . ."

A swirling jumble of throbbing sounds drowned the voices; the machine clicked and spluttered, and ceased its drone.

Florence McCarthy had thrown her arms around the matron by her side and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

The sunshine was now streaming in broadly through one of the windows. In that spreading flood of light there was to be seen in many eyes a sparkle, a shimmer that could only be caused by the presence of tears.

Squire Show brought his big hand down on his desk.
"Mr. Neezle—" he boomed.

"Your Honor!" shrilled the enthusiast, hopping on one leg in his excitement, "I withdraw my charge, for my part! But I do wish I could have secured a record of this case!"



De thunder always growlin'
"Got one mo' cloud ter climb!"
De lightnin' don' say nuttin',
But he git dar eve'y time!

So, lissen now, believers,
En hear dis sayin' true;
De less you talks erbout it
De mo' you gwine ter do!



This is the best day the world has ever seen; tomorrow will be better.—R. A. Campbell.

Hearts and Hands

BY SYDNEY PORTER.



T Denver there was an influx of passengers into the coaches on the east-bound B. & M. express. In one coach there sat a very pretty young woman dressed in elegant taste and surrounded by all the luxurious comforts of an experienced traveler. Among the newcomers were two young men, one of handsome presence, with a bold, frank countenance and manner; the other a ruffled, glum-faced person, heavily built and roughly dressed. The two were handcuffed together.

As they passed down the aisle of the coach the only vacant seat offered was a reversed one facing the attractive young woman. Here the linked couple seated themselves. The young woman's glance fell upon them with a distant, swift disinterest; then, with a lovely smile, brightening her countenance, and a tender pink tingeing her rounded cheeks, she held out a little gray-gloved hand. When she spoke her voice, full, sweet and deliberate, proclaimed that its owner was accustomed to speak and be heard.

"Well, Mr. Easton, if you will make me speak first, I suppose I must. Don't you ever recognize old friends when you meet them in the West?"

The younger man roused himself sharply at the sound of her voice, seemed to struggle with a slight embarrassment which he threw off instantly, and then clasped her fingers with his left hand.

"It's Miss Fairchild," he said, with a smile. "I'll ask you to excuse the other hand; it's otherwise engaged just at present."

He slightly raised his right hand, bound at the wrist by the shining "bracelet" to the left one of his companion. The glad look in the girl's eyes slowly changed to a bewildered horror. The glow faded from her cheeks. Her lips parted in a vague, relaxing distress. Easton, with a little laugh, as if amused, was about to

* From *Everybody's Magazine*, December, 1902.

speak again when the other forestalled him. The glum-faced man had been watching the girl's countenance with veiled glances from his keen, shrewd eyes.

"You'll excuse me for speaking, miss, but I see you're acquainted with the marshal here. If you'll ask him to speak a word for me when we get to the pen he'll do it, and it'll make things easier for me there. He's taking me to Leavenworth prison. It's seven years for counterfeiting."

"Oh!" said the girl, with a deep breath and returning color. "So that is what you are doing here? A marshal!"

"My dear Miss Fairchild," said Easton, calmly, "I had to do something. Money has a way of taking wings unto itself, and you know it takes money to keep step with our crowd in Washington. I saw this opening in the West, and—well, a marshalship isn't quite as high a position as that of ambassador, but—"

"The ambassador," said the girl, warmly, "doesn't call any more. He needn't ever have done so. You ought to know that. And so now you are one of these dashing Western heroes, and you ride and shoot and go into all kinds of dangers. That's different from the Washington life. You have been missed from the old crowd."

The girl's eyes, fascinated, went back, widening a little, to rest upon the glittering handcuffs.

"Don't worry about them, miss," said the other man. "All marshals handcuff themselves to their prisoners to keep them from getting away. Mr. Easton knows his business."

"Will we see you again soon in Washington?" asked the girl.

"Not soon, I think," said Easton. "My butterfly days are over, I fear."

"I love the West," said the girl, irrelevantly. Her eyes were shining softly. She looked away out of the car window. She began to speak truly and simply, without the gloss of style and manner. "Mamma and I spent the summer in Denver. She went home a week ago because father was slightly ill. I could live and be happy in the West. I think the air here agrees with me. Money isn't everything. But people always misunderstand things and remain stupid—"

"Say, Mr. Marshal," growled the glum-faced man, "This isn't quite fair. I'm needin' a drink, and haven't had a smoke all day. Haven't you talked long enough? Take me in the smoker now, won't you? I'm half dead for a pipe."

The bound travelers rose to their feet, Easton with the same slow smile on his face.

"I can't deny a petition for tobacco," he said, lightly. "It's the one friend of the unfortunate. Good-bye, Miss Fairchild. Duty calls, you know." He held out his hand for a farewell.

"It's too bad you are not going East," she said, re-clothing herself with manner and style. "But you must go on to Leavenworth, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Easton, "I must go on to Leavenworth."

The two men sidled down the aisle into the smoker.

Two passengers in a seat nearby had heard most of the conversation. Said one of them: "That marshal's a good sort of chap. Some of these Western fellows are all right."

"Pretty young to hold an office like that, isn't he?" asked the other.

"Young!" exclaimed the first speaker, "why—— Oh! didn't you catch on? Say—did you ever know an officer to handcuff a prisoner to his *right* hand?"



Smile

Smile a smile;
While you smile
Another smiles,
An soon there's miles and miles
Of smiles. And life's worth while
If you but smile.

—Jane Thompson.

The Leap of Roushan Beg

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
 His chestnut steed with four white feet,
 Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
 Son of the road, and bandit chief,
 Seeking refuge and relief,
 Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
 Never yet could any steed
 Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
 More than maiden, more than wife,
 More than gold and next to life
 Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
 Erzeroum and Trebizond,
 Garden-girt his fortress stood;
 Plundered khan, or caravan
 Journeying north from Koordistan,
 Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
 Men at arms his livery wore,
 Did his bidding night and day.
 Now, through regions all unknown,
 He was wandering, lost, alone,
 Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
 Sheer the precipice descends,
 Loud the torrent roars unseen;
 Thirty feet from side to side
 Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
 He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
 At the precipice's foot,
 Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
 Halted with his hundred men,
 Shouting upward from the glen,
 “La Illah illa Allah!”

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
 Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
 Kissed him upon both his eyes;
 Sang to him in his wild way,
 As upon the topmost spray
 Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
 Round and slender as a reed,
 Carry me this peril through!
 Satin housings shall be thine,
 Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
 O thou soul of Kurroglou!"

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,
 Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
 Tender are thine eyes and true;
 All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
 Polished bright; O, life of mine,
 Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
 Drew together his four white feet,
 Paused a moment on the verge,
 Measured with his eye the space,
 And into the air's embrace
 Leaped as leaps the ocean surge,

As the ocean surge o'er sand
 Bears a swimmer safe to land,
 Kyrat safe his rider bore;
 Rattling down the deep abyss
 Fragments of the precipice
 Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
 Trembled not upon his head,
 Careless sat he and upright;
 Neither hand nor bridle shook,
 Nor his head he turned to look,
 As he galloped out of sight.

The Speaker

Flash of harness in the air,
 Seen a moment like the glare
 Of a sword from its sheath;
 Thus the phantom horseman passed,
 And the shadow that he cast
 Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
 While this vision of life and death
 Passed above him. "Allahu!"
 Cried he. "In all Koordistan
 Lives there not so brave a man
 As this Robber Kurroglou!"



A Daily Motto

It's curious whut a sight o' good a little thing will do;
 How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins to
 brew,
 An' take the sting from whut commenced to rankle
 when 'twas spoke,
 By keepin' still and treatin' it as if it wus a joke;
 Y'e'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles instead o'
 tears,
 An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the shadows
 of the years,
 By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fails ter note the possibilities that lie
 In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the twinkle in yer
 eye:
 It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez what ye think
 lies hid.
 It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing is did.
 An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented, day by day,
 An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued from decay
 By jes' laughin'.

The Reporter Who Made a Story*

BY CAPTAIN LLOYD BUCHANAN.



TIMOTHY O'HARA, assistant to the war correspondent of the New York *Morning Post*, sat flat down on the hill-top and chuckled. For two whole weeks his famous chief had been tossing about on a cot in the field hospital of the Black Husars. The world was agog for any word of the floundering army, and a scoop would make one famous down all Newspaper Row. Yet here had the phlegmatic Britishers squatted panting in place since the day Macrae went down with the fever. Not a thing had happened in the fortnight beyond sniping on the outposts—until that morning, when a tremendous cannonade had been opened on the enemy's position. The Boers were replying with cheerful fury. There was a general idea that the English were going to recommence their advance. Timothy viewed with joy the self-raised vision of the excited office when his cable would arrive and even the city editor would stop work—and of the flaring headlines later, the leaded columns, the *Post* boys shrieking and the country's hearts beating beside their rolls and coffee over his "broken battalions" and "bloody heroes staggering into the captured trenches." He had had no opportunity to use these pet phrases since sailing from New York.

Entered on this dream of death and glory three peaceful men, khaki-clad, and riding on spiritless horses. Timothy rose as he saw them. They were his rivals. On the left was Marklin, who made his name as a cub at Sedan.

"Hullo, Irish!" cried this great one from afar. "Got the makings?"

Timothy duly searched his breeches pockets and procured a pouch, which he waved in answer. Marklin swung his charger towards the hill-top.

"It's too bad," he said, cheerfully, as he rolled the cigarette.

* From *Lippincott's Magazine*.

"What?" asked Timothy.

"Buller's not going to go ahead, after all. His chief of staff just told us that positively no movement will be made at present. The old elephant's found a discarded idea and wants to bite the edges off it before he sticks his bloody head into the jaws of the grateful Dutch again. We are on our way now to file a 'Tremendous Bombardment' and then spend a peaceful evening at the mess of Her Majesty's Own First Remarkable Unfit Foot. Come on and join us."

A load sank over Timothy's heart.

"Hell!" he said. "I thought I'd have a story at last."

"Never mind, young 'un," said the dean of the corps, kindly. "It'll come. You'd better make merry with us to-night at the Remarkables."

"I have to get my horse," answered Timothy. "You go on. I'll see you this evening, maybe."

The three rode amiably away. Timothy turned from the hill-top, cursing, and started for camp. There he routed out his servant to get his horse, and, swinging into the saddle, he trotted towards headquarters to look up final confirmation of Marklin's report.

As he was passing down the lines he saw an officer spurring towards the front. It was young Captain Sheridan-Bedford, of the commanding general's staff. Timothy waved his hand. Sheridan-Bedford pulled up.

"All quiet?" asked Timothy, with the polite assurance of a man who had halved his last drink of whiskey on a wet night with the man he addressed.

"Never ask an aide anything you want to find out," replied the other, with a wink. "I'm off to the Red Brigade myself. The field telegraph to our right is out of shape." And he touched his horse's flanks and swung away at a gallop.

Timothy sat for a moment revolving the reply in his head; then he wheeled sharply about. The captain was vanishing in a cloud of dust down the road. Timothy thundered after him.

For a space the two wound their way through the busy streets of the camp. The air was heavy with the smoke of the kitchens, and alive with the rumble of wheels and the indescribable hum of thousands of unconnected tongues. Up and down the road passed columns of unkempt troops and wagons loaded with supplies. Now

and then an ambulance rattled feverishly toward the front, or came steadily back from the trenches, bearing white-faced men roughly bandaged, or shapeless, covered bundles splotched with blood, about which the flies clustered greedily. Then the captain turned to the right and put off across the open reaches of country behind the rise where the reserve of the firing line was fringed. Here the fields were stripped for action, cut only by trenches or the wheels of guns, and torn by bursting shell. Two miles the horses went parallel to the front; then they headed to the left again, and cantered up the deserted slope.

It is the hand of God that puts a degree too much elevation in a smoking bore, and that cuts a shrapnel fuse a second too long. But it was pity and not profanity that was in Timothy's curse when he raised his eyes painfully after the shrieking terror had passed, and saw Sheridan-Bedford stretched silent on the ground ahead. In a moment he was out of the saddle, and his hand was at his companion's heart. A fragment of the shell had torn his breast, and the blood was rushing out in dark spurts.

"You can't—help it," gasped the dying man. "I'm done. But—I say—take this—message. The Boer—centre—has pushed—too far ahead. The—left of—it's—exposed. The Red—Brigade—to charge. Understand?"

"Yes," said Timothy, and as he spoke a smile of thanks flitted over the face before him, and then, with a shudder, fled, and the English soldier had passed in the old English way he had learned at his public school, playing the game for the game's sake to the end.

The little New York reporter viewed him for a moment in silence. Then he pulled out his handkerchief and spread it over the dead face.

"He was a good sport," he said, solemnly. And this, by the strange chance of war, was the requiem of the Honorable Philip Fitz Herbert Howard Sheridan-Bedford, Captain in Her Majesty's Army, beside the biers of whose people Archbishops of Canterbury had prayed and royal knees had bowed in sorrow.

Nor was it a lengthy service. Timothy shook himself together with a sigh, and turned back for his horse.

He had his foot already in the stirrup when a thought struck him, and he stepped down again.

"By gad! that fathead of a general won't believe me!" he said. "He's not going to take any orders from a Yankee civilian."

The Red Brigadier had a reputation for three things: propriety, a brain the size of a dried pea, and a courage as great as a furious bull's. He was newly come, and his brigade, fat fed, fresh from England, was near weeping for a fight; but he would die in his tracks before taking orders from a war correspondent. The warm Irish heart in Timothy's breast swelled with sorrow at the thought. To his credit, the swelling was due no more to grief at his own loss of a tremendous story than to the thought of the wasted life before him, poured out in vain if the message failed.

And then there flashed on him a Great Idea. At first he repelled it with shame. But desire is a sweet master of logic, and after a minute's swift weighing of chances he succumbed.

"I may hang for it," he remarked, judicially, "but it's the one chance. The brigadier didn't know Bedford from a rabbit. And he'd want it, too," he added, apologetically, stooping over and raising the handkerchief from the ashy face before him.

The Red Brigadier sat beneath his bomb-proof, in no amiable frame of mind. He was sick of lying helpless under a flight of screaming shrapnel, and seeing his men dropping away by ones and twos on stretchers to the rear. He wanted action. He wanted—

"Captain Sheridan-Bedford, with orders from the commanding general, sir."

Captain Sheridan-Bedford stood before him, a pale, hatchet-faced youngster in a badly fitting uniform, wet and torn about the chest.

"Well?" demanded the general, sharply.

"General Buller says, sir, that the Boers have advanced their centre too far. The flank is exposed. Your brigade is to charge."

"When?" demanded the Red Brigadier.

"You may charge when ready, sir," replied Captain Sheridan-Bedford, his lips falling naturally into an oft-repeated saying of his people.

"Haven't you any further orders?"

"The general said to—to use your best judgment, sir."

The brigadier rose, and, muttering to himself something about young idiots appointed by influence, made for the door.

Five hours later the British War Office was thrilling with the bleak official report of the brilliant sacrifice of the Red Brigade and the consequent crumpling and ignominious flight of the Boer centre. Weeping mothers were praying throughout England that their sons might be among the few who had been spared. Three ragging correspondents, headed by Marklin, were storming about headquarters, searching vainly for particulars. Timothy O'Hara, in an undershirt and the breeches of a British staff captain, was feeding the middle of his first great brilliant scoop into the wire at Krogsdoorp, trembling to know that the beginning was already tickling delighted wonder into the heart of the managing editor of the New York *Morning Post*. And out on the veldt, with the handkerchief blown from his face, and his sightless eyes fixed on the stars, lay the body of Captain Sheridan-Bedford, stripped of his uniform even to his boots, and wrapped in a horse blanket, through which the blood from his breast had soaked in a stiff, damp stain.



Our Kind of a Man

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith, and force like fists;
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most there is need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears.

David Copperfield and the Waiter

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this, and wondering what would ultimately become of my box, which Mr. Barkis had put down on the yard-pavement by the pole (he having driven up the yard to turn his cart) and also what would ultimately become of me when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said:

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What name?" inquired the lady.

"Copperfield, ma'am," I said.

"That won't do," returned the lady. "Nobody's dinner is paid for here, in that name."

"Is it Murdstone, ma'am?" I said.

"If you're Master Murdstone," said the lady, "why do you go and give another name, first?"

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell, and called out, "William! show the coffee-room!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with a cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of casters on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops, and vegetables, and took

the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said—

"There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him and said, "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said—"a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?"

"No," I said, "I don't think—"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure—"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But I'll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me,

if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Lord bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know they were chops. Why, a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When he had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminant, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding?"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, taking up a tablespoon, "is my favorite pudding! Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his tablespoon to my teaspoon, his dispatch to my dispatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, it was then that I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggotty. He not only brought them immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I

wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "Near London," which was all I knew.

"Oh! my eye!" he said, looking very low-spirited, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh, Lord!" he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs—two ribs—a little boy he was. I should say he was—let me see—how old are you, about?"

I told him between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His answer was not cheering to my spirits, for it consisted of two dismal words, "With whopping."

The blowing of the coach-horn in the yard was a reasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there were anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It's dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Threepence. That's the way we're taxed in this country. There's nothing else, except the waiter. Never mind the ink. I lose by that."

"What should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cow-pock," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support a aged pairint, and a lovely sister"—here the waiter was greatly agitated—"I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place, and was treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking of it. But I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on coals"—here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and

felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of it.

It was a little disconcerting to me, to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this, from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard, "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!"



His Dad

BY E. A. BRINSTEAD.

My dad, he makes the slickest kite
That ever was, by jing!
Why it will sail clean out of sight,
When I let out the string.
The other kids they come to me
To get kite pointers now;
An' they're as glad as they can be
That my dad knows just how.

My dad kin take two wheels an' make
A coaster that is fine;
The other kids all want to take
Their pattern now from mine;
An' when we all slide down a hill,
Why, I kin pass by each
'As though they all was standin' still!
Say, ain't my dad a peach?

My dad kin make a bow that sends
A arrow high!
You oughter see it when it bends
An' watch that arrow fly!
An' now, why, every kid you see
Tries hard to make a bow
'As good as what dad made fer me,
But they can't do it, though!

My dad kin take a willer stick
Before the bark is dry,
An' make a whistle jest as slick
As any that you buy.
Gee, but the kids are jealous when
I blow it where they're at!
They all commence a-wishin' then
They had a dad like that!

There's nothin' much my dad can't do
If he makes up his mind;
An' he is mighty chummy, too,
One of the bully kind.
Some dads would yell, "Oh, go and play;
I'm busy as kin be!"
But my dad, he ain't built that way,
Not on your life, by gee!



The Ferry of Gallaway

BY ALICE CARY.

In the stormy waters of Gallaway
My boat had been idle the livelong day,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro,
For the wind was high and the tide was low.

The tide was low and the wind was high,
And we were heavy, my heart and I,
For not a traveller all the day
Had crossed the ferry of Gallaway.

At set o' th' sun the clouds outspread
Like wings of darkness overhead,
When, out o' th' west, my eyes took heed
Of a lady, riding at full speed.

The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty hill
Like silver ringing on silver, till
I saw the veil in her fair hand float,
And flutter a signal for my boat.

The Speaker

The waves ran backward as if 'ware
 Of a presence more than mortal fair,
 And my little craft leaned down and lay
 With her side to th' sands o' th' Gallaway.

"Haste, good boatman! haste!" she cried,
 "And row me over the other side!"
 And she stript from her finger the shining ring,
 And gave it to me for the ferrying.

"Woe's me, my lady! I may not go,
 For the wind is high and th' tide is low,
 And the rocks like dragons lie in the wave;—
 Slip back on your finger the ring you gave!"

"Nay, nay! for the rocks will be melted down,
 And the wind a pilot will prove to thee,
 And the waters they never will let me drown,
 For my dying lover, he waits for me!"

Then the bridle-ribbon and silver spur
 She put in my hand, but I answered her:
 "The wind is high and the tide is low;
 I must not, dare not, and will not go!"

Her face grew deadly white with pain,
 And she took her champing steed by th' mane,
 And bent his neck to th' ribbon and spur
 That lay in my hand,—but I answered her:

"Though you should proffer me twice and thrice
 Of ring and ribbon and steed the price,—
 The leave of kissing your lily-like hand,—
 I never could row you safe to th' land."

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly cried,
 "For my lover is dying the other side.
 O cruel, O cruelest Gallaway,
 Be parted, and make me a path, I pray!"

Of a sudden the sun shone large and bright,
 As if he were staying away the night,
 And the rain on the river fell as sweet
 As the pitying tread of an angel's feet.

And spanning the water from edge to edge,
A rainbow stretched like a golden bridge;
And I put the rein in her hand so fair,
And she sat in her saddle, th' queen o' th' air.

And over the river, from edge to edge,
She rode on the shifting and shimmering bridge,
And landed safe on the farther side,—
“Love is thy conqueror, Death!” she cried.



Perfect Peace*

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD.



HE best fun in life,” said Jim Hands, the foreman of the room, “is being young, healthy, married and poor! But did you ever know what happened to my Annie when I got the big raise and bought that little house up there on Maple Street? It would surprise yer! You know her—the best ever. Sense and grit in carload lots, freight paid—that’s her!

“Twenty-one years ago I’d been married to her. I’m speaking now of winter before last, and we’d had four kids, less one that died. It had been a circus, ups and downs an’ all arounds. Once, when we had a strike, when I was workin’ on the laster’s bench, we had to use overcoats fer blankets, an’ it was a choice sometimes whether we’d have hot water or cold for lunch. We grinned, though—she an’ me—we grinned together. She was always singin’ an’ healthy and botherin’ with the kids’ clothes or hair or ‘thank ye, ma’ams,’ and right to-day she’s as straight an’ thin an’ pink as the day I married her. I believe health is just having no time to be sick. An’ maybe it helps out a little to have the kitchen boiler burst once in a while in winter, an’ a rat die in the walls some time during the summer—for health!

“But, as I was sayin’ this time I speak of began two years ago come this November. ‘We’ve got to send the

* From *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1909.

girl to the convent,' says Annie to me. 'She's been learned all they can learn her at the high school—which ain't much, or the teacher in the third grade wouldn't wear them hair puffs,' she says.

"'Who'll play the pianner when she's gone?' says I, quite ugly. 'An' we just bought it—made of rosewood, too, that is twice the sweeter toned than them black ones!'

"'You might as well say a red automobile goes faster than a green one,' says she.

"'Well, I don't pertend to know nothin' of music,' says I, 'but I do pertend to know that the girl sets on the arm of my chair when I read evenin's, an' it's worth eight dollars a sit!'

"'She oughter go,' says Annie; an' I thank God she has good sense, fer confidential I'll tell yer that she's the boss of the house without knowin' it. 'We have the money to send her,' she says, 'and, Jim, dear, our boy Mike will be away this winter, too, an' little Jawn, as ye know, is with his Aunt Maria.'

"'An' yer might as well have no children!' says I, 'with every one of 'em going away forgettin' whether I wear a mustache or a beard!' I says.

"She looks at me with the devil in her eyes, an' she says, says she: "Tis very sudden you get so tender an' sentimental," she says. 'Only yesterday you was layin' plans to put little Jawn over yer knee fer smokin' coffee in yer favorite pipe; an' you was goin' to disown Michael altogether fer buying a pair of red and black striped socks; an' yer told your darlin' daughter that the next time she leaned over the fence to talk with that silly Bolton boy you'd go an' take a room at the hotel, where you didn't have to listen to such foolishness.'

"'Oh!' says I, "tis all right. I suppose you'll have it all arranged now. Who am I, to oppose yer?"

"'Jim, dear,' she says, comin' and sittin' besides me on the doorstep. 'You'll not misunderstand, dear, will you? But I just want to tell yer that fer eighteen years—ever since the daughter came—there hasn't been a minute that I haven't been a wife and mother. It makes me laugh when I think of the number of cakes of soap, safety pins an' handfuls of bakin' soda have gone through these two hands of mine. An' I suppose that the idea of the house bein' free and clear of it all fer the winter seems good to

me because I'm tired, maybe. An', now we're in good circumstances, Jim, I just thought I'd like to have——'

"An' there she stopped, so I says: 'What is it, Annie?'

"Well,' she says, pluckin' at her apron, 'I don't know what you'll think of me, but I'll just be glad fer the children to be away, now that it's fer their good to go. I'd be glad of nothin' to do. I'd be glad to have a little idleness, dear.'

"God save ye,' says I, with a half a lot of trouble not to have my eyes wet, 'you've earned it sixty ways. You want nothin' to do, an' I'll give it to you. We'll have a peaceful winter!' says I; an' with that she presses my hand as if she was still a young thing sittin' out with me on a park bench.

"An' she says over after me: 'A peaceful winter.' An' it's terrible to think of them words.

"I ain't sayin' that things didn't go right at first, you understand. Of course, it was surprising how large the house got. I didn't know I'd bought anything but a cheap cottage, but when the children was gone every room seemed as big as an op'r'a hall, an' there weren't any rubbers on the floor under the stairs, nor new digs in the wall-paper at the landing, an' the books on the parlor table was piled so neat I got mad and turned 'em upside down so's the biggest ones would sit on the top. When the mice would come out fer crumbs after dinner when I was readin' my paper I could hear 'em very plain. It sounded as if they wore wooden shoes.

"Annie would sit on the other side of the table, even'in's, an' sew, an' we talked to each other fer a month an' then began all over again, sayin' just what we'd said before; an' after a month had gone by we'd told each other everything we knew and some extras. The wind would holler outside, and maybe Annie would say it smelled like snow that night, an' then a fly that had been warmed by the round stove would buzz into the corners where it was dark, an' I could hear the water drip from the faucet in the kitchen sink, an' I kinder missed Annie's step upstairs when she would walk around over my head, puttin' little Jawn to bed.

"This is quite a great blessing to us both, Jim, ain't it?' says she, 'I don't have to think of nothin'. An' if it weren't for a pain I have here,' she says, 'I'd be contented, I suppose.'

" 'A pain!' says I. 'Worries yer!'

" 'Yes,' she says, 'I've had a mind to go see Doctor Ward. I've not been to a doctor these eight years. Many's the time I feel bad an' say nothin' to you, Jim. An' yesterday I was lookin' in the mirror an' I believe I've got somethin' growin' in my throat.'

" I drops my newspaper on the floor an' was scared till I remembered how healthy she'd always been. But there weren't two weeks gone when somethin' worse began to happen. I remember how I come home one day from work an' I seen her sittin' in the parlor winder; but she didn't come to meet me at the door, an' when I walks in she was still sittin' lookin' out over the hills.

" 'You've got bad news,' I says, with my lungs layin' down in my stomach fer fright.

" 'Oh, no,' says she. 'I'm just tired out. If it weren't wicked I'd wish I was dead. Every day is just like another. It seems as if I was no good any more—no good to any one,' she says.

" 'Yer crazy,' says I. 'Annie, girl, there ain't anything the matter!'

" With that I seen her look up at me with a flash in her eyes I ain't seen since I quit drinkin'. 'Oh, that's like you,' she says, throwin' up her hands. 'I never thought it would come to this. You've as good as called me a liar.'

" 'No, I ain't, Annie,' I says. 'I was only goin' to say——'

" 'I know what you was goin' to say,' she comes back at me before I could finish. 'You was goin' to say that I showed signs of growin' old.'

" 'What the hell!' says I.

" With that she jumped up. 'Jim Hands,' says she, hot and shrill, 'you've sworn at me! You've cursed your wife!'

" 'Annie,' says I, 'I'm sorry. I never——'

" 'Don't expect me to forgive it,' says she. 'You have no shame,' says she, 'to stand up there an' admit it. But it's like you. I thought it would come out some day. It's your brutal nature,' she says.

" 'Look here,' says I—fer by that time an angel in Heaven'd be lookin' fer a brickbat—'what do you think you are? You behave yourself, or I'll give you somethin' that'll surprise yer.'

"'Not me!' she says, says she. It was at the door she was standin', an' she says, 'You weren't ever fitted to have a wife, you big doughnut! Don't expect me to care what you do,' says she, an' went up the stairs, an' I heard the key turn in the bedroom lock.

"That night she caught a cold that kep' her hackin' and tossin' at night fer the next three weeks, an' after a month was gone she did look kinder bad. I was scared. I never knew what struck her. I couldn't tell what was the matter.

"She had forty different pains. Never sang no more an' was cross. An' somebody lent her a book called 'Every Man His Own Doctor,' with a list of symptoms in the book. An' that made things seventy times worse, an' maybe eighty.

"'Jim, dear,' she says, 'I feel all tired out, and I can scarce move. This growth in my throat, too. Will you look in an' see what you can see? Whenever it comes on to snow, like it did to-day, it's worse, I think. It may be a cancer—read there in the book just above where your thumb is now. I'll hold the lamp, dear, an' you look down my throat,' she says.

"I couldn't see nothin', and the next day when I went off in the mornin' she was about as happy as a pan of wet coal-ashes. 'Another weary day,' says she, 'an' I feel so bad, Jim! I stayed awake all night thinkin'. I wondered if you loved me!'

"'G'wan,' says I, 'what talk is this from a woman who has a good husband who don't drink, an' three fine children, all healthy, an' a house of her own, an' the respect of everybody in town—even the boss' wife!'

"'I know, dear,' she says, 'but I've been wondering what I would do if Applegate's store didn't have them preserves I used to buy last winter. It just made me cry, an' my memory's gone, an' two nights runnin' I dreamed I was goin' to die. An', Jim, dear, I have a feeling that it will come true!'

"Then I was scared. I knew fer three months there'd been trouble. That was sure. It stuck out and smoked like the fuse on a big cannon cracker. Thunder was goin' to pop! But I didn't know what the trouble was, so I went off hot-foot fer Doctor Ward.

"Well, sir, if you ever see a hen sittin' on the safety valve of a eighty-ton boiler when she blew off pressure

you've seen how I felt after I talked to the doctor that next Thursday.

"Jim," he says, "I'm afraid yer wife is in bad condition," he says. "She must have a complete rest," he says. "She mustn't do any housework of any kind," he says, "not so much as wipe a dish."

"What's the matter with her?" I says.

"It's a combination of things," says he.

"What's its name?" I says.

"He never answers. But he says, 'There is some suspicious symptoms that points toward a tendency to tuberculosis,' he says, 'an' a sign of impoverished circulation,' he said, 'with attendant melancholia,' he says. 'Complete rest and care may prevent anything serious,' he says, fer I remember them words by the fright they give me.

"An' he says, 'I've told yer wife about what to do,' he says, 'and she is goin' to send fer her mother, Mrs. Byrnes, I believe. So you can get along, Jim, with her to do the cookin,' an' it's lucky the children is all away.'

"It turned out that way—the old lady came up. But the old lady is a great old party, though she's got no learnin'. She ain't short on experience, an' many's the time I heard her say: 'A hound's nose is sharper than the school-teacher's.' An' she's got a brogue as thick as it is long, an' ain't never satisfied with life till she's made the house no place to live in by boiling pickles on the stove.

"Well, when she come Annie seemed to give up. She got so she would hardly dress fer to come down to her meals, an' dinner over she'd give a sigh an' go off to her room again. It most drove me crazy. She who'd been that healthy and happy an' now thinkin' of death, an' I tell yer there was times when I was at work I didn't know whether I was in the factory cuttin'-room, or sittin' thinkin' in the armchair at home.

"I guess it was a week had gone when I come home one night an' found her mother cleanin' up the kitchen. I better say that there's one thing Annie gets from the old woman, an' that's a set on her jaw when she's mad. An' I could see it on the mother's face right then—stickin' out like a balcony on a buildin'.

"Where's Annie?" says I.

"Whist there," says she, holdin' up a bottle. "Make

no noise, Jim. I'm pouring the doctor's medicine into a rathole, fer it has the odor fer their sorrow, me bye.'

"What's this?" says I, fer I seen the row there'd be over her crazy tricks.

"Be still, I tell ye," says she. "I want a talk wid ye in private," she says. "Fer what is it the doctor says?—I've dognosed her case," says she.

"Sit there by the stove," says she, "an' I'll learn ye somethin'," she says. "I know what's the matter wid the girl," she says, "if my wits ain't broke wid my years. Did ye ever see wan of these rich women with no children an' nothin' to do?" she says.

"I have," says I. "The boss' oldest daughter, who's married to a broker in New York, is one of them."

"Don't be interruptin' me," says she. "Ye know nothin' about it an' I do. I was out in service till I married Jawn, an' I seen more than many of them. An' I tell ye that poor women is lucky not to be rich—fer it's a dread disayse to be a rich lady without children."

"What's that to do with Annie?" says I.

"She's one av them!" says she, pressin' with her hands on her fat hips and squeezin' out a sigh.

"She has three good children?" says I.

"They've gone away," she says, "an' this rest the doctor talks about is the cause av the evil. Perfect peace, Jim, me bye, is perfect hell."

"An' what makes yer think it of her?" I says.

"Tis quick told," she says. "She has three notions, an' these is them: She thinks nobody loves her any more, she thinks she's sick, an' she thinks she'll see what happens if she raises the devil."

"Not Annie!" says I, gettin' mad.

"G'wan," says she. "You'd be worse than her if ye had to be here at home all day. An angel would be worse than the rest of us in the same fix, fer there'd be a complaint about the feathers fallin' out av the wings."

"What can we do?" says I, scratchin' my head.

"She walks over to me, mysterious, an' pokes my vest with one of her fat fingers. 'Sure, Jim,' says she, 'we must take this perfect peace an' knock spots outer it,' says she.

"We must give her somethin' real to worry about," she says. "We must take all this peace an' prosperity

an' wipe the ground wid it, me bye. Whisper,' says she, an' leanin' up to my ear as if the kitchen with its clocks tickin' had been crowded with secret service men, she told me what we was to do.

"We must quarrel an' fight contin'ous," she says, "you an' yer poor old mother-in-law," she says. "It must be strong," she says, with a rascally look in her wrinkled eyes, "fast an' furious an' vi'lent," she says. "Throw plates," she says, "and mind yer don't hit me or I'll lose me temper," she says, "an' then ye'll have somethin' to regret," she says.

"It was she who started it. It was the next mornin' at breakfast, with the sunlight pourin' through the windows an' takin' the chill out of the air. But my Annie looked as if she'd never had a friend. Her head was hangin', and now an' then she'd cough so as not to let her hand get out of practice. The old lady was bringin' the coffee-pot from the stove to the table, an' all of a sudden she stops.

"Well!" she says. "It's a wonder ye wouldn't say good-mornin' to me, Jim Hands," she says. "You old pieface!" she says. "Anybody would think I was a rent collector be the way ye act to me since I've been in the house," she says, an' with that she let the coffee-pot dangle down till a stream of it began to run out the spout.

"Fer the love of Heaven, see what yer doin'!" screams Annie. "An' what's the matter between you and Jim?"

"I'll soon tell ye," says the old woman, winkin' at me. "I ain't treated with no respect," she says. "Me, and me sixty-eight years," she says. "An' I won't take no more av yer abuse, Jim Hands. If we can't have love between us we'll have somethin' else." An' with that she threw the coffee-pot an' all into the coal-scuttle.

"Mother! Mother! Be quiet, dear," says Annie.

"Let the old bird go home if she don't like it," I says.

"Listen to him!" the old lady yells; an' sittin' down to the table she says, "I'll eat me breakfast in spite of him—he's always startin' these rows, darlin'," she says. "I think he's crazy as a dyin' tooth," she says.

"We had another row at night, too, an' breakfast the next mornin'.

"So it went till that next Monday mornin'. Such

rowin' and noise you never heard in one house, an' Annie was gettin' better. Yes, sir, I believe it.

"It was Monday that the big fuss came off. I remember I had been out in the yard after breakfast to pick up a shovel that had got lost that winter under the snow, an' when I come back the old woman was scrubbin' clothes in the washtubs in the kitchen an' Annie was sittin' in a rockin'-chair all tired out, as she said.

"'Look there, ye nephew of the devil,' yells the old lady to me. 'See the mud ye've tracked across the floor, ye clodhopper!' says she, shaking her fist.

"'The floor ain't clean, anyway,' says I, which was the truth. 'The house ain't clean, an' it ain't been real clean since you've been cleanin' it,' says I.

"'Oh, ho!' says she. 'That's the gratichude I gets fer washin' out these shirts of yours'—an' she held one up out of the tub, with the water and soap drippin' from it, and winks at me.

"'Jim don't mean anythin',' says Annie. 'Don't let's be cross all the time,' she says.

"I seen then that our row was havin' a good effect, and as luck would have it I remembered then that I'd never really done my part to make it seem like real trouble in the house.

"So I reaches out an' snaps the cloth out of her hand, an' I says, says I, 'What's a shirt to me after you've made a rag of it tryin' to wash it?'—an' I grabs it in my two hands an' rips it into two pieces.

"'Oh, Jim, Jim,' screams Annie. 'That weren't yer shirt at all. 'Twas mother's Sunday waist!'

"I seen she was right, but I winked at the old lady an' yells, 'What do I care? The house is all to pieces because of her,' I yells, an' I rips out a couple of careful swear words, bein' in jest. 'She's a trouble-makin' old lunatic,' says I. 'Yes, that's what you are—you standin' up there at the tub with your mouth always goin' wherever yer mind may be—if ye have a mind. I'm tired of seein' you walkin' round here like a butter ball—you an' yer fat!' says I.

"The old lady looks at me a minute an' I expected to see her wink again, but instead of that she grabs the washboard out of the water an' tried to come at me right over the chair.

"'I'll show ye!' she yells, rushin' at me, an' you'd

'a' thought a house was flung at yer, to see her come. She was red in the face, an' for that second I had my doubts.

"Then it was crack! She beat the washboard on my head with both hands, an split the back of it an' loosened up the tin part.

"I'll show ye how far to go wid a joke,' she says outer breath, an' smashed at me again so it cut me over the eye. I put up my hand an' I seen she'd drawn blood, an' I run out through the hall an' up the stairs wid Annie at my heels, cryin' an' scared.

"Twas half an hour before I went down an' I knew I'd be late to work. I was kinder shy of meetin' the old lady, too. I was afraid she didn't know when to let well enough alone. I peeped around the door and seen her sittin' in the rockin'-chair. An' she was holdin' her sides with laughter.

"Whist! Jim,' she says, 'come in. I forgot myself—I was that mad! I don't mind names, but I'm not pleased wid mention of me fat, dear,' she says.

"So I see by my nose here,' says I, feelin' of it.

"How did Annie take it?" she says.

"It's near broken her heart,' I says. 'She cried as if her heart would break,' I says. 'She says I wasn't like her old Jim any more, an' she would never know her own mother. It was pitiful to see her, poor girl. She thinks all her happiness is gone."

"Good!" says the old woman. "That's fine. She'll be huntin' fer it soon."

"An' it was so. Three days after, when I came home at night, there was the daughter and little Michael an' Jawn at the door to call out to me.

"Where did you come from?" I says, puttin' my arm around the girl. "What was the matter?"

"Nothin'," they says.

"Where's yer mother?" I says.

"Gettin' supper," says Michael.

"Where's yer grandmother?" says I.

"She's layin' down upstairs," says the girl.

"Layin' down!" says I.

"Yes," says they.

"So I walks back quick to the kitchen an' there was my Annie watchin' a pot boilin' on the stove, with her sleeves up an' her arms in the washtub.

"'What are you doin'?' I says. 'The doctor gave you his orders,' I says.

"She smiled up at me an' says: 'I have no time fer you or them orders, dear. The children came back this afternoon an' such a load of dirty clothes as they brought! So I had to start washin', an' get out blankets and sheets fer their beds, an' sweep up the house a little, and move the oak bureau back into the front room, an' go to the butcher's fer more dinner, an' set the table over, an' mend a hole in little Jawn's stockin'. An' now I'm glad to see ye home, Jim. Have ye had a hard day?'

"'No,' says I.

"'Nor I,' says she, 'but I feel like I might sleep good to-night. I believe my cough is goin' away,' she says.

"An' at that minute Jawn an' Michael, the rascals, chasin' each other through the parlor, knocks over somethin'. We heard it fall and smash into pieces, an' the laughin' and runnin' stopped.

"'Ain't it nice, Jim, dear,' says she, 'to hear the children?' she says.

"'You ain't given me time,' I says, 'to ask how they happened to come back,' I says.

"With that she comes up to me an' puts her wet hand in mine. 'You'll not scold me, Jim,' says she, 'fer I sent fer them by telegraph. It was almost Easter vacation fer them, anyway,' she says, 'an', you know, if it hadn't been fer you, Jim, I never would have let them go away,' she says."



Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offenses.
Be strong! be good! be pure!
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretenses.

—Longfellow.



When you mark a letter, "Please Burn This," post it in the fireplace.—George Horace Lorimer.

The Fairy Shoemaker*

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Little cowboy, what have you heard,
 Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
 Only the plaintive yellow-bird
 Singing in sultry fields around?
 Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!
 Only the grasshopper and the bee?
 "Tip-tap, rip-rap,
 Tick-a-tack-too!
 Scarlet leather sewn together,
 This will make a shoe.
 Left, right, pull it tight,
 Summer days are warm;
 Underground in winter.
 Laughing at the storm!"
 Lay your ear close to the hill;
 Do you not catch the tiny clamor,
 Busy click of an elfin hammer,
 Voice of the Leprecaun singing shrill
 As he merrily plies his trade?
 He's a span
 And a quarter in height:
 Get him in sight, hold him fast,
 And you're a made
 Man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
 How should you like to roll in your carriage
 And look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
 Seize the shoemaker, so you may!
 "Big boots a-hunting,
 Sandals in the hall,
 White for a wedding-feast,
 And pink for a ball:

* This poem pictures the old Irish belief in the Leprecaun, or fairy shoemaker, who could, if fairly caught, line his captor's pockets with gold. But his finder must never take his eyes off the fairy until his demands have been granted, or the Leprecaun will disappear on the instant.

This way, that way,
So we make a shoe,
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too!"

Nine-and-ninety treasure crocks,
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountain, wood, and rocks,
Ruin, and round-tower, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them filled
Full to the brim
With gold!

I caught him at work one day myself,
In the castle-ditch where the foxglove grows;
A wrinkled, wizened and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on the top of his nose,
Silver buckles on his hose,
Leather apron, shoe in his lap;
"Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tick-tack-too!
A grig stepped upon my cap,
Away the moth flew.
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job's done."
The rogue was mine beyond a doubt,
I stared at him; he stared at me!
"Servant, sir!" "Humph!" said he,
And pulled a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
The queer little Leprecaun;
Offered the box with a whimsical grace—
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face—
And while I sneezed
Was gone!

Miss Bates at the Ball*

BY JANE AUSTIN.

(As she enters the inn where the ball is held.)



O very obliging of you! No rain at all. Nothing to signify. I do not care for myself. Quite thick shoes. And Jane declares—Well! This is brilliant, indeed! This is admirable! Excellently contrived, upon my word. Nothing wanting. Could not have imagined it. So well lighted up! Jane, Jane, look! did you ever see anything—? Oh, Mr. Weston, you must have really have had Aladdin's lamp. Good Mrs. Stokes would not know her own room again. I saw her as I came in; she was standing in the entrance. "Oh! Mrs. Stokes," said I—but I had not time for more. My dear Mrs. Weston, very well, I thank you, ma'am. I hope you are quite well. Very happy to hear it. So afraid you might have a headache! seeing you pass by so often, and knowing how much trouble you must have. Delighted to hear it, indeed!—Ah! dear Mrs. Elton, so obliged to you for the carriage; excellent time! Jane and I quite ready. Did not keep the horses a moment. Most comfortable carriage. Oh! and I am sure our thanks are due to you, Mrs. Weston, on that score. Mrs. Elton had most kindly sent Jane a note, or we should have been. But two such offers in one day! Never were such neighbors. I said to my mother, "Upon my word, ma'am"—Thank you, my mother is remarkably well. Gone to Mr. Woodhouse's. I made her take a shawl—for the evenings are not warm—her large, new shawl; Mrs. Dixon's wedding present. So kind of her to think of my mother! Bought at Weymouth, you know; Mr. Dixon's choice. There were three others, Jane says, which they hesitated about some time. My dear, Jane, are you sure you did not wet your feet? It was but a drop or two, but I am so afraid; but Mr. Frank Churchill was so extremely—and there was a mat to step upon. I shall never forget his extreme politeness. Oh! Mr. Frank Churchill, I must tell you my

* From "Emma."

mother's spectacles have never been in fault since; the rivet never came out again. My mother often talks of your good-nature; does she not, Jane? Do we not often talk of Mr. Frank Churchill? Ah! here's Miss Woodhouse. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how do you do? Very well, I thank you, quite well. This is meeting quite in fairyland. Such a transformation! Must not compliment, I know—that would be rude; but upon my word, Miss Woodhouse, you do look—how do you like Jane's hair? You are a judge. She did it all herself. Quite wonderful how she does her hair. No hairdresser from London, I think, could—Ah! Dr. Hughes, I declare—and Mrs. Hughes. Must go and speak to Dr. and Mrs. Hughes for a moment. How do you do? Very well, I thank you. Where's dear Mr. Richard? Oh! there he is. Don't disturb him. Much better employed talking to the young ladies. Such a host of friends! How do you all do? Never better. Don't I hear another carriage? Who can this be?—very likely the Coles. Upon my word, this is charming, to be standing about among such friends; and such a noble fire! I am quite roasted. No coffee, I thank you, for me; never take coffee. A little tea, if you please, sir, by-and-by; no hurry. Oh! here it comes. Everything is so good!

(*Later, when supper is announced*). Jane, Jane, my dear Jane, where are you? Here is your tippet. Mrs. Weston begs you to put on your tippet. She says she is afraid there will be draughts in the passage, though everything has been done—one door nailed up—quantities of matting—my dear Jane, indeed, you must. Mr. Churchill, you are too obliging. How well you put it on—so gratified. Excellent dancing, indeed. My dear sir, you are too obliging. Is there nobody you would not rather? I am not helpless. Sir, you are most kind. Upon my word, Jane on one arm and me on the other. Stop, stop, let us stand a little back, Mrs. Elton is going; dear Mrs. Elton, how elegant she looks—beautiful lace. Now we all follow in her train. Quite the queen of the evening. Well, here we are at the passage. Two steps, Jane, take care of the two steps. Oh, no, there is but one. Well, I was persuaded there were two. How very odd! I was convinced there were two, and there is but one. I never saw anything equal to the comfort and style—candles everywhere. Well, this is brilliant! I am

all amazement! could not have supposed anything—such elegance and profusion! I have seen nothing like it since—Well, where shall we sit? Where shall we sit? Anywhere so that Jane is not in a draught. Where I sit is of no consequence. Oh! do you recommend this side? Well, I am sure, Mr. Churchill—only it seems too good—but just as you please. What you direct in this house cannot be wrong. Dear Jane, how shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma? Soup, too! Bless me! I should not be helped so soon, but it smells most excellent, and I cannot help beginning.



Pa Shaved Off His Whiskers*

I haven't had such jolly fun for forty thousand years,
Jes' laughed until I thought my eyes was runnin' out in
tears.

An' Ma she slapped me on the back to help me ketch my
breath,

An' said she couldn't blame me if I laughed myself to
death.

My ribs got sore like they was biles, my head got achin',
and

My inside fixin's hurt like they had more than they
could stand.

An' every time I see him yet I have to fetch a grin,
Because he looks so awful queer with nothin' on his chin.

There never was a father's son
That had such jolly, roarin' fun
As me, since children was begun,
Since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

He blushed jes' like a giggly girl when he come home
that night,

An' Ma, she met him at the door an' nodded real polite,
An' asked him if he'd not come in, a-lookin' of him o'er
Jes' like she was a-wonderin' where she'd seen them
clothes before.

* From *Denver Evening Post*.

She offered him the rockin' chair, and asked him fur his
hat,
An' when she hung it up, she looked suspiciously at that,
An' him a-grinnin' all the time, and her a-lookin' skeered,
An' me a-sizin' of him up an' honestly afeard!

But when he looked almighty shy
At me, an' winked his other eye,
I yelled to busf: "Why, Ma, the guy
Is Pa; shaved off his whiskers."

Pa heaved back in the rockin' chair an' fetched a big
"Haw, haw."
I had a real hysterics fit, an' roared, an' squealed, an'
Ma
She stood like she was paralyzed, an' stared in stupid
way,
Jes' like to save her life she couldn't think of what to say,
An' then she reached her fingers out and rubbed 'em on
his chin,
An' darned if either one of 'em could do a thing but grin.
An' then she stooped and tuk a kiss, an' say, I'll jes' be
blamed,

That orful naked mouth of Pa's looked like it was
ashamed!

'Twas orful mean of me, I know,
But I jes' had to laugh or go
Insane, it paralyzed me so,
When Pa shaved off his whiskers.

When Ma regained her consciousness, I heard her softly
say,
"Why, Willyum, you hain't looked so young fur many
an' many a day—
Look something like you uster look them times when me
an' you

Was courtin' up to married life, indeed, indeed you do."
An' then she sat upon his knee a-feelin' of his chin,
Jes' like they was a lovin' pair that wasn't any kin.
An' me a-rollin' on the floor, jes' like a dyin' calf,
Fur every time I'd take a peep at Pa, I'd have to laugh.

But now he doesn't look so bad,
An' never was a prouder lad
Than me, to have so young a dad,
Since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

Misther Denis' Return*

BY JANE BARLOW.

An' the thought of us each was the boat; och, however'd
she stand it at all,
If she'd started an hour or two back, an' been caught
in the thick o' that squall?
Sure, it's lost she was, barrin' by luck it so chanced she'd
run under the lee
O' Point Bertragh or Irish Louane; an' 'twas liker the
crathurs ud be
Crossin' yonder the open, wid never a shelter but waves
far an' wide,
Rowlin' one on the other till ye'd seem at the feet of a
mad mountain-side.
An' the best we could hope was they'd seen that the
weather'd be turnin' out quare,
An' might happen ha' settled they wouldn't come over,
but bide where they were.
Yet, begorrah! 'twould be the quare weather entirely, as
some of us said,
That 'ud put Misther Denis off aught that he'd fairly
tuk into his head.
Thin Tim Dugan sez: "Arrah, lads, whist! afther sailin'
thro' oceans o' say,
Don't tell me he's naught better to do than get dhrowned
in our ddrop of a bay."
An' the words were scarce out of his mouth, whin hard
by, thro' a drift o' the haze,
The ould boat we beheld shrivin' on in the storm—och,
the yell we did raise!
An' it's little we yelled for, bedad! for the next instant
there under our eyes,
Not a couple of perch from the pier-end, th' ould baste
she must take an' capsise.
Och! small blame to them all if we'd never seen sight
of a one of them more,
Wid the waves thumpin' thuds where they fell, like the
butt-ends of beams on a door;
An' the black hollows whirlin' between, an' the dhrift
flyin' over them thick,

* From "Th' Ould Master."

'S if the Devil had melted down Hell, an' was stirrin'
it up wid a stick.
But it happint the wave that they met wid was flounder-
in' sthright to the strand,
An' just swep' thim nate on its way, till it set thim down
safe where the sand
Isn't wet twice a twelvemonth, no hurt on thim all, on'y
drippin' an' dazed.
An' one come to his feet nigh me door, where that morn-
in' me heifer had grazed,
An', bedad! 'twas himself, Misther Denis, stood blinkin'
an' shakin' the wet
From his hair: "Hullo, Connor!" sez he, "is it you,
man?" He'd niver forget
One he'd known. But I'd hardly got hould of his hand,
an' was wishin' him joy,
Whin, worse luck, he looked round, an' he spied Widdy
Sullivan's imp of a boy,
That a wave had tuk off of his feet an' was floatin'
away from the beach,
An' he screechin' an' stretchin' his arms to be saved, but
no help was in reach.
An' as soon as the young master seen it, he caught his
hand out o' me own:
"Now, stand clear, man," sez he, "would ye have me be
lavin' the lad there to dhrown?"
An' wid that he throd knee-deep in foam-swirls.
Ochone! but he gev us the slip,
Runnin' sheer down the black throat o' Death, an' he
just affer escapin' its grip;
For the wild says come flappin' an' boomin' an' smotherin'
o'er him, an' back
In the lap o' their ragin' they swep' him as light as a wisp
o' brown wrack,
An' they poundin' the rocks like sledge-hammers, an'
clatterin' the shingle like chains;
Ne'er the live sowl they'd let from their hould till they'd
choked him or bet out his brains,
Sure an' certain. And in swung a wave wid its welthers
o' wather that lept
Wid the roar of a lion as it come, an' hissed low like a
snake as it crept
To the edge, where it tossed thim, the both o' thim.
Och! an' the little spaldeen

Misther Denis had gript be the collar, he jumped up
 the first thing we seen,
 While young master lay still—not a stir—he was stunned
 wid a crack on the head—
 Just a flutter o' life at his heart—but it's kilt he was,
 kilt on us dead.



Mrs. Caudle Has Taken Cold

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

 'M not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like, but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's not getting wet in thin shoes; oh, no! it's my mind, Caudle, my mind that's killing me. (Oh, yes! *gruel, indeed*—you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer; but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well I—I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean; she can't help it. You've always gone on about my shoes, when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say 'twould be all the same to you if I put on ploughman's boots; but I'm not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tisn't likely I should begin now.

No, Caudle; I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you: no, goodness knows, I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world—but the cold I've got I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes, ten years ago the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of; poor souls! They've good cause to do so. Ten years ago I was sitting up for you—there now, I'm not going to

say anything to vex you, only do let me speak ; ten years ago I was waiting for you, and I fell asleep and the fire went out, and when I woke I found I was sitting right in the draught of the keyhole. That was my death, Caudle, though don't let that make you uneasy, love ; for I don't think that you meant to do it.

Ha ! it's all very well for you to call it nonsense, and to lay your ill conduct upon my shoes. That's like a man, exactly ! There never was a man yet that killed his wife who couldn't give a good reason for it. No, I don't mean to say that you've killed me ; quite the reverse. Still there's never been a day that I haven't felt that keyhole. What ? *Why don't I have a doctor?* What's the use of a doctor ? Why should I put you to the expense ? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle ; yes, after a very little time, you won't miss me much—no man ever does.

Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called to-day. *What of it?* Nothing, of course. Yes, I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle ; she might wait ; I shan't be in her way long ; she may soon have the key of the caddy now. / Ha ! Mr. Caudle, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul now ? Well, I do—I believe you. I dare say you do mean it ; that is, I *hope* you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can be quiet in this bed, and think of that young woman—not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice towards her, Caudle—not the least. Still I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if—well, I won't say anything more about her, but you know what I mean.

I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you when I'm gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way, if you desire it. Still, I know I've a dreadful cold ; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes—certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they *never* gave me a cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years ago that did it ; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

Mother, you see, knows all your little ways ; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done—a second wife never does ; it isn't likely she should. And, after all, we've been *very happy*. It hasn't been my fault if we've ever had a word or two,

for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always—especially men. Still, we've been very happy—*haven't we, Caudle?*

Good night. Yes, this cold does tear me to pieces; but for all that, it isn't the shoes, (*God bless you,*) Caudle; no—it's *not* the shoes. I won't say it's the keyhole; but again I say, it's not the *shoes*. God bless you once more. But *never* say it's the *shoes*.



How Adventure Came to Petee*

BY GARDNER HUNTING.



SOUND body and a number of wholesome instincts blessed Petee. Also he possessed a fresh complexion, a large lump of pure curiosity and youth. He had decided to see the West, and, for that purpose sat in a Pullman-car smoking-room on a certain great railroad that makes a specialty of showing that section of the country to the curious. With him was also Budlong, who was enough like him, and enough unlike, to be a friend.

They were from a part of the country where corn grows so thickly that there isn't space for much else, including anything like satisfactory gun-play; which may be one of the reasons why the advertising pages of the magazines had furnished the only knowledge of six-shooters they enjoyed, and why their interest in roomy desert or mountain-side spaces, with weird stories attached, was big enough to encourage the smoking-room *raconteur*. Not that they believed the stories that were going. The advertising pages had not been their sole reading.

There were four other men in the hazy little room. One was a laugher, who had the shrewd and merry eye

* From *Adventure*.

of the traveling salesman, and who found all the stories amusing. Another was a heavy, sodden man who wore boots, with his faded drab corduroy trousers tucked into them, and took the stories with a skeptical squint. The third was the story-teller, a fat little man whose eyelids winked continuously like those of a person in anticipation of imminent disturbances of the peace, such as he found pleasure in describing. The fourth man was a lean, slow-moving chap with yellow hands and cigarette-stained fingers, whose mouth was surrounded with two days' growth of stubbly beard, tobacco-painted, and with one eye bloodshot to a solid crimson where it should have been white.

They were half an hour out of the last town of consequence and the gilding sun was getting down behind the tops of the hills, when they rounded a bend of the little river and entered a narrower and rockier gorge. The heavy man with the squint got up and walked out of the smoking-room. At the door he paused, looking down the aisle of the car. Then he turned back suddenly.

"*Sh—sh—sh!*" he whispered, mysteriously, through the space beside the curtain, and then he beckoned with his head. "Come out here," he added. "Look wot's going on!"

It was an effective gesture, that of the squinter's head. The rest got up and filed out curiously. The drummer was first, the story-teller next. Budlong was third, and Petee last—save one. The young man with the red eye did not stir, at first, but brought up the rear when the others had moved ahead.

As he reached the door, Petee suddenly heard him snicker. He himself had not seen what might be the attraction outside and he turned to discover the source of the fellow's amusement. What he saw was a yellow hand with cigarette-stained fingers, holding a blue magazine-pistol up, and pointed at him, with a bloodshot eye peering unwinking over it.

"Hands up!"

It was the accepted fictional form of demand. Petee was suddenly conscious of a hush of voices about him, and of the prompt intrusion of the train's rumble. He looked at the insignificant little black hole in the end of the pistol pointing toward him and felt the stir of two

slow emotions. One was annoyance, as at a silly joke; the other was curiosity. He had no belief at all in the reality of the thing, at the beginning. He even disregarded the mandate, which he had understood well enough but which he did not take seriously. The fellow who had given the order and who threatened him was undersized and unimpressive, and his doughy face had little if any suggestion of a mood for killing upon it.

But he of the red eye abruptly swore in nasty phrase, and with a personal application that made its own effect. Moreover, Petee noted that the rim of high light around the end of the pistol-barrel was broken by the clean-cut slot of the rifling inside. The gun was unmistakably intended for business use, and the boy from the corn-fields recognized that something actual was happening; being of a practical turn of mind, he began to appreciate the unwisdom of trifling with anybody who held such advantage, even while a warm flow of indignation was spreading through his blood.

He put up his hands and backed against the outside of the smoking-room. He could see, then, that the men who had come out ahead of him were all in like attitude, with hands raised heavenward, earnestly if not prayerfully—all except the squinter, who was also holding a neat little, effective-looking, high-speed shooting-machine.

The latter had shaken off his soddleness and was business-like too. In his eyes was a black glitter that reminded Petee of the eyes of a rat in the corn-crib at home. He was impressive enough, in a rat-like, cruel way. He could kill.

"Sit down, you two!"

The squinter ordered the two men nearest him into a vacant seat of the car. As they sat down, with utter docility, Petee looked on along the aisle and saw two more men with pistols standing near the middle of the coach, facing one each way. At the farther end was a fifth gunman. It came to him that this was adventure—in a way, the sort of thing he had vaguely looked forward to on his trip; but it was oddly irritating and not very exciting.

He was not at all carried away by any of the sensations he felt. He was getting mad; he was quite sure about that—a slow anger that rose up hot, from a swell-

ing under his ribs to a flush on his neck and a smarting of the eyes. Despite their elevated position, his hands were warm with the same thing. But he could not discover excitement anywhere in him.

A pretty thorough-going gang, this, he thought. Five to a car! He had read of one-man hold-ups, and had supposed these daring bad men of the plains and mountains rather took pride in pulling off a day's work unaided. Judging, also, by the cowed look on the several faces he could see among the passengers, about three of the five guns were superfluous.

So far as he himself was concerned, the longer he weighed the matter, the more willing he became to stand still. They meant to take his money, of course; but he did not worry about that, for there was more corn-money back where the corn was. And to put up a bare-handed fight against these armed chaps to save a purse would be a little like putting your bare hand into a feed-cutter to save a buttercup.

The preliminaries were not long drawn out. The squinter asked the drummer and the story-teller for their money, and they handed it out. The outlaw grinned a little at them as he took their pocketbooks and emptied them quickly into his hat. The drummer grinned back a bit sheepishly, till the squinter dropped his plundered purse carelessly on the floor. Then the laugher's face straightened out, as if he resented this last as an indignity quite separate from and more aggravated than all the rest. The story-teller's eyelids winked as incessantly as lightning on an August night before the storm; but there was no storm in his meek eyes, behind them.

So this was a hold-up, thought Petee.

After all it was just a matter of a lot of folks scared into allowing a collection to be made of their ready money for the benefit of the chaps who had the nerve to take it. And the collecting was simple, it seemed. Everybody knew what was expected, and everybody seemed ready to contribute. Some of them were pretty gray in the face and their hands shook. They were frightened and hugely excited. Somehow Petee was not getting the thrill. Perhaps that was a reason why he was getting madder; perhaps another was the squinter's grin.

And then, all at once, Petee forgot his little wondering attempts at sensation-analysis and just watched the collector of gratuities. For the outlaw had come to the second seat on the farther side of the car, and there was an old lady in it whom Petee had not seen before, and who was softly and rather pitifully whimpering. She had passed up a little old worn wallet, of the sort that has two knobs on top to snap past each other for fastening. The squinter had turned it bottom side up and a half-dozen coins had dropped from it into his hat. Now, he was holding it out toward her and his grin was gone.

"This ain't all you got!" he remarked, in a tone like the blunt end of a cold-chisel.

"Yes—it is," responded the woman.

She was gray-haired and white-faced and trembling all over. She had on glasses and a little crisp black straw bonnet that had ribbons to tie under her chin. Her eyes were as wide as a startled baby's and her mouth was working in a way that was painful to look at.

But the man was insisting.

"Don't try to fool me," he said. He set his hat down in the seat, and, bending over her, took hold of the black cape-affair she wore, where it covered her flat, narrow old bosom. "Give up! I ain't goin' to waste time over you, but you got more money than that!"

"Oh, I haven't!" she cried.

The very brevity of her speech, even without her abject terror, appeared convincing to Petee.

He wondered why the squinter did not believe her immediately, while his own nerves were squirming at the roughness of the man's great hands upon her. They were such a little way from him that he could see details with distinctness. He could see the black cotton-gloved hands of the woman fumble over the man's big knuckles with feeble effort to free herself; and he could see the brownish white of her eye past the bow of her glasses as she gazed up in horror into the brutal face above hers. It reminded him of the eye of a shying horse, seen past the blinder.

And then, without any hint that he meant to do it, the man with the gun suddenly raised it and struck the old woman with the heavy barrel end of it a blow on the

head—a blow that made the old straw bonnet crunch audibly and caused the pistol to click!

In the first half second Petee could not believe it. It was all of that before he even winced. But when he saw the woman's rigid figure go limp against the seat cushions, there was one breathless instant of realization, and then something that was probably passion rose in Petee. It went up into his head like something that scorched all the inside of his veins and filled his brain bursting full.

He could not stand it. He nearly choked on the involuntary thing, but he only turned and jumped out of his place and took the three bounding steps to the squinter's side without feeling the floor under him. And then he struck with all his might, and all the anger he had felt and all his pity for the old lady multiplied a hundred times into a blasting, blinding fury that could not hit hard enough and hoped desperately to kill. And because the outlaw was still bent over the old woman, and because his arms were extended and protected his head, the boy chose, not with knowledge, but with an animal instinct, to swing his arm under and up, in an awful upper-cut in the man's unguarded ribs.

Petee felt something give in his arm and a hot pain shot to the shoulder; but he was too busy to think about it. He saw the wide hips of the outlaw, clothed in faded drab corduroy, drop down floorward before him, and he caught a glimpse of the man's face as it turned partly sidewise and the chin struck the seat-rail. Then he heard the fellow's gun clatter on the floor and he stooped and groped for it.

Before he was up, there were shots in the air, each of which seemed to strike his ears and hurt, like a square, flat slap. When he was on his feet again it appeared that everybody was shooting, and the gun of the red-eyed man was spitting long streams of rose flame from which ruddy sparks trailed and the aim seemed to be at him, Petee.

But something else was happening also. Petee became aware of it when a bursting crash of breaking glass cut into the din—for there are few kinds of racket that will drown that jangle. And abruptly, he saw Budlong, his chum, red of face and wild of eye, turning with the scarlet-headed fire-axe from the box in the wall and up-rearing it to strike. And, in a breath, another finish-

ing blow was landed, and the rose flame-stream stopped.

Petee laughed with a squeal and felt moisture run out on his lips. He made a jump to the last section on his left and turned with his back to the smoking-room wall. He knew that the men in the middle of the car were still shooting, and he wanted to face them. He did not know that the big mirror in the panel behind him set him out as an ideal target. He saw the two firing at him and in another second he was hit twice more.

But, at the last instant, he saw a man stand up coolly, in a seat just beyond his enemies, and shoot them both point-blank, as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world to do in a Pullman-car—like paying his fare.

When he came back to a knowledge of things, a hard-breathing man, whose eyes glowed, was bending over him and swearing gustily, while he worked at Petee's clothes. When the young man opened his eyes, the other fairly gurgled. He put a big hand on Petee's head, and peered down into his eyes.

"God, what a boy!" he said.



De-Moon Pilot

BY WILHELMINA FRANKLIN PRUITT.

De big yaller moon, de ship of de sky,
 Hit sails wid de pilot-man high en dry,
 De smilin' moon-man, a whirlin' out san',
 W'ich fairy gol' dus,
 He gedders fer us
 In de isles, de fur away isles,
 Of de mornin'!
 De stars am de light'-ouses sot dar ter shine
 Dat de ole sky-pilot kin see whar's he gwine;
 En de win's dat blow, he snares um, ya-hó!—
 In de big moon-ship's
 Gol' sails ez she dips
 'Mong de isles, de fur away isles,
 Of de mornin'!

Little Dancing Leaves

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Little dancing leaves
In the garden-bower,
Which among you grieves
Not to be a flower?
“Never one!” the light leaves say,
Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves,
Roses lean to kiss you;
From the cottage eaves
Nestling birds would miss you—
We should tire of blossoms so,
If you all to flowers should grow!

Little dancing leaves—
Grasses, ferns, and sedges,
Nodding to the sheaves,
Out of tangled hedges—
What a dull world would remain
If you all were useful grain!

Little dancing leaves,
Who could be without you?
Every poet weaves
Some sweet dream about you.
Flowers and grain awhile are here;
You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves,
When through pines and birches
The great storm-wind heaves,
Your retreat he searches—
How he makes the tall trees roar!
While you—only dance the more!

Little dancing leaves,
Loving and caressing—
He most joy receives
Who bestows a blessing.
Dance, light leaves, for dancing made,
While you bless us with your shade! :

The Church of the Best Licks

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



JUST as the flame on the forestick, which Ralph had watched so intensely, flickered and burned low, and just as Ralph, with a heavy but not quite hopeless heart, rose to leave, the latch lifted, and Bud re-entered.

"I want to say something," he stammered; "but you know it's hard to say it. I ha'n't no book-larnin' to speak of; and some things is hard to say when a man ha'n't got book-words to say 'em with. And they's some things a man can't hardly ever say anyhow to anybody."

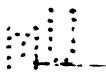
Here Bud stopped. But Ralph spoke in such a matter-of-course way in reply, that he felt encouraged to go on.

"You gin up Hanner kase you thought she belonged to me. That's more'n I'd a done by a long shot. Now, arter I left here just now, I says to myself, 'A man what can gin up his gal on account of such a feeling for the rights of a Flat-Cricker like me, why, dog on it,' says I, 'such a man is the man as can help me do better. I don't know whether you're a Hardshell or a Softshell or a Methodist, or a Campbellite, or a New Light, or a United Brother, or a Millerite, or what not. But I says, 'The man what can do the clean thing by a ugly feller like me, and stick to it, when I was just ready to eat him up, is a kind of a man to tie to.'"

Here Bud stopped in fright at his own volubility; for he had run his words off like a piece learned by heart, as though afraid that if he stopped he would not have courage to go on.

Ralph said that he did not yet belong to any church, and he was afraid he couldn't do Bud much good. But his tone was full of sympathy, and what is better than sympathy, a yearning for sympathy.

"You see," said Bud, "I wanted to git out of this low-lived, Flat-Crick way of livin'. We're a hard set down here, Mr. Hartsook; and I'm gettin' to be one of the



* From "The Hoosier Schoolmaster."

hardest of 'em. But I never could git no good out of Bosaw, with his whisky and meanness. And I went to the Mount Tabor church onct. I heard a man discussin' baptism and regeneration, and so on. That didn't seem no cure for me. I went to a revival over at Clifty. Well, 'twarn't no use. First night they was a man that spoke about Jesus Christ in such a way that I wanted to foller him everywhere. But I didn't feel fit. Next night I come back with my mind made up that I'd try Jesus Christ, and see ef he'd have me. But laws! they was a big man that night that preached hell. Not that I don't believe they's a hell. They's plenty not a thousand miles away as deserves it; and I don't know as I'm too good for it myself. But he pitched it at us, and stuck it in our faces in such a way that I got mad. And I says, 'Well, ef God sends me to hell, he can't make me holler 'nough, nohow.' You see, my dander was up. And, when my dander's up, I wouldn't gin up fer the devil hisself. The preacher was so insultin' with his way of doin' it! He seemed to be kind of glad that we was to be damned; and he preached somethin' like some folks swears. It didn't sound a bit like the Christ the little man preached about the night afore. So what does me and a lot of other fellers do but slip out and cut off the big preacher's stirrups and hang them onto the rider of the fence, and then let his hoss loose! And from that day, sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't, want to be better. And to-day it seemed to me that you must know somethin' as would help me."

Nothing is worse than a religious experience kept ready to be exposed to the gaze of everybody, whether the time is appropriate or not. But never was a religious experience more appropriate than the account which Ralph gave to Bud of his "Struggle in the Dark." The confession of his weakness and wicked selfishness was a great comfort to Bud.

"Do you think that Jesus Christ would—would—well, do you think he'd help a poor, unlarnt Flat-Cricker like me?"

"I think he was a sort of a Flat-Cricker himself," said Ralph, slowly and very earnestly.

"You don't say?" said Bud, almost getting off his seat.

"Why, you see the town he lived in was a rough place. It was called 'Nazareth,' which meant 'Bushtown.' "

"You don't say?"

"And he was called 'a Nazarene,' which was about the same as 'backwoodsman.' "

And Ralph read the different passages which he had studied at Sunday-school, illustrating the condescension of Jesus, the stories of the publicans, the harlots, the poor who came to him. And he read about Nathanael, who lived only six miles away, saying, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"Just what Clifty folks say about Flat-Crick!" broke in Bud.

"Do you think I could begin without being baptized?" he added, presently.

"Why not? Let's begin now to do the best we can, by his help."

"You mean, then, that I'm to begin now to put in my best licks for Jesus Christ, and that he'll help me?"

This shocked Ralph's veneration a little. But it was the sincere utterance of an earnest soul. It may not have been an orthodox start; but it was the one start for Bud. And there be those who have repeated with the finest æsthetic appreciation the old English liturgies, who have never known religious aspirations so sincere as that of this ignorant young Hercules, whose best confession was that he meant hereafter "to put in his best licks for Jesus Christ." And there be those who can define repentance and faith to the turning of a hair, who never made so genuine a start for the kingdom of heaven as Bud Means did.

Ralph said yes, that he thought that was just it. At least, he guessed, if there was something more, the man that was putting in his best licks would be sure to find it out.

"Do you think he'd help a feller? Seems to me it would be number one to have God help you—not to help you fight other folks, but to help you when it come to fighting the devil inside. But you see I don't belong to no church."

"Well, let's you and me have one right off. Two people that help one another to serve God make a church."

I am afraid this ecclesiastical theory will not be considered orthodox. It was Ralph's; and I write it down at the risk of bringing him into condemnation.

Nell

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

You're a kind woman, Nan! ay, kind and true!
God will be good to faithful folk like you!

You knew my Ned?

A better, kinder lad never drew breath.
We loved each other true, and we were wed
In church, like some who took him to his death;
A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost
His senses when he took a drop too much.

Drink did it all—drink made him mad when cross'd—
He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.

O Nan! that night! that night!

When I was sitting in this very chair,
Watching and waiting in the candlelight,
And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,
And turned, and saw him standing yonder, white
And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!

And when I caught his arm and call'd, in fright,
He push'd me, swore, and to the door he pass'd
To lock and bar it fast.
Then down he drops just like a lump of lead,
Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,
And—Nan!—just then the light seem'd growing
brighter,

And I could see the hands that held his head,
All red! all bloody red!

What could I do but scream? He groan'd to hear,
Jump'd to his feet, and gripp'd me by the wrist;
“Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell!” he hiss'd.
And I was still, for fear.

“They're after me—I've knifed a man!” he said,
“Be still!—the drink—drink did it!—he is dead!”

Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't weep;
All I could do was just to cling to Ned and hark,
And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,
But breathing hard and deep.
The candle flicker'd out—the room grew dark—

And—Nan!—although my heart was true and tried—
 When all grew cold and dim,
 I shudder'd—not for fear of them outside,
 But just afraid to be alone with him.
 “Ned! Ned!” I whisper'd—and he moan'd and shook,
 But did not heed or look!
 “Ned! Ned! speak, lad! tell me it is not true!”
 At that he raised his head and looked so wild;
 Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw
 His arms around me, crying like a child,
 And held me close—and not a word was spoken,
 While I clung tighter to his heart and press'd him,
 And did not fear him, though my heart was broken,
 But kiss'd his poor stain'd hands, and cried, and bless'd
 him!

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold
 With sound o' falling rain—
 When I could see his face, and it look'd old,
 Like the pinch'd face of one that dies in pain;
 Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun,
 We never thought to hide away or run,
 Until we heard those voices in the street,
 That hurrying of feet,
 And Ned leap'd up, and knew that they had come.
 “Run, Ned!” I cried, but he was deaf and dumb!
 “Hide, Ned!” I scream'd, and held him; “hide thee,
 man!”
 He stared with bloodshot eyes, and hearken'd, Nan!
 And all the rest is like a dream—the sound
 Of knocking at the door—
 A rush of men—a struggle on the ground—
 A mist—a tramp—a roar;
 For when I got my senses back again,
 The room was empty—and my head went round!

God help him! God *will* help him! Ay, no fear!
 It was the drink, not Ned—he meant no wrong;
 So kind! so good!—and I am useless here,
 Now he is lost that loved me true and long.
 . . . That night before he died,
 I didn't cry—my heart was hard and dried;
 But when the clocks went “one,” I took my shawl
 To cover up my face, and stole away,

And walk'd along the silent streets, where all
Look'd cold and still and gray,
And on I went, and stood in Leicester Square,
But just as "three" was sounded close at hand
I started and turn'd east, before I knew,
Then down Saint Martin's Lane, along the Strand,
And through the toll-gate on to Waterloo.

Some men and lads went by,
And turning round, I gazed, and watch'd 'em go
Then felt that they were going to see him die,
And drew my shawl more tight, and follow'd slow.
More people pass'd me, a country cart with hay
Stopp'd close beside me, and two or three
Talk'd about it! I moan'd and crept away!

Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,
For something gripp'd me round the heart!—and then
There came the solemn tolling of a bell!
O God! O God! how could I sit close by,
And neither scream nor cry?
As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
I listen'd, listen'd, listen'd, still and dumb,
While the folk murmur'd, and the death-bell toll'd
And the day brighten'd, and his time had come
. . . Till—Nan!—all else was silent, but the knell
Of the slow bell!
And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
And what I waited for I couldn't tell—
At last there came a groaning deep and great—
Saint Paul's struck "eight"—
I scream'd, and seem'd to turn to fire, and fell!



The Difference

When the other fellow gets rich it's luck,
Just blundering luck that brings him gains,
But when we win it's a case of pluck
With intelligent effort and lots of brains.
Nixon Waterman: The Difference.

Votes From Women*

BY GEORGE FITCH.



OTES for Women," is a fine sentiment, but "Votes from Women" was the burning question back at Siwash when I infested the campus. The women had the votes already—no use agitating that. The big question was getting 'em back when we needed them. You see, the faculty always insisted on regulating athletics more or less and on organizing things for us—didn't believe we mere college youths could get an organization together according to Hoyle, or whoever drew up the rules of disorder in college societies, without the help of some skyscraper-browed professor. So they saw fit to organize what they called a general athletic association. Every student who paid a dollar was enrolled as a member, with a vote and the privilege of blowing a horn in a lady or gentleman like manner at all college games. And just to assure a large membership, the faculty made a rule that the dollar must be paid by all students with their tuition at the beginning of the year. That, of course, enrolled the whole college, girls and all, in the Athletic Association. And it was the Athletic Association that raised the money to pay for the college teams and hired the coaches and greased old Siwash's way to glory every fall during the football season.

Now this didn't bother any for a few years. The men went to the meetings and voted, and the girls stayed at home and made banners for the games. Everything was lovely and comfortable. Then one day in my Freshman year, just before the election, there was a crack in the slate, and the Shi Delts saw a chance to elect one of their men president—it wasn't their turn that year, but you never could trust the Shi Delts politically any farther than you could kick a steam roller. They put up their man and there was a little campaign for about three hours that got up to eleven hundred revolutions a minute. We clawed and scratched and dug for votes and were still short when Reilly got an idea and rushed

* From *The Saturday Evening Post*.

over to Browning Hall. Five minutes before the polls closed he appeared, leading twenty-seven Siwash girls, and the trouble was over. They voted for our man and he was elected by four votes.

Well the women voted at Siwash that fall and I guess they must have liked the taste, for the first thing we knew we had the woman vote to take care of all the time. The next fall pretty nearly every girl in the college turned out to our class meetings, and the way they voted pretty nearly drove us mad. They seemed to regard it as a game. They fussed about whether to vote on pink paper or blue paper; voted for members of the faculty for class president; one of them voted for the President of the United States for president of the Sophomore class; wanted to vote twice; came up to the ballot box and demanded their votes back because they had changed their minds; went away before election and left word with a friend to vote for them. Took us an hour, right in football practice time, to get the ticket through in our class; and what with lending pencils and chasing girls who carried their ballots away with them, and getting called down for trying to see that everything went along proper and shipshape and according to program, we boys were half paralyzed when it was all over.

But the girls liked it enormously. It was a novelty for them, and we saw right there that it was a case of organize the female vote or have things hopelessly muddled up before the end of the year. In the interests of harmony things had to be done in a businesslike manner. Certain candidates had to be put through and certain factions had to be gently but firmly stepped on.

But that was the least of our troubles. After you had persuaded a girl to vote right you had to keep her persuaded. Now most any man might be able to keep one vote in line, but that wasn't enough. Some of us had to keep four or five votes all ready for use, for competition was pretty swift and there were a tremendous number of co-eds in school. You never saw such a job as it was. No sooner would I have Miss A entirely friendly to my candidate for the editorship of the Weekly than Miss B would flop over and show marked signs of frost—and then I would have to drop everything and walk over from chapel with her three mornings, hand-run-

ning, and take her to a play, and make a wild pass about not knowing whether any one would go to the prom with me or not. And then just as she would begin to smile when she saw me Miss A would pass me on the street and look at me as if I had robbed a henroost. And just as I was entirely friendly with both of them, it would occur to me that I hadn't called on Miss C for three weeks and that Bannister, of the Alfalfa Delts, was waiting for Miss D after chapel every morning and would doubtless make a low-down, underhanded attempt to talk politics to her in the spring. For a month before each election I felt like a giddy young squirrel running races with myself around a wheel. Some college boys can keep on terms of desperate and exclusive friendliness with a dozen girls at a time—Petey Simmons got up to eighteen one spring when we won the big athletic election—but four or five was as many as I could manage by any means, and it kept me busted, conditioned and all out of training to accomplish this.

Of course it was entirely impossible for the few dozen college politicians to make personal friends and supporters of all the girls in Siwash. We didn't want to. There are girls and girls at Siwash, just as there are everywhere else. Maybe a third of the Siwash girls were pretty and fascinating and wise and loyal, and nine or ten other exceedingly pleasant adjectives. And perhaps another third were—well, nice enough to dance with at a class party and not to remember it with terror. And then there was another third which—oh, well, you know how it goes everywhere. They were grand young women, and they were there for educational purposes. They took prizes and learned a lot, and this was partly because there were no swarms of bumptious young collegians hanging around them and wasting their time.

As I was saying, we couldn't influence all the co-ed vote personally, but we handled it very systematically. Every popular girl in the school had her following, of course, at Browning Hall. So we just fought it out among the popular girls. Before elections they'd line up on their respective sides, and then they'd line up the rest of the co-ed vote. On a close election we'd get out every vote, and we'd have it accounted for, too, beforehand. The real precinct leaders had nothing on us. It took a lot of time and worry, but it was all very pleasant

at the end. The popular girls would each lead over her collection of slaves of Horace and Trig, and Counterpoint and Rhetoric, and we'd cheer politely while they voted 'em. Then we'd take off our hats and bow low to said slaves, and they would go back to their galleys after having done their duty as free-born college girls, and that would be over for another year. Everything would have continued lovely and comfortable and darned expensive if it hadn't been for Mary Jane Hicks, of Carruthers' Corners, Missouri.

This Mary Jane Hicks came to Siwash the year before it all happened and was elected to the unnoticeables on the spot. She was a dumpy little girl, with about as much style as a cornplanter; and I suspect that she bade her pet calf a fond goodby when she left the dear old farm to come and play tag with knowledge on the Siwash campus. Nobody saw her in particular the first year, except that you couldn't help noticing her hair any more than you can help noticing a barn that's burning on a damp, dark night. It was explosively red and she didn't seem to care. She always had her nose turned up a little—just on principle, I guess. And when you see a red-headed girl with a freckled nose that turns up just locate the cyclone cellars in your immediate vicinity, say I.

Well, Mary Jane Hicks went through her Freshman year without causing any more excitement than you could make by throwing a clamshell into the Atlantic Ocean. She drew a couple of classy men for the class parties and they reported that she towed unusually hard when dancing. She voted in the various elections under the protecting care of Miss Willoughby, who was a particular friend of mine just before the Athletic election, and that's how I happened to meet her. I was considerably grand at that time—being a Junior who had had a rib smashed playing football and was going to edit the college paper the next year—but the way she looked at me you would have thought that I was the fractional part of a peeled cipher. She just nodded at me and said "Howdedo," and then asked if the vest-pocket vote was being successfully extracted that day. That was nervy of her and I frowned, after which she remarked that she objected to voting without being told in advance that the cause of liberty was trembling in

the voter's palm. I remember wondering at the time where she had dug up all that rot.

Miss Hicks voted at all the elections along with the rest of the herd, and as far as I know no rude collegian came around and broke into her studies by taking her anywhere. Commencement came and we all went home, and I forgot all about her.

There were any number of important elections coming off the next fall. There were all the class elections, of course, and the Oratorical election, and a couple of vacancies to fill in the Athletic Association, and a college marshal to elect, and goodness knows what all else to nail down and tuck away before we could get down to the serious job of fighting conditions that fall. I was so busy for the first three days, wiring up the new students and putting through a trade on the Athletic secretaryship with the Delta Kap gang, that I couldn't pay any attention to the class elections. But they were pretty safe anyway. It was only about a day's job to put through a class slate. The Junior election came first, and we had arranged to give it to Miss Willoughby. We always elected a woman president of the Junior class at Siwash. Little Willoughby had a cinch, because, of course, our crowd backed her hard—and we were strong in Juniors—and besides, she had a good following among the girls.

School opened on Tuesday. The Junior class election came off on Thursday afternoon and a Miss Hamthrck was elected president. I would have bet on the college bell against her. It was the shockingest thing that had happened in politics for five years. Miss Hamthrck was a conservatory student. Even when you shut your eyes and listened to her singing she didn't sound good-looking. Davis drew her for the Sophomore class party the year before and exposed himself to the mumps to get out of going. Not only was she elected president, but the rest of the offices went to—no, I'll not describe them. I'm sort of prejudiced anyway. They made Miss Hamthrck seem beautiful and clever by comparison. It was a blow between the eyes. The worst of it was we couldn't understand it.

The next day we got a harder blow than ever. The Freshman class election came off on a snap call, and about half the class, mostly girls, elected a lean young

lady with spectacles and a wasp-like conversation to the presidency. We raised a storm of indignation, but they blandly told us to go hence. There was nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent a woman from being president of the Freshman class, and there didn't seem to be any other laws on the subject. Besides, the Freshman class was a brand-new republic and didn't need the advice of such an effete monarchy as the Senior class. While we were talking it all over the next day the Sophomores met, and after a terrific struggle between the Eta Bita Pies, the Alfalfa Delts and the Shi Delts, Miss Hicks was elected president by what Shorty Gamble was pleased to term "the gargoyle vote." I wouldn't say that myself of any girl, but Shorty had been working for the place for a year and, when the twenty girls who had never known what it was to have a sassy cab rumble up to Browning Hall and wait for them cast their votes solidly and elected the Missouri Prairie Fire, Shorty felt justified in making comments.

By this time it was a case of save the pieces. Everybody accused everybody else of double-crossing, underhandedness, gum-shoeing, backbiting, trading, pilfering and horse-stealing. The next day the Senior class elected officers, and every frat went out with a knife for its neighbor. A quiet lady by the name of Simpkins, who was one of the finest old wartime relics in school, was elected president.

That night I began putting two and two fractional numbers together and called in calculus and second sight on the problem. I remembered what the Hicks girl had said to me the year before. That was more than the ordinary girl ought to know about politics. I remembered seeing her doing more or less close-harmony work with the other midnight-oil consumers—and the upshot was I went over to Browning Hall that night and called on her.

She came down in due time and I brushed the preliminaries aside and jumped right into the middle of things. "Miss Hicks," says I, "why are you doing all this?"

"Singular or plural you?" she asked. "And why am I or are we doing what, and why shouldn't we?" "Help!" said I, feeling that way. "Do you deny that

you haven't been instrumental in upsetting the whole college with those fool elections?"

"I am a modest young lady," said she, "so, of course, I deny it. Besides, the college isn't upset at all. I went over this morning and every professor was right side up with care where he belonged. And, moreover, you must not call an election a fool because it doesn't do what you want it to. It can't help itself."

"Miss Hicks," say I, feeling like a fly in an acre of web, "I am a plain and simple man and not handy with my tongue. What I mean is this, and I hope you'll excuse me for living—do you admit that you had a hand in those class elections?"

Miss Hicks asked me in the friendliest way possible: "It is more modest to admit it than to declare it, isn't it?"

"Certainly," say I; "and this leads right back to question Number One—Why did you do it?"

"And this leads back to answer Number One—Why shouldn't I?" she asked again.

"Why, don't you see, Miss Hicks," says I, "that you've elected a lot of girls that never have been active in college work, and that don't represent the student body, and—"

"Don't go to the proms?" she suggested.

"I didn't say it and I'd die before I did," said I, virtuously. "But what's your object?"

"Education," said Miss Hicks, mildly. "I'm paying full tuition and I want to get all there is out of college. I think politics is a fascinating study. I didn't get a chance to do much at it last year, but I'm learning something about it every day now."

"Well, what can we do to satisfy you?" said I,

"You've been satisfying us beautifully so far," said Miss Hicks.

"Who's us?" I asked.

"I don't in the least mind telling you," said Miss Hicks. "It's the Blanks."

"The Blanks!" I repeated fretfully. "Never heard of 'em."

"I know it," said Miss Hicks, "but you named them yourselves. What do you say you've drawn when you get a homely girl's name out of the hat as a partner for a class party?"

"Oh!" said I.

"We're the Blanks," said Miss Hicks, "and we feel that we haven't been getting our full share of college atmosphere. So we're going into politics. In this way we can mingle with the students and help run things and have a very enjoyable time. It's most fascinating. All of us are dippy over it."

"Oh!" said I again. "You mean you're going to ruin things for your own selfish interests?"

"My dear boy," said Miss Hicks—my, but that grated!—"we're not going to ruin anything, and I might as well tell you that we're going to get the Athletic offices, the prom committee, the Oratorical offices and the Athletic election next spring."

"Ha, ha!" said I, loudly and rudely. Then I took my hat and went away. I called our gang together and we seethed over the situation most all night. They voted me campaign leader on the strength of my service, and the next day we got the rest of the frats together, buried the hatchet and doped out the campaign. It was the pride and strength of Siwash against a red-headed Missouri girl, weight about ninety-five pounds; and we couldn't help feeling sorry for her. But she had brought it on herself.

We started out to exterminate Miss Hicks. We put up our candidate for the Oratorical Association presidency. The hall was jammed when the time came, and before anything could be done Miss Hicks demanded that no one be allowed to vote who hadn't paid his or her dues. Half the fellows we had there never had any intention of getting that far into oratorical work and backed out; but the rest of us paid up. There had never been so much money in the treasury since the association began. Then the Blanks nominated a candidate and skinned us by three votes. When we thought of all that money gone to waste we almost went crazy.

But that was just a starter. We were determined to have our own way about the Junior prom. What do wallflowers know about running a prom? We worked up an absolute majority in the Junior class, only to have a snap meeting called on us over in Browning Hall, in which three middle-aged young ladies who had never danced a step were named. The roar we raised was terrific, but the president sweetly informed us that they

had only followed precedent—we'd had to do the same thing the year before to keep out the Mu Kow Mus. We appealed to the faculty, and it laughed at us. Unfortunately, we didn't stand any too well there anyway, while most of the Blanks were the pride and joy of the professors. Anyway, they told us to fight our own battles and they'd see that there was fair play. Oh, yes! They saw it. They passed a rule that no student who was conditioned in any study could vote in any college election. That disenfranchised about half of us right on the spot.

We made a last stand on the Athletic Association treasurership. It looked for a while as if it was going to be easy. We threw all the rules away and gave a magnificent party for all the girls we thought we could count on. It was the most gorgeous affair on record, and half the dress suits in college went into hock afterward for the whole semester. The result was most encouraging. The girls were delighted. They pledged their votes and support, and we counted up that we had a clear majority. We went to bed that night happy and woke up to find that Miss Hicks had entertained the independent men in the gymnasium that night, and had served lemonade and wafers. She had alluded to them playfully as slaves, and they had broken up about fifty chairs demonstrating that they were not. When the election came off she had the unattached vote solid, and we lost out by a comfortable majority. An estimable lady, who didn't know athletics from croquet, was elected treasurer. And when the reception committee of the prom was announced the next day it was composed exclusively of men who would have had to be led through the grand march on wheels.

After that we gave up. I tried to resign as campaign manager, but the boys wouldn't let me. They admitted that no one else could have done any better, and, besides, they wanted me to go over and see Miss Hicks again. They wanted me to ask her what her crowd wanted. When I thought of her pleasant conversational hatpin work I felt like resigning from college; but there always have to be martyrs, and in the end I went.

"I've come over to the bunch to confess," said I. "You've busted us. We don't want to run things. We only want to be allowed to live. We surrender. We give

up. We humbly ask that you prepare the crow and let us eat the neck. Isn't there any way by which we can get a little something to keep us busy and happy? We're in a horrible situation. Aren't you even going to let us have the Athletic Association next spring?"

"I was thinking of running that myself," said Miss Hicks, thoughtfully.

I let out an impolite groan.

"But I'll tell you what you might do," said Miss Hicks. "You boys might try to win my crowd away from me. You see, you've played right into my hand so far. You haven't paid any attention to my supporters. Now, if you were to go after them the way you do the other girls in the college I shudder to think what might happen to me."

"You mean take them to parties and theatres?"

"Why not?" asked Miss Hicks. "You see, they're only human. I'll bet you could land every vote in the bunch if you went at it scientifically. I know they're not pretty, but they cast the most bee-you-ti-ful votes you ever saw."

"What you mean," I said, "is that if we don't show those girls a superlatively good time this winter we won't get a look at the election next spring?"

"They'd be awfully shocked if you put it that way," said Miss Hicks; "and I wouldn't advise you to talk to them about it. Their notions of honor are so high that I had to pay for the lemonade for the independent men myself at the last election."

"Oh, very well," says I, taking my hat; "we'll think it over."

We thought matters over for two weeks, and tried one or two little raids on the enemy with most horrible results. Then we gave in. We put our pride and our devotion to art in cold storage and took up the politicians' burden. We gave those girls the time of their young-to-middle-aged lives. We got up dances and crokinole parties and concerts for them. We took them to see Hamlet. We had sleighing parties. We helped every lecture course in the college do a rushing business. We just backed into the shafts and took the bit without a murmur. And maybe you think those girls didn't drive us. They seemed determined to make up for the drought of all the past. They were as coy and uncertain and as internally hard to please as if they'd been used to getting

one proposal a day and two on Sunday. Let one of us so as much drop over to Browning Hall to pass the time of day with one of the real heart-disturbers and the particular vote that he was courting would go off the reservation for a week. It would take a pair of theater tickets at the least to square things.

We gave dances that winter at which only one in five girls could dance. We took moonlight strolls with ladies who could remember the moon of seventy-six, and we gave strawrides to girls who insisted on talking of art and missionary work to us all the way.

But we were winning out. By April it was easy to see this. The Blanks thawed with the snowdrifts. They got real friendly and sociable, and after the warm weather came on we simply had to entertain them all the time, they liked it so. When I think of those beautiful spring days, with us sauntering with our political fates about the campus, and the nicest girls in the world walking two and two all by themselves—Oh, Gee! Why, they even made us cut chapel to go walking with them, just as if it was a genuine case of "Oh, those eyes!" and "Shut up, you thumping heart." All this time Miss Hicks wouldn't accept any invitation at all. She just flocked by herself as usual, and watched us taking her votes away from her without any concern apparently. I always felt that she had something saved up for us, but I couldn't tell what it was; and, anyway, we had those votes. By the time the Athletic election came around there wasn't a doubt of it.

Miss Hicks announced herself as a candidate, and we felt sorry for her. Not one of her gang was with her. They were enthusiastically for us. We'd planned the biggest party of the year right after the election in celebration, and had invited them already. Election day came and we hardly worried a bit. The result was 189 to 197 in favor of Miss Hicks. Every independent man and every bang-up-to-date girl in college voted for her.

Of course it looks simple enough now, but why couldn't we see it then? We supposed the real girls knew that it was a case of college patriotism. And, of course, it was a low-lived trick for Miss Hicks to float around the last day and spread the impression that we'd never loved them except for their votes. She simply traded constituencies with us, that's all. Take it coming

or going, year in or year out, you couldn't beat that girl.

I went over to Browning Hall the night after the election, ready to tell Miss Hicks just what everybody thought of her. I was prepared to tell her that every athletic team in college was going to disband and that anarchy would be declared in the morning. She came down as pleasant as ever and held out her hand.

"Don't say it, please," she said, "because I'm going to tell you something. I'm not coming back next year."

"Not coming back!" said I, gulping down a piece of relief as big as an apple.

"No," she said "I'm—I'm going to be married this summer. I've—I've been engaged all this year to a man back home, but I wanted to come back and learn something about politics. He's a lawyer."

"Well, you learned enough to suit you, didn't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said with a giggle. "Wasn't it fun, though! My father will be so pleased. He's the chairman of the congressional committee out at home and he's always told me an awful lot about politics. I've enjoyed this year so much."

"Well, I haven't," I said; "but I hope to enjoy next year."

That was the end of women dominion at Siwash. There wasn't a rag of the movement left next fall. But we boys never entirely forgot what happened to us, and it's still the custom to elect a co-ed to some Athletic office. They do say the only way to teach a politician what the people want is to bore a shaft in his head and shout it in, but our experience ought to be proof to the contrary. Why, all we needed was the little hint that Miss Hicks gave us.



To be alive in every part of our being, to realize the possibilities that are in us, to do all that we can, to become all that we are capable of becoming, this is the aim of life.—*Charles Wagner*.

Wallace of Uhlen

BY D. VINTON BLAKE.

Brave old Wallace of Uhlen dwells
On a castled crag of the Drachenfels.

White of hair and of beard is he,
Yet holdeth his own right manfully.

Oft and oft, when his limbs were young,
Out from its scabbard his good sword sprung;

In castle hall, or in cot of thatch,
With Wallace of Uhlen none might match.

The brave old baron one day had heard
The peasants round by a legend stirred,

Of a ghostly lady, that watched till light
In Keidenloch Chapel every night.

So to his seneschal quoth he,
“Go watch, and tell me if such things be.”

“My lord, I’d fain take many a knock
Than watch in the Chapel of Keidenloch.

I’ll stand the brunt of many a fight,
But ghosts are another matter, quite.”

Then up old Wallace of Uhlen stood,
And stoutly vow’d by the holy rood,

And all things holy, all things bright,
He’d watch in the chapel that very night.

With only a sword, from his castled rock
Down he strode unto Keidenloch;

And with the twilight, dusk and brown
Deep in the chapel he sat him down.

Wallace of Uhlen watched awhile
The pale moonbeams in the middle aisle,

The glimmer of marble here and there,
The oriel painting the dusky air,

Over his feet a something drew;
"Rats!" quoth the baron, with sudden "shoo!"

Then from the stairway's darkness bleak
Sounded a most suspicious creak.

Out from the stairway's darkness came
A creak that should put a ghost to shame.

'Spirits, I fancied, were airy matter;
Hush!" spake the baron, "now have at her!"

Lo! the chancel was all aflame,
'And past the altar the lady came.

Sank the flame with many a flicker,
Till ever the darkness seemed the thicker.

Nearer and nearer stole the maid—
A ghastly phantom—a fearful shade!

His blade old Wallace uplifted high:
"Now which is stronger, thou or I?"

But lo! affrighted, the lady dread
Back through the chapel turned and fled;

And hasting after with many a blow
Old Wallace of Uhlen laid her low.

He drew her into a moonlit place,
And gazed undaunted upon the face—

Gazed on the face so pale and dread,
And saw no maid, but a robber dead.

The scourge of many a fertile plain,
By Wallace of Uhlen lying slain.

So up to his castle striding back,
 He pledged the ghost in a cup of sack,
 And roared with laughter when from his rock
 He looked to the Chapel of Keidenloch.



Motherhood*

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

The night throbs on; O, let me pray, dear Lord!
 Crush off his name a moment from my mouth.
 To Thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
 Back to my arm beside me where he lay—
 So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that Thou hadst need of him!
 He was so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
 He cannot praise Thee; all his life had learned
 Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there!
 He had not felt this life; his lovely eyes
 Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him?
 I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
 If Thou allow it that my child forgets
 And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast heard
 The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
 We have not ceased to threaten at Thy throne,
 To threat and pray Thee that Thou hold them still
 In memory of us.

See Thou tend him well,
 Thou God of all the mothers. If he lack
 One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,
 Do angels kiss in heaven? Give him back!

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Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief.
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.
Thou art wise, I know, and tender, aye, and good,
Thou hast my child, and he is safe in Thee,
And I believe—

Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not Thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back.



Caste

BY S. E. KISER.

I can't associate no more with little Johnny Green;
I'm sorry, 'cause he never tries to do a thing that's mean;
He never uses naughty words, I never heard him swear,
His neck is never dirty and he always combs his hair.

I've got to tell him that he can't come in our yard to play;
My mother called me in when he came over yesterday;
I'm sorry, 'cause one time he licked a boy that picked on
me,
And when we play together why we never disagree.

I wish that things were different, but all is at an end,
And now I've got to look around and find some other
friend;
Sometimes he used to let me beat when me and Johnny
played—
His mother does their housework, 'cause they can't af-
ford a maid.

Up at a Villa Down in the City

(As distinguished by an Italian person of quality.)

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Had I plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-
square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window
there.

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at
least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa, one lives, I maintain it, no more
than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned
wool.

But the city, oh, the city—the square with the houses!
Why,
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something
to take the eye!
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry:
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who
hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the
sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted
properly.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by
rights,
'Tis May, perhaps, ere the snow shall have withered
well off the heights;
You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen
steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked by the faint gray olive-trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all
at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three
fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great
red bell
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to
pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout
and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-
bows flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails that prance and
paddle and dash
Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not
abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist
in a sort of sash.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you
linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted
forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and
mingle,
Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem
a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is
shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the res-
inous firs on the hill.
Enough of the seasons—I spare you the months of the
fever and chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-
bells begin;
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles
in:
You get the pick of the news, and it cost you never a pin.
By-and-by there's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets
blood, draws teeth,
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play,
piping hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves
were shot.
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of re-
bukes,
And beneath with his crown and his lion, some little new
law of the Duke's!
Or a sonnet, with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don
So-and-so
Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petracco, St. Jerome and
Cicero,
“And, moreover” (the sonnet goes rhyming), “the skirts
of Saint Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unct-
uous than ever he preached.”
Noon strikes—here sweeps the procession! Our Lady
borne smiling and smart,
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords
stuck in her heart,
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum; *tootle-te-tootle* the
fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure
in life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! Fowls, wine, at
double the rate?
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil
pays, passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not
the city!
Beggars can hardly be choosers: but still—ah, the pity,
the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with
cowl and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the
yellow candles,
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another across
with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better
prevention of scandals:
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the
fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure
in life!

Dr. Marigold

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



AM a Cheap Jack, and my father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his life-time supposed by some that his name was William, but my father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery?

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. The doctor being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. And my father was a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that, of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks, I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

For look here! Say it's election time. I am on the footboard of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here, my free and independent woters, I'm a-going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I am going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here's a flatiron worth its weight in gold; here's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and

there you are replete with animal food; here's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting, and rouse your wife and family and save up your knocker for the postman; and here's half-a-dozen dinner-plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it's fractious. Stop. I'll throw you in another article, and I'll give you that, and it's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double, in a fit of laughter, equal to being tickled. Stop again! I'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you haven't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that article's a looking-glass, in which you may see how ugly you look when you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you haven't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tallyman. Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em on the footboard of the cart—there they are! razors, flatiron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin and looking-glass—take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me, the Cheap Jack.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did, indeed. She was a Suffolk woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place, right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself: "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waist-coat pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was): "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is a article, the last article of the present evenin's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound from any man alive. Now what is it? Why I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke,

though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve tablecloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve table-spoons, and twelve teaspoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come, I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady in Threadneedle street, London city. I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm a-going to do with it. I'm not going to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine-o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." She laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "O dear! It's never you, and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I'm ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times—which, by the by, is quite the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swap her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen years of temper in a palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen years of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet-ile upon a whetstone, in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide, but in a cart it does

come home to you and stick to you. Violence in a cart is so violent, and aggravation in a cart is so aggravating.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.



The Price of Greatness

BY S. E. KISER.

My father says I must not swear,
Nor smoke, nor cheat, nor lie;
My mother makes me comb my hair
And act as good as pie;
Most everything I'd like to do
Is very, very wrong;
You'd better not have fun, or you
Will never get along.

I have to say my prayers at night
And eat things that I hate,
Or else the first I know I might
Meet some most awful fate!
The things that are the best for me
Are never sweet or nice;
It's good to grow up great, but, gee,
It costs an awful price!

The Speaker

Volume VIII., No. 2

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The Value of the One Act Play for College Production

THE CHANGING VALUE OF THE ONE ACT PLAY.



HE one act play in the past has been used chiefly as a curtain raiser, or as a "turn" in vaudeville, and has not enjoyed an enviable reputation in the dramatic world; for the curtain raiser has been used chiefly to kill time, because fashionable folk dine late, and consequently arrive at the theatre late, or else to piece out an otherwise too short evening's entertainment. But happily the profession and the public are beginning to appreciate the concentrated essence of drama in the form of a one act play. What more delightful bill can one imagine than "An Evening With Barrie"—composed of three of his one act plays? Or an evening with a variety of entertainers—a Bernard Shaw, a Suderman and a Barrie, for instance. Think of it! All in one evening in tabloid form, clean-cut, to the point, interesting and thoroughly artistic and satisfying! What a chance for comparison to see produced the writings of these three playwrights all in one evening when one is in the same mental attitude, instead of seeing them at different times and judging them from entirely different points of view.

ORIGIN OF THE "LITTLE THEATRE."

There is rarely a play produced that would not be improved, both from a dramatic and from an artistic standpoint, if it were shortened from a third to a half. Most of them bear earmarks of having been one act plays sketched into three or four acts. But the public has de-

manded the long play, even though it has been compelled to sit through a play "padded" with all sorts of ingenious or stupid introductions to make it reach the time limit.

The master craftsmen in the play-writing art find their chief difficulty, not in keeping within the time limit, but in making the play long enough. The more nearly a playwright approaches mastery, the greater is his capacity for obtaining desired effects simply and directly.

It was the recognition of this fact that led to the establishment of the "Little Theatre" in Paris, and later in many other cities, including New York, where one act plays, or drama stripped to the essentials, might be produced, and thus further drama in the most artistic form, irrespective of time limit.

THE ONE ACT PLAY IN COLLEGES.

And now to consider the value of the one act play in our schools and colleges. The very strongest argument in favor of the one act play in our educational institutions is the saving of time in rehearsals both to student and to coach. The necessary time required for the interpretation of an exacting role in a three or four act play is usually more than the average student can give to such work, and at the same time do justice to the regular work in his course. The study of this role may be of inestimable value to him, but he has not the time for it unless it is part of his college work, and few colleges have as yet so far appreciated the value of such a study as to permit such a course to be in the college curriculum. The leading characters in a long play must attend every rehearsal, for their presence is so essential to the success of the minor parts, who oftentimes are simply created to bring out the "leads," and there must be "team work" in the rehearsals, or the play will lack unity.

Not only is the saving of time to be considered, but also the splendid chance for a greater number of students to have leading roles. In a long play there are sure to be one or two people who stand out prominently because of taking the "star" parts, even if others in the minor parts may do superior acting. In three one act plays there would be at least six people who would be promi-

nent because of the leading parts. Then, too, the minor parts are more apt to be intensified, because no one part is long. Consequently, a greater number of students have a chance of making good, and the disadvantages of the "one star" play are eliminated.

THE COLLEGE STUDENT AS PLAYWRIGHT.

The Harvard Dramatic Club—probably the best known of all college dramatic clubs—regularly every spring produces an evening of three one act plays, usually written by students of the University.

Successful original plays of one act are more likely to be written by college students than plays of greater length. Many a college student can concentrate on a one act play and turn out something really acceptable, while in trying to drag a play out over three acts or more he loses the point he was striving for and becomes wordy, dull and uninteresting.

The success of the college student writing the shorter plays has been proved at Swarthmore College, where Dr. Harold Goddard's class in advanced composition has devoted its efforts to writing one act plays which have been produced with splendid effect by the college students. The production of these plays has done much to stimulate the play-writing ability of the students and bids fair to act as a stimulus for future and more ambitious productions. It is doubtful whether any of these students could produce an acceptable long play at the present time, but because of the experience in writing the short play they may develop ability later to produce a longer play of good quality.

This is the principle that Prof. George P. Baker has used in Harvard with his embryo playwrights; and who can question the success of his courses? We have only to make this one statement to prove his success: three plays written by Harvard men were being presented at the same time recently in New York City,—“The Scarecrow,” by Percy MacKaye; “The Faun,” by Edward I. Knoblauch and “The Boss,” by Edward Sheldon. While Miss Florence Lincoln’s play, “The End of the Bridge,” ran for one hundred and eight consecutive performances at the Castle Square Theatre, in Boston, last year, Miss

Lincoln was a student in Prof. Baker's class in Radcliffe College.

A MEANS OF FURTHERING TRAGEDY.

The one act play spells salvation for tragedy, for the average audience, either in our cities or in our colleges, does not appreciate a whole evening of tragedy, but it may listen to a half hour of it if it is assured that some of the evening will be devoted to comedy. It will not only listen, but it will be absorbed for the length of a one act play, while for a whole evening it would be bored. Then, too, the actor in a one act tragedy is more easily found among college students than one for a three act tragedy. To sustain a heavy part for an entire evening is so infinitely more difficult than to act such a part for one-third of the evening that the casting of the parts becomes a much more simple process.

THE FUTURE OF THE SHORT PLAY.

The professional success of the short play has been recently demonstrated by the Irish players; and Winthrop Ames, in the "Little Theatre," in New York City, is constantly testing the value of the little dramatic gems.

Sudermann was once asked why he kept writing one act plays when they were seldom acted, and his answer was, "Because in future years they will be taken from the shelves and produced." His prophecy is being fulfilled now, for the one act play is coming into its own and is being appreciated by the discriminating public.

MIRIAM LEE EARLY.



Every good gardener's calendar should be divided into spring, summer, autumn, winter and March.—*Mabel Osgood Wright.*

The Story of a Mother

BY HANS ANDERSEN



MOTHER sat by her little child: she was very sorrowful, and feared that it would die. Its little face was pale, and its eyes were closed. The child drew its breath with difficulty, and sometimes so deeply as if it were sighing; and then the mother looked more sorrowfully than before on the little creature.

Then there was a knock at the door, and a poor old man came in wrapped up in something that looked like a great horse-cloth, for that keeps warm; and he required it, for it was cold winter. Without, everything was covered with ice and snow and the wind blew so sharply that it cut one's face.

And as the old man trembled with cold, and the child was quiet for a moment, the mother went and put some beer on the stove in a little pot, to warm it for him. The old man sat down and rocked the cradle, and the mother seated herself on an old chair by him, looked at her sick child that drew its breath so painfully, and seized the little hand.

"You think I shall keep it, do you not?" she asked.
"The good God will not take it from me!"

And the old man—he was *Death*—nodded in such a strange way, that it might just as well mean *yes* or *no*. And the mother cast down her eyes, and tears rolled down her cheeks. Her head became heavy: for three days and three nights she had not closed her eyes; and now she slept, but only for a minute; then she started up and shivered with cold.

"What is that?" she asked, and looked round on all sides; but the old man was gone, and her little child was gone; he had taken it with him. And there in the corner the old clock was humming and whirring; the heavy leaden weight ran down to the floor—plump!—and the clock stopped.

But the poor mother rushed out of the house crying for her child.

Out in the snow sat a woman in long black garments, and she said, "Death has been with you in your room; I



saw him hasten away with your child: he strides faster than the wind, and never brings back what he has taken away."

"Only tell me which way he has gone," said the mother. "Tell me the way and I will find him."

"I know him," said the woman in the black garments; "but before I tell you, you must sing me all the songs that you have sung to your child. I love those songs; I have heard them before. I am Night, and I saw your tears when you sang them."

"I will sing them all, all!" said the mother. "But do not detain me, that I may overtake him, and find my child."

But Night sat dumb and still. Then the mother wrung her hands, and sang and wept. And there were many songs, but yet more tears, and then Night said, "Go to the right into the dark fir wood; for I saw Death take that path with your little child."

Deep in the forest there was a cross road, and she did not know which way to take. There stood a Blackthorn Bush, with not a leaf nor a blossom upon it; for it was in the cold wintertime, and icicles hung from the twigs.

"Have you not seen Death go by with my little child?"

"Yes," replied the Bush; "but I shall not tell you which way he went unless you warm me on your bosom. I'm freezing to death here, I'm turning to ice."

And she pressed the Blackthorn Bush to her bosom, quite close, that it might be well warmed. And the thorns pierced into her flesh, and her blood oozed out in great drops. But the Blackthorn shot out fresh green leaves, and blossomed in the dark winter night: so warm is the heart of a sorrowing mother! And the Blackthorn Bush told her the way that she should go.

Then she came to a great Lake, on which there was neither ships nor boat. The Lake was not frozen enough to carry her, nor sufficiently open to allow her to wade through, and yet she must cross it if she was to find her child. Then she laid herself down to drink the Lake; and that was impossible for any one to do. But the sorrowing mother thought that perhaps a miracle might be wrought.

"No, that can never succeed," said the Lake. "Let us rather see how we can agree. I'm fond of collecting pearls, and your eyes are the two clearest I have ever

seen: if you will weep them out into me I will carry you over into the great greenhouse where Death lives and cultivates flowers and trees; each of these is a human life."

"Oh, what would I not give to get my child!" said the afflicted mother; and she wept yet more, and her eyes fell into the depths of the Lake, and became two costly pearls. But the Lake lifted her up, as if she sat in a swing, and she was wafted to the opposite shore, where stood a wonderful house, miles in length. One could not tell if it was a mountain containing forests and caves, or a place that had been built. But the poor mother could not see it, for she had wept her eyes out.

"Where shall I find Death, who went away with my little child?" she asked.

"He has not arrived here yet," said an old grey-haired woman, who was going about and watching the hothouse of Death. "How have you found your way here, and who helped you?"

"The good God has helped me," she replied. "He is merciful, and you will be merciful too. Where—where shall I find my littl child?"

"I do not know," said the old woman, "and you cannot see. Many flowers and trees have faded this night, and Death will soon come and transplant them. You know very well that every human being has his tree of life, or his flower of life, just as each is arranged. They look like other plants, but their hearts beat. Children's hearts can beat too. Think of this. Perhaps you may recognize the beating of your child's heart. But what will you give me if I tell you what more you must do?"

"I have nothing more to give," said the afflicted mother. "But I will go for you to the ends of the earth."

"I have nothing for you to do there," said the old woman, "but you can give me your long black hair. You must know yourself that it is beautiful, and it pleases me. You can take my white hair for it, and that is always something."

"Do you ask for nothing more?" asked she. "I will give you that gladly." And she gave her beautiful hair, and received in exchange the old woman's white hair.

And then they went into the great hothouse of Death, where flowers and trees were growing marvelously intertwined. There stood the fine hyacinths under glass bells, some quite fresh, others somewhat sickly; water-snakes

were twining about them, and black crabs clung tightly to the stalks. There stood gallant palm trees, oaks, and plantains, and parsley and blooming thyme. Each tree and flower had its name; each was a human life: the people were still alive, one in China, another in Greenland, scattered about in the world. There were great trees thrust into little pots, so that they stood quite crowded, and were nearly bursting the pots; there were also many a little weakly flower in rich earth, with moss round about it, cared for and tended. But the corrowful mother bent down over all the smallest plants, and heard the human heart beating in each, and out of millions she recognized that of her child.

"That is it!" she cried, and stretched out her hands over a little crocus flower, which hung down quite sick and pale.

"Do not touch the flower," said the old dame; "but place yourself here; and when Death comes—I expect him every minute—then don't let him pull up the plant, but threaten him that you will do the same to the other plants; then he'll be frightened. He has to account for them all; not one may be pulled up till he receives commission from Heaven."

And all at once there was an icy cold rush through the hall, and the blind mother felt that Death was arriving.

"How did you find your way hither?" said he. "How have you been able to come quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," she answered.

And Death stretched out his long hands towards the little delicate flower; but she kept her hands tight about it, and held it fast; and yet she was full of anxious care lest he should touch one of the leaves. Then Death breathed upon her hands, and she felt that his breath was colder than the icy wind; and her hands sank down powerless.

"You can do nothing against me," said Death.

"But the merciful God can," she replied.

"I only do what He commands," said Death. "I am His gardener. I take all His trees and flowers, and transplant them into the great Paradise gardens, in the unknown land. But how they will flourish there, and how it is there, I may not tell you."

"Give me back my child," said the mother; and she implored and wept. All at once she grasped two pretty

flowers with her two hands, and called to Death, "I'll tear off all your flowers, for I am in despair."

"Do not touch them," said Death. "You say you are so unhappy, and now you would make another mother just as unhappy!"

"Another mother?" said the poor woman; and she let the flowers go.

"There are your eyes for you," said Death. "I have fished them out of the lake; they gleamed up quite brightly. I did not know that they were yours. Take them back—they are cleaner now than before—and then look down into the deep well close by. I will tell you the names of the two flowers you wanted to pull up, and you will see what you were about to frustrate and destroy."

And she looked down into the well, and it was a happiness to see how one of them became a blessing to the world, how much joy and gladness she diffused around her. And the woman looked at the life of the other, and it was made up of care and poverty, misery and woe.

"Both are the will of God," said Death.

"Which of them is the flower of misfortune, and which the blessed one?" she asked.

"That I may not tell you," answered Death, "but this much you shall hear, that one of these two flowers is that of your child. It was the fate of your child that you saw—the future of your own child."

Then the mother screamed aloud for terror.

"Which of them belongs to my child? Tell me that! Release the innocent child! Let my child free from all that misery! Rather carry it away! Carry it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, forget my entreaties, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand you," said Death. "Will you have your child back, or shall I carry it to that place that you know not?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, and fell on her knees, and prayed to the good God.

"Hear me not when I pray against Thy will, which is at all times the best! Hear me not! hear me not!" And she let her head sink down on her bosom.

And Death went away with her child into the unknown land.

Getting the Pony Shod and What Came of It

I went to the smith's one sultry day
 For shoes for my favorite pony,
 And I stood in the door of the shop the while,
 And played with the watch-dog Tony.

Then I watched the sparks from the flaming forge,
 And talked to the smith of the weather,
 Till, what with the heat and with nothing to say,
 I grew thirsty and dull together.

When down by the well through the garden gate,
 Seeing Susan, the blacksmith's daughter,
 I brushed the coal-dust from my face, and went
 To ask for a drink of water.

The bucket was heavy, the chain was long—
 You would say, too, if you saw it;
 'Twas down in the well and my arm was strong,
 So I offer, of course, to draw it.

She thanked me. We leaned on the cool wet curb,
 The soft shadows over us gliding,
 As she filled the pail, remarking the while,
 " 'Tis a very warm day for riding."

"Yes," I answered, and took from her small brown hand
 A bright dipper brimming over,
 And thought, while I drained it in sight of her smile,
 "How happy must be her lover!"

I stepped slowly across the flagstones wet,
 When she said without blush or flurry,
 "Your pony can't surely be waiting yet,
 And why need you be in a hurry?"

So I carried the pail to the kitchen door,
 Where lay sleeping my old friend Tony,
 She talked to me while I was resting and said,
 With the rest, she "wished she had a pony."

"You may ride mine," I said, and so the next day
I sent it by Cyrus, her brother;
But the pony had life, and alone wasn't safe,
So I went, just to make up the other.

Well Susan liked riding and I liked it too;
So we tried it, of course, quite often,
Till at last the short days of the autumn grew
Too chill for the sun to soften.

Then to Susan I said, "Since we cannot ride
This dreary November weather,
If you think you would like it as well, my dear,
Suppose we try walking together?

Will you walk with me always?" I said, and as she
Said not "Nay," I took it for granted—
For "silence is yea," so the old adage says,
And silence was just what I wanted.



Talents for the Law

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON.

"I'm certain, William," she began,
"When Johnny grows to be a man,
And his mind's bias finds expression,
He'll choose the medical profession.
Last night I noticed, at the table,
How thoughtfully he cautioned Mabel
About the hurtfulness of pie."
"His talents," William answered, "lie,
Judging from what I heard and saw,
Rather along the lines of law:
Though all he told her might be true,
He ate his pie and Mabel's too."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Thoughts on The Commandments

"Love your neighbor as yourself"—

So the parson preaches;

That's one-half the decalogue—

So the prayer-book teaches.

Half my duty I can do,

With but little labor;

For with all my heart and soul

I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit, that,

To my self-denial;

Not to love her, though, might be

Something of a trial.

Why, the rosy light that peeps

Through the glass above her

Lingers round her lips; you see

E'en the sunbeams love her.

So, to make my merit more,

I'll go beyond the letter.

Love my neighbor as myself?

Yes, and ten times better;

For she's sweeter than the breath

Of the spring that passes

Through the fragrant, budding woods,

O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word, I know,

For it was my duty

To convert the stubborn heart

Of the little beauty.

Once again success has crowned

Missionary labor;

For her sweet eyes own that she

Also loves her neighbor.

The Doctor's Last Journey*

BY IAN MACLAREN.



T was a bitter December Sabbath, and the fathers were settling the affairs of the parish ankle deep in snow, when Maclure's old housekeeper told Drumsheugh that the doctor was not able to rise, and wished to see him in the afternoon.

Janet had lit a fire in the unused grate, and hung a plaid by the window to break the power of the cruel north wind, but the bare room with its half a dozen bits of furniture and a worn strip of carpet, and the outlook upon the snow lifted up to the second pane of the window and the black firs laden with their icy burden, sent a chill to Drumsheugh's heart.

The doctor had weakened sadly, and could hardly lift his head, but his face lit up at the sight of his visitor, and the big hand, which was now quite refined in its whiteness, came out from the bed-clothes with the old hard grip.

"Come in by, man, and sit doon; it's an awfu' day tae bring ye sae far, but a' kent ye wudna grudge the traivel.

"A' wesna sure till last nicht, an' then a' felt it wudna be lang, an' a' took a wearyin' this mornin' tae see ye.

"We've been freends sin' we were laddies at the auld schule in the firs, an a' wud like ye tae be wi' me at the end. Ye'll stay the nicht, Paitrick, for auld lang syne."

"It's maist awfu' tae hear ye speakin' about deein', Weelum; an' a' cannna bear it. We'll hae the Muirtown doctor up, an' ye'll be about again in nae time."

"Na, na, Paitrick: naethin' can be dune, an' it's ower late tae send for ony doctor. There's a knock that cannna be mista'en, an' a' heard it last night. A've focht deith for ither fouk amir than forty years, but ma ain time hes come at last. A'm fair worn out, Paitrick; that's ma' complaint, an' it's past curin'."

Drumsheugh went over to the fireplace, and for a while did nothing but break up the smouldering peats whose smoke powerfully affected his nose and eyes.

* From "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." Copyright by Dodd, Mead & Co., 1894.

"When ye're ready, Paitrick, there's twa or three little trokes a' wud like ye tae look aifter, an' a'll tell ye aboot them as lang's ma head's clear.

"A' didna keep buiks, as ye ken, for a' aye had a guid memory, so naebody 'ill be harried for money aifter ma deith, and ye'll hae nae accounts tae collect.

"But the fousk are honest in Drumtochty, and they'll be offerin' ye siller, an' a'll gie ye ma mind aboot it. Gin it be a puir body, tell her tae keep it and get a bit plaidie wi' the money, and she'll maybe think o' her auld doctor at a time. Gin it be a bien (well-to-do) man, tak half of what he offers, for a Drumtochty man wud scorn to be mean in sic circumstances; and if onybody needs a doctor and canna pay for him, see he's no left tae dee when a'm oot o' the road."

"Nae fear o' that as lang as a'm livin', Weelum."

"A've kent fine that ma day wes ower, an' that ye sud hae a younger man.

"A' did what a' cud tae keep up wi' the new medicine, but a' hed little time for readin', an' nane for traivellin'.

"A'm the last o' the auld schule, an' a' ken as weel as onybody that a' wesna sae dainty an' fine-mannered as the town doctors. Ye took me as a' wes—a plain man."

"Weelum, gin ye cairy on sic nonsense ony longer," interrupted Drumsheugh, huskily, "I'll leave the hooose; a' canna stand it."

"It's the truth, Paitrick, but we'll gae on wi' our wark, for a'm failin' fast.

"Gie Janet ony sticks of furniture she needs tae furnish a hoose, and if the new doctor be a yong laddie and no verra rich, ye might let him hae the buiks and instruments; it'll aye be a help.

"But a' wudna like ye tae sell Jess, for she's been a faithfu' servant, an' a' freend tae, an' if ye kent ony man that wud gie her a bite o' grass and a sta' in his stable till she followed her maister—"

Confoond ye, Weelum," broke out Drumsheugh; "it's doonricht cruel o' ye to speak like this tae me. What wud Jess gang but tae Drumsheugh?"

"Dinna mind me, Paitrick, for a' axpeckit this; but ye ken we're no verra gleg wi'oor tongues in Drumtochty, an' dinna tell a' that's in oor hearts.

"A'm gettin' drowsy, an' a'll no be able tae follow ye sune, a' doot; wud ye read a bit tae me afore a' fa'

ower? Yell find ma mither's Bible on the drawers' heid.

"Ma mither aye wantit this read tae her when she wes sober" (weak), and Drumsheugh began, "In my Father's house are many mansions," but MacLure stopped him.

"It's a bonnie word, an' yir mither wes a saint; but it's no for the like o' me. It's ower gude; a' daurna tak it. Shut the buik an' let it open itsel', and ye'll get a bit a've been readin' every nicht the last month."

Then Drumsheugh found the Parable wherein the Master tells what God thinks of a Pharisee and of a penitent sinner, till he came to the words: "And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"That micht hae been written for me, Paitrick, or ony ither auld sinner that has feenished his life, and has naething tae say for himself."

Drumsheugh knelt and prayed with many pauses.

"Almighty God . . . danna be hard on Wellum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drums-tochty. . . . Be kind tae him as he's been tae us a' for forty years. . . . We're a' sinners afore thee. . . . Forgive what he's dune wrang, an' dinna cuist it up tae him. . . . Mind the fouk he's helpit . . . the weemen and bairnies . . . an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needin' aifter a' his wark . . . Amen."

"Thank ye, Paitrick, and gude nicht tae ye. Ma ain true freend, gie's yir hand, for a'll maybe no ken ye again."

He was sleeping quietly when the wind drove the snow against the window with a sudden "swish;" and he instantly awoke, so to say, in his sleep. Some one needed him. "Worse is she, an' sufferin' awfu; that's no litchsome; ye did richt tae come. Gie's a hand wi' the lantern when a'm saidling Jess, an' ye needna come on till daylicht; a' ken the road."

Then he was away in his sleep on some errand of mercy, and struggling through the storm.

"It's a coarse nicht, Jess, steady lass, steady, dinna plunge; it's a drift we're in, but ye're no sinkin'; . . . up noo; . . . there ye are on the road again. It's

been a stiff journey; a'm tired, lass . . . a'm tired tae deith,' and the voice died into silence.

Drumsheugh held his friend's hand, and as he watched, a change came over the face on the pillow beside him. The lines of weariness disappeared, as if God's hand had passed over it; and peace began to gather round the closed eyes. The gray morning light fell on Drumsheugh, still holding his friend's cold hand, and staring at a hearth where the fire had died down into white ashes; but the peace on the doctor's face was of one who rested from his labors.



Penance

He kissed me—and I know 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin.
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand—that wasn't right!
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It wasn't for a minute, quite,
But in it there were days and days!

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go;
I meant it, too, I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame,
He took the kiss! I do think men
Are quite without the sense of shame!
I wonder when he'll come again?



The worst sin against our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them; that's the essence of inhumanity.—*Bernard Shaw*.

Drugs*

BY PETER FINLEY DUNEE



HAT ails ye?" asked Mr. Dooley of Mr. Hennessy, who looked dejected.

"I'm a sick man," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Since the picnic?"

"Now that I come to think of it, it did begin th' day afther th' picnic," said Mr. Hennessy. "I've been to see Dock O'Leary. He give me this an' these here pills an' some powdheres besides. And d'ye know, though I haven't taken any yet, I feel better already."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis a grand thing to be a doctor. A man that's a doctor don't have to buy anny funny papers to enjoje life. The likes iv ye goes to a picnic an' has a pleasant, peaceful day in th' countrhy dancin' breakdowns an' kickin' a football in th' sun an, ivry fifteen minyits or so washin' down a couple of dill pickles with a bottle of white pop. Th' next day ye get what's comin' to ye in the right place an' bein' a strhong, hearty man that cudden't be kilt be annything less thin a safe fallin' on ye fr'm a twenty-story buildin', ye know ye ar-re goin' to die. Th' good woman advises a mustard plaster, but ye scorn th' suggestion. What good wud a mustard plaster be again this fatal epidemic that is ragin' inside iv ye? Besides a mustard plaster wud hurt. So th' good woman, frivilous crather that she is, goes back to her wurruk singin' a light chune. She knows she's goin' to have to put up with ye f'r some time to come. A mustard plaster, Hinnissy, is the rale test iv whether a pain is goin' to kill ye or not. If the plaster is unbearable ye can bet th' pain undherneath it is not."

"But ye know ye are goin' to die an' ye-re not sure whether ye'll send f'r Father Kelly or th' doctor. Ye

* From "Mr. Dooley Says." Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

Peter Finley Dunee still continues to delight us in his Mr. Dooley sketches. Most of the selections in "Mr. Dooley Says" (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910, New York) make splendid readings. The one on Woman's Suffrage is especially timely.

finally decide to save up Father Kelly f'r th' last an' ye sind f'r th' Dock. Havin' rescued ye fr'm th' jaws iv death two or three times befor whin ye had a sick headache th' Dock takes his time about comin', but just as ye are beginnin' to throw ye'er boots at th' clock and show other signs iv what he calls rigem mortar, he rides up in his fine horse an' buggy. He gets out slowly, one foot at a time, hitches his horse an' ties a nose bag on his head. Thin he chats f'r two hundred years with th' polisman on th' beat. He tells him a good story an' they laugh harshly.

"Whin th' polisman goes his way th' Dock meets th' good woman at th' dure an' they exchange a few wurrds about th' weather, th' bad condition iv th' sthreets, th' health iv Mary Ann since she had th' croup an' ye'ersilf. Ye catch th' wurrds, 'Grape Pie,' 'Canned Salmon,' 'Cast-iron Digestion.' Still he doesn't come up. He tells a few stories to th' childher. He weighs th' youngest in his hands an' says: 'That's a fine boy ye have, Mrs. Hinnissy. I make no doubt he'll grow up to be a polisman.' He examines th' phottygraft album an' asks if that isn't so-an'-so. An' all this time ye lay writhin' in mortal agony an' sayin' to ye'ersilf: 'In-human monsther, to lave me perish here while he chats with a callous woman that I haven't said annything but "What?" to f'r twinty years.'

"Ye begin to think there's a conspiracy against ye to get ye'er money befor he saunters into th' room an' says in a gay tone: 'Well, what d'ye mane be tyin' up wan iv th' gr-reat industrees iv our nation be stayin' away fr'm wurruk f'r a day?' 'Dock,' says ye in a feeble voice, 'I have a tur'ble pain in me abdumendum. It reaches fr'm here to here!' makin' a rough sketch iv th' burned disthict undher th' blanket. 'I felt it comin' on last night but I didn't say annything f'r fear iv alarmin' me wife, so I simply groaned,' says ye.

"While ye ar-re describin' ye'er pangs, he walks around th' room lookin' at th' pictures. Afther ye've got through he comes over an says: 'Lave me look at ye'er tongue. 'Hum,' he says, holdin' ye'er wrist an' bowin' through th' window to a frind iv his on a sthreet car. 'Does that hurt?' he says, stabbin' ye with his thumbs in th' suburbs iv th' pain. 'Ye know it does,' says ye with a groan. 'Don't do that again. Ye scratched

me.' He hurls ye'er wrist back at ye an' stands at th' window lookin' out at th' firemen across th' sthreet playin' dominoes. He says nawthin' to ye an' ye feel like th' prisoner while th' foreman iv th' jury is fumblin' in his inside pocket f'r th' verdict. Ye can stand it no longer. 'Dock,' says he, 'is it anything fatal? I'm not fit to die, but tell me the worst, and I will thry to bear it.' 'Well,' says he, 'ye have a slight interiortis iv th' semi-colon. But this purscription ought to fix ye up all right. Ye'd better take it over to th' dhrug shore and have it filled ye'erself. In the meantime, I'd advise ye to be careful iv ye'er dite. I wudden ate anything with glass or a large percentage iv plaster in it.' An' he goes away to write his bill.

"I wonder why you can always read a doctor's bill an' ye niver can read his purscription. F'r all ye' know, it may be a short note to the dhruggist askin' him to hit ye on the head with a pestle. An' it's a good thing ye can't read it. If ye cud, ye'd say: 'I'll not cash this in at no dhrug store. I'll go over to Dooley's and get the rale thing.' So, afther thryin' to decipher this here corner iv a dhress patthern, ye climb into ye'er clothes f'r what may be ye'er last walk up Ar-rchy Road. As ye go along ye begin to think that maybe th' Dock knows ye have th' Asiatic cholery an' was only thryin' to jolly ye with his manner iv dealin' with ye. As ye get near the dhrug store, ye feel sure iv it, an' 'tis with th' air iv a man without hope that ye hand th' paper to a yong pharmycist who is mixin' a two-cent stamp f'r a lady customer. He hands it over to a scientist who is compoundin' an ice-cream soda f'r a child, with th' remark: 'O'Leary's writin' is gettin' worse an' worse. I can't make this out at all.' 'Oh,' says the chemist layin' down his spoon, 'that's his old cure f'r the bellyache. Ye'll find a bucket iv it in th' back room next to th' coal scuttle.'

"It's a gr-eat medicine he give ye. It will do ye good no matter what ye do with it. I wud first thry poorin' some iv it in me hair. If that don't help ye see how far ye can throw th' bottle into th' river. Ye feel betther already. Ye ought to write to th' medical journals about th' case. It is a remarkable cure. M_____ H_____ was stricken with excruciating tortures in the gastric regions followin' an unusually

severe outing in the countrry. F'r a time it looked as though it might be nicciss'ry to saw out the infected area, but as this wul lave an ugly space between legs an' chin, it was determined to apply Jam. Gin. § VIII. Th' remedy acted instantly. Afther carryin' th' bottle uncorked f'r five minyits in his inside pocket, th' patient showed signs iv recovery and is now again in his accustomed health.

"Yes, sir, if I was a doctor I'd be ayether laughin' or cryin' all th' time. I'd be laughin' over th' cases that I was called into whin I wasn't needed an' cryin' over th' cases where I cud do no good. An' that wud be most iv my cases.

"Dock O'Leary comes in here often an' talks medicine to me. 'Ye'ers is a very thrying pro-fissyon,' says I. 'It is,' says he. 'I'm tired out,' says he. 'Have ye had a good manny desprit cases to-day?' says I. 'It isn't that,' says he, 'but I'm not a very muscular man,' says he, 'an' some iv th' windows in these old frame houses are hard to open,' he says. The Dock don't believe much in dhrugs. He says that if he wasn't afraid iv losin' his practice he wudn't give annybody annything but quinine an' he isn't sure about that. He says th' more he practices medicine th' more he becomes a janitor with a knowledge iv cookin'. He says if people wud only call him in before they got sick, he'd abolish ivry disease in th' ward except old age an' pollyticks. He says he's lookin' forward to th' day whin th' tillyphone will ring an' he'll hear a voice sayin': 'Hurry up over to Hin-nissy's. He niver felt so well in his life.' 'All right, I'll be over as soon as I can hitch up th' horse. Take him away fr'm th' supper table at waist, give him a pipeful iv tobacco and walk him three times around th' block.' But whin a man's sick, he's sick an' nawthin' will cure him or annything will. In th' old days before ye an' I were born, th' doctor was th' barber too. He'd shave ye, cut ye'er hair, dye ye'er mustache, give ye a dhry shampoo an' cure ye iv appindicitis while ye were havin' ye'er shoes shined be th' naygur. Ivry generation iv doctors have their favorite remedies. Wanst people were cured iv fatal maladies by applications iv blind puppies, hair fr'm the skulls iv dead men an' solutions iv bats' wings, just as now they're cured by dhrinkin'

a tayspoonful iv a very ordhinary article iv booze that has some kind iv a pizenous weed dissolved in it.

"Dhrugs, says Dock O'Leary, are a little iv a pizen that a little more iv wud kill ye. He says that if you look up anny poplar dhrug in th' dictionary, ye'll see that it is 'A very powerful pizen of great use in medicine.' I took calomel at his hands f'r manny years till he told me it was about the same thing that they put into Rough on Rats. Thin I stopped. If I've got to die, I want to die on th' premises. But, as he tells me, ye can't stop people from takin' dhrugs an' ye might as well give them something that will look important. If ye don't they'll leap f'r the patent medicines. Mind ye, I haven't got anything to say again patent medicines. I knew a fellow wanst who suffered fr'm spring fever to that extent that he niver did a day's wuruk. To-day, afther drinkin' a bottle of Gazzooma, he will go home not on'y with th' strength but th' desire to beat his wife. There is a dhrug store on ivry corner an' they're goin' to dhrive out th' saloons onless th' governint will let us honest merchants put a little cocaine or chloral in our cough-drops, an' advertise that it will cure spinal miningitis. An' it will, too, f'r a while."

"Don't ye iver take dhrugs?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Niver whin I'm well," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I'm sick, I'm so sick I'd take anything."



I sometimes think the Pussy-Willows grey
Are Angel Kittens who have lost their way,
And every Bulrush on the river bank
A Cat-Tail from some lovely Cat astray.

Sometimes I think perchance that Allah may,
When he created Cats, have thrown away
The Tails He marred in making, and they grew
To Cat-Tails and to Pussy-Willows grey.

—Oliver Herford.

Julie

"For tricks that are vain,"
 Do not talk of your heathen Chinese, Mr. Harte!
 I would like to see one of the race get the start
 Of a widow, that's all—
 A pretty young widow, deceitful and vain,
 Counting hearts like the links of a chain.

'Twas my sister Julie;
 Had not long worn her weeds, it is true, but alas!
 With her smiles and her wiles, she could work like a glass
 Of sparkling champagne
 On these men, poor fools! For her voice it was low,
 And soft as the coo of a dove. Ah, you know!

And the way it was,
 I had promised to marry, to marry, some day
 Bert Limon, a very good man in his way;
 But he hurried me so,
 And worried and begged that I'd bless him at once
 With my lily-white hand. Yes, call me a dunce!

Did I love him? Oh, no!
 Indeed, there was scarcely the ghost of a beau
 That I did not prefer, but he'd money, you know,
 The genuine cash.
 And money is better than love, any day;
 My tastes are expensive, they say.

I told him at last
 That I had no trousseau. That very same day
 Came boxes with garments distinguished and gay;
 And oh, such a love
 Of a dress, trimmed with point so rich and fine,
 In which I looked really divine!

So I wrote to Julie
 For advice, and a plausible cause for delay;
 She was coming, she said,
 To make it all smooth and delightful; she knew
 How to manage such things. It was true!

She came, did Julie,
 And, credulous dupe that I was, I received
 Her with kisses and smiles, and fondly believed
 Her, the minx!
 Oh, it's scandalous! What did she do, Emma Hayes?
 Why, she married my lover herself in three days!

And took my trousseau?
 I should say so! Indeed, the seraph-eyed thief
 Stole man, jewels, dresses, beyond all relief.
 She knew! Yes, oh, yes!
 Say no more, Mr. Harte, of your heathen Chinee,
 He's a baby compared to Julie.



The Annuity

BY GEORGE OUTRAM.

I gaed to spend a week in Fife;
 An unco' week it proved to be,
 For there I met a waeosome wife
 Lamentin' her viduity.
 Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
 I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
 'And—I was sae left to mysel'—

The bargain lookit fair enough—
 She just was turned o' saxty-three.
 I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,
 By human ingenuity.
 But years have come, and years have gane,
 And there she's yet, as stieve as stane;
 The limmer's growin' young again,
 Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane and skin,
 But that, it seems, is naught to me;
 She's like to live, although she's in
 The last stage o' tenuity.

She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
 An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
 But comes, as sure as Christmas comes,
 To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
 For an insurance company;
 Her chance o' life was stated there
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.
 But tables here, or tables there,
 She's lived ten years beyond her share,
 An' 's like to live a dozen mair,
 To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' host;
 I thought a kink might set me free;
 I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
 Wi' constant assiduity.
 But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
 And miss'd the auld anatomy—
 It just cost me a tooth, forbye
 Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough o' cholera,
 Or typhus, wha sae gleg as she?
 She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
 In siccان superfluity,
 She doesna need—she's fever-proof;
 The pest walked o'er her very roof—
 She tauld me sae; an' then her loof
 Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell, her arm she brak—
 A compound fracture as could be;
 Nae leech the cure wad undertake,
 Whate'er was the gratuity.
 It's cured! she handles 't like a flail—
 It does as weel in bits as hale;
 But I'm a broken man mysel',
 Wi' her and her annuity.

Her boozled flesh and broken banes
 Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
 She beats the roads that live in stanes

An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her! expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
Sma' crime it wad appear to me;
Ca't murder—or ca't homicide,
I'd justify 't, and do it tae.
But how to fell a withered wife
That's carved out o' the tree of life,
The trimmer limmer dares the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbone wanders through her sark
In an unkeen'd corkscreivity.
She's palsified, an' shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see 't;
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned, but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hanged, if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope;
'Twad tak' a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will poison do it? It's been tried,
But be 't in hash or fricasse,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' gout it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts;
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,
An' only eats an' drinks what suits
Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore and ten, perchance, may be;
 She's ninety-four. Let them who can
 Explain the incongruity.
 She should hae lived afore the flood;
 She's come o' patriarchal blood;
 She's some auld Pagan mummified,
 Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and oot;
 She's sauted to the last degree;
 There's pickle in her very snoot,
 Sae caper-like an' cruelty.
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her;
 They've kyanized the useless knir;
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accr'd annuity.

The water-drop wears out the rock,
 As this eternal jaud wears me;
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But not the continuity.
 It's pay me here, an' pay me there,
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair.
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I'm charged for her annuity.



A Nice Correspondent

The glow and the glory are plighted
 To darkness, for evening has come,
 The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
 The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
 I'm alone at my casement, for Pappy
 Is summoned to dinner at Kew—
 I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy—
 I'm thinking of you.

I wish you were here—Were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;
I am dressed in your favorite color—
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
The necklace you fastened askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you?



Nothing to Wear

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfast, and dinner, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in,
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall—
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;

In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
 Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
 From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
 While McFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Argo,
 Formed, McFlimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
 Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested
 Such particular interest that they invested
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows
 Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
 Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
 Gave good-bye to the ship, and good-bye to the duties.
 Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
 For an actual belle and a possible bride;
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
 And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside,
 Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
 Had entered the port without any entry.
 And yet, though scarce three months have passed since
 the day
 This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
 This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
 The last time we met, was in utter despair,
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear!
 NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
 I do not assert—this you know is between us—
 That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
 Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus,
 But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,
 When at the same time she had on a dress
 Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
 And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear;
 I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
 Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers
 I had just been selected as he who should throw all,

The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth has been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love—
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions;
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop—don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff—
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be,
That as long as I choose I am perfectly free;
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss McFlimsey, and gained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—
Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found—I won't say I caught—her
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.

She turned as I entered. "Why, Harry, you sinner,
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
 "So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed,
 And digested, I trust; for 'tis now nine or more;
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
 And now will your Ladyship so condescend
 As just to inform me if you intend
 Your beauty and graces and presence to lend
 (All of which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
 To the Stuckups, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
 The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
 And answered quite promptly. "Why, Harry, mon cher,
 I should like above all things to go with you there,
 But really and truly, I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear? Go just as you are;
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
 I engage, the most bright and particular star
 On the Stuckup horizon." I stopped, for her eye,
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
 "How absurd that any man should suppose
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
 So I ventured again, "Wear your crimson brocade!"
 (Second turn-up of nose). "That's too dark by a shade."
 "Your blue silk." "That's too heavy." "Your pink—".
 "That's too light."
 "Wear tulle over satin." "I can't endure white."
 "Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch."
 "I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
 "Your brown moire-antique." "Yes, and look like a
 Quaker."
 "The pearl-colored—" "I would, but that plaguy dress-
 maker
 Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
 In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
 (Here the nose took again the same elevation)
 "I wouldn't wear that for the whole creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy; there's nothing could
strike it

As more *comme il faut*." "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it.

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine,
That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine—"

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation

When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash—

Quite innocent though; but, to use an expression

More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling

Doesn't fall down and crush you! Oh, you men have
no feeling.

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers!

Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still
higher):

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;

You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."

I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,

Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief;

But this only proved as a spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;

It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
 To express the abusive, and then its arrears
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
 And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-
 Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
 Then, without going through the form of a bow,
 Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
 On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
 At home and upstairs, in my own easy chair;
 Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
 And said to myself, as I lit a cigar:
 Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
 Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
 On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
 If he married a woman with nothing to wear?



The Conundrum of the Workshops

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's
 green and gold,
 Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with
 a stick in the mould;
 And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy
 to his mighty heart,
 Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty,
 but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion
 his work anew—
 The first of his race who cared a fig for the first most
 dread review;

And he left his lore to the use of his sons, and that
was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled, "Is it Art?" in the ear of the
branded Cain.

They fought and they talked in the North and the South,
they talked and they fought in the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the poor Red
Clay had rest—
Had rest till that dark blank-canvas dawn when the dove
was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel, "It's human, but
is it Art?"

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the
stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks, "It's striking,
but is it Art?"
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side, and the idle
derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each in
an alien tongue.

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree, and new as the
new-cut tooth,
For each man knows, ere his lip-thatch grows, he is
master of Art and Truth;
And each man hears, as the twilight nears to the beat
of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane, "You did it, but
was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape
of a surplice-peg;
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk
of an addled egg;
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse
is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old, "It's clever,
but is it Art?"

When the flicker of London Sun falls faint on the Club-
room's green and gold,

The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their
pens in the mould;
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves,
and the ink and the anguish start,
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves, "It's pretty,
but is it Art?"
Now if we could win to the Eden Tree where the Four
Great Rivers flow,
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it
long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly
scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much—as our
father Adam knew!

**The Frivolous Girl**

Her eyes were bright and merry,
She danced in the mazy whirl;
She took the world in its sunshine,
For she was a frivolous girl.

She dressed like a royal princess,
She wore her hair in a curl;
The gossips said, "What a pity
That she's such a frivolous girl!"

TWENTY YEARS LATER.

She's a wife, a mother, a woman,
Grand, noble, and pure as a pearl;
While the gossips say, "Would you think it,
Of only a frivolous girl?"

A Woman's Question

BY ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
For a woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this precious thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lessons of duty out;
Manlike you have questioned me.
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.



Andrew's Leading Lady

BY JAMES FORBES



BEG pardon, miss, but when does the next
train leave?
"North or South?"
"Search me."
"Sir!"
"I beg pardon—but—really, I don't know
which is which."
"Where did you come from?"
"I got off the train that's pulling out."
"Where do you wish to go?"

"Back."

"How far?"

"Search—"

"I am not a customs' officer."

"Are you the ticket agent?"

"No, the telegraph operator."

"Can you sell me a ticket?"

"Yes, if you can decide on your destination."

"I must have come from somewhere."

"Presumably. You're a stranger to me."

"See here, my good girl—"

"I am not *your* good girl—"

"I beg your pardon, but—you see, I am lost."

"How interesting! Excuse me—stand to one side, please. How do you do, Mrs. Mills? Merry Christmas! The fare to Bird-in-Hand? One seventy-six. Going over next week? Gave you your fare for a Christmas box. Sweet of Mr. Mills. Yes, it is just as well to have your ticket beforehand. . . . No, father is not quite so well. Yes, it does make the day a little sad for us. . . . Oh, I wouldn't check my trunk to-morrow. You would have to pay storage at the other end. Seems small of a big railway like this. You should work for them to find out just how mean a corporation can be. . . . Which man? Oh, over by the stove. A friend of mine? I never saw him before in my life. Drummer? I wouldn't be surprised. I hope you have a pleasant time at the tree this afternoon. No, I can't come. Some one has to watch the key. Good-bye!"

"I beg pardon, miss, but—"

"Have you decided?"

"Don't you understand? I am L-O-S-T—lost."

"Not insane?"

"You see, I overslept."

"Oh, you're not awake."

"I am a comedian."

"How funny!"

"Funny enough to draw a salary. Let me explain. It's rather difficult."

"Being a comedian? Or being lost?"

"Both. It's a long story—"

"This is my busy day."

"I dislike to see you standing. Couldn't I come in there?"

"You could."

"But you won't invite me."

"It's against the rules."

"Then I am compelled to remain in cold storage."

"I forgot—I didn't expect much travel on Christmas day, so I only built a fire in here."

"You didn't build that!"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing, except its distance."

"Would you report me at headquarters if I allowed you to freeze?"

"No. I would stand here with unutterable pathos writ large on my face."

"Like that?"

"Doesn't it move you?"

"To laughter—you funny man—you may come in, for you have hours to wait."

"Horrors!"

"How uncomplimentary!"

"I beg your pardon—but—"

"That's the fourth time—"

"I know—but peace and good-will toward all men—"

"You were saying—"

"You must think me stupid—"

"I didn't hear you mention it."

"But you do think me stupid."

"How could I?"

"I have strayed from the fold."

"You look sheepish."

"I wouldn't have believed it of you. You appear to be a warm-hearted girl who might be kind to a stray—"

"Why do you interrupt yourself? Please arrive. What fold?"

"'Lost in Liverpool.' That's the name of the play."

"Oh!"

"We have been touring the oil circuit. Likewise the coal beds. Our advance man would make Columbus look like car fare. He is the original discoverer of places not on the map. We made a jump after the performance last night. I overslept. I don't see how I did, when I recall the upholstery of the seat. I woke up, and 'All but me had fled.' Where am I at?"

"Conemaugh."

"Holy mackerel, don't tell me I am in Ireland!"

"No. Pennsylvania."

"It's too many miles from old Broadway,
It's too far to venture for the coin—"

"The rest of the troupe ran away, and left you. Where is your show to-night?"

"I don't know. Some one-night stand along the turnpike. I've played so many of them since I left New York that I've lost count. I simply follow—"

"The man from Cook's, I suppose."

"No; the treasurer."

"What blind faith!"

"Not at all. He's the man to stay close to in this business."

"What do you intend to do?"

"Go back. Make inquiries at each station until I discover where I belong."

"I have a better scheme than that."

"I am open for brilliant suggestions."

"I'll wire along the line, and locate the company."

"Great idea. My dear girl—"

"I am not *your* dear girl—"

"I beg pardon, but—I meant excuse me—you're a trump."

"I am only doing my duty."

"Oh!"

"My position demands that I return to their destination all articles wrongly forwarded."

"When you find them, just tell them that *you saw me.*"

"'Me' is a trifle vague."

"Tommy Rodgers, F. F."

"Favorite Funmaker."

"Favorite Funmaker?"

"No. Foolish Face."

"I don't think so at all."

I "Thanks. They do. You see my good—operator. Ah!
fooled you that time. They have traveled with me."

"Is this sort of thing frequent?"

"I wish it were. I'd be willing to get lost as many
as—"

"Hush! I have Tyrone on the wire."

"You're quite sure I am not in Ireland?"

"You don't belong in Tyrone?"

"No. I am an American."

"It wouldn't be Harrisburg?"

"Oh, no. Harrisburg's a city. Try that place your friend Mrs. Mills mentioned. Bird-in-Hand sounds like a place likely to appeal to our advance man."

"Bird-in-Hand is a flag station."

"Try it. We've done the water tanks."

"Maybe it's the next town, Lancaster."

"All one-night stands look alike to me."

"Yes, it is Lancaster—and your manager is in the ticket office."

"Tell him that he has all my love—and all my money."

"Lancaster says he's been wiring all along the line, and that he's wild—"

"Twenty-five cents a wire would annoy Rosey."

"He's describing you."

"What are you laughing at?"

"It's so funny."

"Do I fit it?"

"Yes. That's why it's so funny."

"Don't you dare identify me."

"I have."

"Is it Rosenberg himself?"

"Yes."

"What does he say?"

"Lancaster says he can't repeat it to a lady. But the gist of it is to forward you by the first train, properly tagged."

"I'll punch his fat head. Tagged! What are you writing?"

"The directions. 'Call me at Lancaster.' There, you've kicked over the coal hod."

"Clumsy of me—I stumbled. Tagged!"

"Don't be angry. You make it so difficult for me. 'Orders is orders.' Shall I pin it on? Or would you prefer it tied about your neck?"

"I may be a prize package, but you can't express me."

"But, if you are mislaid again, I will be held responsible."

"That was charming of you. At what figure do you estimate my face value?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"'My face is my fortune, ma'am,' he said."

"I am quoting Rosenberg's valuation."

"Incautious Rosey! I will strike him for a raise."

"He said he would cheerfully give that amount to 'lay eyes on your mug'—I think that was his expression."

"There must be a good advance sale in Lancaster."

"Are you really worth that to him?"

"He might lead an innocent public to think so. But my private emolument is minus one of those ciphers."

"Why, I thought all actors had yachts and everything."

"Not 'Lost in Liverpool' actors."

"Is it a bad play?"

"It's so bad the management is making a fortune out of it."

"Do all bad plays make money?"

"If they are superlatively worse."

"And bad actors don't."

"You'll have to return me to Lancaster C. O. D. By the way, speaking of money—rather the lack of it—where can I get a combination breakfast?—wait a moment—ten, twenty, thirty—Yes, it will have to be a number one combination breakfast and a five-cent cigar."

"Oh, my, haven't you breakfasted? You must be starved, and there are no restaurants here. There is the Elite Hotel, but—"

"Why tremble for me?" The village inns and I are old acquaintances. There have I learned to bear and forbear; to swear and foreswear."

"The drummers go on dreadfully about it."

"Then it is not for Tommy Rogers. I am not going to insult my palate by lowering it below that of a drummer's."

"What will you do?"

"Try the tramp's recipe."

"Did you ever know a real tramp?"

"Several have begged my acquaintance."

"What was the recipe?"

"You take several cupfuls of water. Mix thoroughly in your digestive apparatus. Then let it settle. He argued that only 'res'less' people grew hungry."

"Don't be ridiculous. There's the lunch counter!"

"Where?"

"In the next room."

"Will you join me? I'll share the eggs and the rolls. And—yes—we can have two cups of coffee."

"What about the cigar?"

"I don't need it, really."

"Do you think I am going to spend half a day with a man who craves tobacco?"

"Then you are not going to desert me to partake of Christmas plum pudding."

"Some one must be on duty. Dad's too ill to relieve me."

"I am so glad—I mean I am so sorry. No. I mean — Wait a moment. I regret your father's illness, but I am grateful for your society. Gosh! Let us pretend that it's Easter, and celebrate with eggs instead of plum pudding."

"Oh, I forgot. The lunch counter is closed to-day."

"Heartless maiden! I had tasted those eggs."

"I have some plum pudding in my lunch basket. We'll have a party. Miss Flora Maitland requests the pleasure of Mr. Thomas Rogers F. F.'s company at luncheon, now."

"Mr. Thomas Rogers, F. O. G."

"F. O. G.?"

"Favored of the gods hastens to accept Miss Flora—sweet name, Flora—"

"Do you think so?"

"Miss Flora Maitland's kind invitation to luncheon this day of our Lord, December twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and—three cheers for Santa Claus."

"Shall we heat the turkey?"

"Eat the turkey! I should be delighted."

"No, no; warm it up."

"Beggars should not be finicky."

"You are my guest."

"Then I demand turkey piping hot. How are you going to do it?"

"Over the coals, F. F. Clear away those books and close the ticket window. Give me that tin thing. Not the dipper. The little pan underneath the table."

"It's just like light housekeeping—"

"Don't let it burn, while I set the table."

"I'll be good."

"What will you have in your coffee?"

"Everything. You know, you're very clever."

"I didn't cook the luncheon."

"That's a small matter. You make it look so appetizing."

"The holly sprigs do that. Aren't you glad I trimmed the office? Makes it look so Santa Clausey."

"Why don't they ever have Christmas picnics?"

"Why don't you introduce them?"

"Because December twenty-fifth is also the actors' busy day."

"No leisure to enjoy plum pudding?"

"No desire to enjoy anything."

"Why?"

"No desired one to enjoy anything with?"

"Really?"

"The joyous Yuletide means an extra performance without extra pay, as a sort of Christmas donation to the managerial stocking."

"Didn't Mr. Rosenberg hang his up this year?"

"It isn't advisable to give more than one performance of 'Lost in Liverpool' anywhere. The first comers might not spread glad tidings of great enjoyment."

"Then your companions are having a holiday to-day. Probably you are missing a jolly celebration."

"I wouldn't exchange."

"To whom were you saying pretty things last Christmas?"

"My landlady."

"I hoped they pleased her, Mr. Rogers."

"They won my point, Miss Maitland."

"You must be very clever at compliments."

"It does require considerable ingenuity and originality to impress a landlady. Don't you think so?"

"I've never impressed a landlady."

"Lucky young woman!"

"What was your point? More turkey?"

"More time on my bill."

"Oh, I didn't understand. Forgive my flippancy. It must be terrible to be—"

"Broke on Christmas day. Well, I've hovered around the edge of the hill of poverty often. I touched bottom that day—I have shocked you."

"No. Happiness never appears to be so universal, nor so necessary. Won't you have a cigar? Don't be afraid. Father smokes them, and he's a crank about tobacco."

"Thank you. You are sure it won't annoy you?"

"Certainly not. Have a drop more coffee."

"Thank you. I had been through an awful siege of

bad luck. The season started well; good part, good salary. The play failed. Then it seemed impossible to get another engagement. Too tall for one part; too short for another; too late for a third. I had spent all my savings on wardrobe for the failure. I wouldn't ask my family because they were not in sympathy with my stage career."

"It's a way families have."

"You have encountered it?"

"Yes. It's so incomprehensible to me. If a girl has a voice, father, mother and big brother will slave from morning till night, year in and year out, that daughter may make Nordica look to her laurels. Mention 'play-acting,' and they place her in solitary confinement on a bread and water diet until she is cured of her 'fool nonsense.'"

"Whose wrongs are you championing? What Duse has been blighted in her youth?"

"It's unkind of you to sneer at me."

"You don't mean that *you*—oh? my dear Miss Maitland!"

"I warn you. I cannot be discouraged. I am determined to go on the stage."

"How did you become infected with the microbe?"

"I have always recited at the entertainments for the church fund."

"Oh, Charity, what sins are committed in thy name!"

"You are perfectly horrid, Mr. Rogers. Every one says there's the making of an actress in me."

"There is the instinct of an actress in every woman. Fortunately many of them leave it undeveloped."

"Even my women friends say that I show promise."

"There should be a law against it."

"What? Flattery?"

"No; amateur elocution bouts."

"It's the way all the great stars have begun."

"You've been filling that pretty head of yours with those illustrated fables, 'How I Raised the Church Debt and Went on the Stage.' Very pretty, but——"

"You seem to be a doubting Thomas Rogers."

"Why drag in the church? It is responsible for enough exploited vanity in its publicity-loving ministers."

"Are you beating about the bush? Do you want to deliver the usual lecture on morals?"

"Morals have nothing to do with the case. They are a matter of the girl, more than her surroundings."

"Then your subject is to be temptation."

"A village offers as many opportunities for the shattering of the Seventh Commandment as a city."

"Why warn me against adopting your own profession?"

"I am not waving bright-red danger signals. I am not trying to shoo you off the track. Only I would wish you to be sure that you must make the race, and that you realize the real value of the prize—should you win it."

"You are a dismal croaker, sitting there grave as an owl."

"It's a dismal problem."

"I'll warrant you took the step lightly enough."

"There was no one to counsel me to look before I made the leap."

"It's always so. Everybody stretches out a hand to pull you away from what you would most like to do. It's so easy to give advice."

"It's bitter work crushing enthusiasm."

"You have not quenched my desire."

"Do you want to be great?"

"I want to be somebody."

"Why not be a big frog in this quiet little pond."

"Because my father and his father before him were little frogs, and you can't swim out of your corner of the pool. The big frogs won't allow it. Besides, I have had nineteen years of quiet—I want to see something, do something, be something. One day I heard a traveler say he would rather see a new village every day than live in the largest city of the world all his life."

"Too bad he isn't with 'Lost in Liverpool.' "

"I felt own sister to that man."

"Oh, you crave excitement!"

"Isn't it possible for a country girl to be ambitious?"

"Yes. There's Mary McLane."

"You refuse to consider me seriously."

"Don't be angry, little woman. And you need not gaze down the track. My train is not due for half an hour. If I have hurt you grievously, it's a poor return for a hospitality so gracious that its flavor will mingle with every other Christmas day of my life. Forgive me. I but tried to discern whether you were possessed by ambition or unrest."

"This ticking, ticking, never-ending ticking of the key. It seems sometimes as though I must cry out or go mad."

"Nerves, Miss Maitland. Nerves."

"You have not sat here day after day——"

"With my finger on a bit of wire that apprises me of all the events of the great world out there——"

"Yes—and that number five is fifty minutes late. I hate this—all this—the never-ending sameness."

"Life is largely monotony; pleasant and unpleasant."

"How can you say that? Think of *your* life in contrast to *mine*."

"The contrast is there."

"The places you see."

"Yes, last year I visited one hundred and fourteen in nineteen weeks."

"The people you meet."

"Hotel clerks, stage hands, drummers and actors."

"I am not a very good audience. You are trying to be funny, but I can't laugh."

"There is nothing singular about that. What's one man's fun is another man's sorrow."

"You purposely avoid the brighter side. The dignified social position. I've read that some actresses associate with the Four Hundred of New York. The distinguished friendships you make. The applause of the public, the pride of your family——"

"True. You see, I keep forgetting that you are going to be great. Are you anticipating any other rewards?"

"Fame, wealth, happiness; some have all three."

"Which two would content you?"

"The first and last."

"If the choice were made between these?"

"Of course, one must have happiness."

"But real happiness comes only with love."

"You use Andrew's argument."

"So, there is an Andrew?"

"Yes, a very dear Andrew—I don't see why I should not tell you. We are engaged."

"Give him my congratulations."

"I am quite as deserving of them."

"Isn't it a little early in the game to take issue with Andrew about what constitutes happiness? Don't bother about the ingredients. Enjoy them as a whole."

"It's the purchase price we quarrel over."

"All the world's well lost for love."

"It's pride that bars the way."

"Send that mischief-maker to the right-about."

"How can I marry a man whose family consider a telegraph operator as utterly unworthy of their son?"

"But, my dear girl, you are not marrying Andrew's family."

"Happiness at the cost of eternal patronage; no, thank you."

"Don't subject yourself to it. Conemaugh hasn't a corner of joy."

"Run away from those women who have ignored me all my life? I see myself. Why, they didn't know I was in the same planet until Andrew discovered—"

"That you were the earth, and the gladness thereof; the sun, moon and stars—the whole solar system, as far as he, personally, was concerned."

"What do you imagine those women said of me?"

"Mere man has limited powers of imagination where the feminine tongue is concerned. I might easily conjecture what they left unsaid."

"Believe me, you do Andrew's sisters an injustice. They have talked reams and insinuated volumes. Virtues have I none."

"Ladies addicted to single-blessedness, I presume. It's unfortunate that you are young and pretty. It's hard to forgive."

"I had designatingly entangled their brother—I wouldn't marry the best man alive—Andrew is—and incur that sort of suspicion. It would embitter our whole lives. My dear old dad is as good as theirs any day. Wait until I come back."

"Great?"

"They will be very much flattered to have Andrew—"

"Marry an actress?"

"A celebrity. I'll do a little of the condescending—"

"Why are you so confident of success on the stage?"

"It's so easy."

"Holy mackerel! This is incredible."

"They have all sprung from nothing. Why not I? Success is only a matter of intelligence."

"Not in acting."

"You declared only a moment ago that every woman had the instinct of an actress. Don't tell me that I, alone,

have but that of a telegraph operator. Tell me. What, then, are the essentials for success on the stage?"

"I refer you to the illustrated weeklies. It's a favorite topic. Tell me, have you never stopped to figure the consequences of a failure?"

"I will not fail. I have too much at stake."

"That slogan has been on all our lips as we entered the battleground."

"Some have emerged chanting the song of victory."

"But we never know at what cost. Now, I have paid dearly for the prize of mediocrity—"

"Mediocrity is preferable to nothingness."

"My dear Miss Maitland, the dead level of commonplace achievement brings its compensation in many walks of life. But a mediocre actor—if he have the instinct for greatness—lives a tragedy of baffled ambition, humiliated vanity and dead hopes."

"Is that really true?"

"Stern facts—although you would not glean them from the illustrated weeklies."

"Is that your story?"

"It's the end of it."

"May I know the beginning?"

"I was a lawyer of the 'rising' kind, with some ability to grasp the human-interest phase of a case, and was usually effective with a jury. My eloquence was hampered with a slight impediment in my speech. I decided to overcome it. I studied elocution, among other things Shakespeare. I fell in love with my own voice, and saw myself a second Booth. That delusion cost me fortune, fame and happiness."

"Your family never forgave you?"

"Oh, yes; they made the best of a bad bargain—"

"Was there any one like—like Andrew?"

"Yes."

"And you never went back?"

"Not chanting a song of victory."

"How could you go at all?"

"We played the town. I couldn't resign as I needed the engagement. I believe that I drew rather well."

"Did she see you?"

"No, I was spared that. It's quite a drop from even an amateur *Hamlet* to a comedy tramp in melodrama.

Her husband sent me a complimentary note about my performance."

"She had not waited?"

"For five years. It wasn't her fault. I simply couldn't earn enough for both of us. I couldn't ask her to share the agonizing uncertainties. I hoped—she prayed, I believe—for the New York chance that would send my salary skyward. It came, but I was among the acceptable supporting company. That was bitter reading."

"But you hadn't failed?"

"I hadn't made good. I tried to go back to the law, but I had lost my clients. I offered my services to firms that had once made me flattering propositions. But I had lost caste. I had chosen to be an actor, and an actor I must remain. So I drifted back to the only avenue of livelihood open to me. Then I released her. I couldn't offer the being I loved a failure. Could you?"

"Oh, my God, no! I want Andrew to be proud of me."

"Andrew or Andrew's family?"

"Only Andrew."

"Good, there's a chance for you."

"How?"

"Accept an engagement."

"You have frightened me."

"Love will win success where pride might fail."

"You will help me?"

"Yes; I'll find you a position as a leading lady."

"Whose?"

"Andrew's."

"I don't understand."

"Think it over. Here's my train! Any terms you arrange will be satisfactory to me— Good-bye. God bless you—"

"God bless you."

"Oh, you mustn't cry. There's no need for worry—you're going to be great in the part."



Oh, to be as Christ was in happy Galilee,
To walk the world with healing and hands of charity,
To suffer with each cripple till our love should make
him straight,

Oh, to be as Christ was, and die without the gate!

—*Coningsby William Dawson.*

"Cuddlin'town"

BY MINNY MAUD HANFF.

Say, have you been to Cuddlin'town—
To Cuddlin'town—to Cuddlin'town?
Where fairies frolic up an' down
With merry elves so small an' brown,
An' birdies sing
Jes' like it's spring?
It's dre'fful sweet in Cuddlin'town!

I take my doll to Cuddlin'town—
To Cuddlin'town—to Cuddlin'town.
It's awful nice to snuggle down!
When we's bofe tired from rompin' roun'
We always know
It's time to go
An' take a trip to Cuddlin'town!

I'm never 'fraid in Cuddlin'town—
In Cuddlin'town—in Cuddlin'town!
I'm brave when I go trav'lin' roun'
'Cause trav'lin's jes to snuggle down
An hug up tight
An' say "Good-night"
'N rock away to Cuddlin'town!

How can you go to Cuddlin'town—
To Cuddlin'town—to Cuddlin'town?
The road is dark—there ain't a soun'
In mudder's lap jes' snuggle down—
She'll tuck you in,
Then you'll begin
To float away to Cuddlin'town!

But you can't go to Cuddlin'town—
To Cuddlin'town—to Cuddlin'town!
'Cause you mus' weigh a grea' big poun',
You'd break my trav'lin' carriage down.
Oh, poor big man!
You never can
Go cuddlin' down to Cuddlin'town.

Not Every Man

BY WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER.

Not every man
 Who owns a car
 Is needing it;
 Not every man
 Who has the Book
 Is reading it.

Not every man
 Who should drop booze
 Is dropping it;
 Not every man
 Who should propose
 Is popping it.

Not every man
 Who gives advice
 Is taking it;
 Not every man
 Who should make good
 Is making it.

Not every man
 Who might win fame
 Is wooing it;
 Not every man
 Who praises Right
 Is doing it.

Not every man
 Who's quite a fool
 Is knowing it;
 Not every man
 Who's quite a sage
 Is showing it.

Not every man
 Who ought to walk
 Is hiking it;
 Not every man

Who has to work
Is liking it.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*



Dorothy's Opinion

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

Mamma has bought a calendar,
And every single page
Has pictures on of little girls
'Most just about my age.

And when she bought it, yesterday,
Down at the big bazaar,
She said: "What lovely little girls,
How true to life they are."

But I don't think they're true to life,
And I'll just tell you why;
They never have a rumpled frock,
Or ribbon bow awry.

And though they play with cats and dogs,
And rabbits, and white mice,
And sail their boats and fly their kites,
They always look so nice.

And I am sure no little girl
That ever I have seen,
Could play with dogs, or sail a boat
And keep her frock so clean.

—*Youth's Companion.*



Two Lovers

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
 They leaned soft cheeks together there,
 Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
 And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
 O budding time!
 O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portal stept;
 The bells made happy carolings,
 The air was soft as fanning wings,
 White petals on the pathway slept.
 O pure-eyed bride!
 O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
 Two hands above the head were locked;
 These pressed each other while they rocked;
 They watched a life that love had sent.
 O solemn hour!
 O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
 The red light fell about their knees
 On heads that rose by slow degrees
 Like buds upon the lily spire.
 O patient life!
 O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
 The red light shone about their knees;
 But all the heads by slow degrees
 Had gone and left that lonely pair.
 O voyage fast!
 O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
 And made the space between them wide;
 They drew their chairs up side by side,
 Their pale cheeks joined, and said: "Once more!"
 O memories!
 O past that is!

Mirandy on the Enemy

BY DOROTHY DIX.

* Reprinted from *Good Housekeeping Magazine*, 1911.



IS mawnin'," said Mirandy, "as I was a-fetchin' yo' clothes home I met up wid Sis Marthy, an' I stopped to pass de time of day wid her.

"Well, Sis Marthy," I said, "how does yo' symptoms seem to segastuate?"

"Oh, Sis Mirandy," spons she a bustin' into tears, "I'se a travelin' through de low ground of trouble an' tribulation."

"How so?" I axes.

"Oh, Sis Mirandy," she moans, "I ain't got no friends. Dere ain't nobody dat loves me."

"Well," I axes, "you ain't run out of folks dat hates you, is you?"

"Nawm," she spon's wid a sob.

"Sho, den," I says, "you ain't got nuttin' to worry over, for let me tell you—one real hefty, able-bodied enemy will do you mo' good dan fifty friends.

"What do friends do for you? Dey come an' eat up our vittles, an' borry our new flower bonnets, an' a little change dat dey forgits to pay back, but our enemies ain't got de privilege of comin' an' settlin' down on us, so dey's money in our pocket.

"Did you ever hear of anybody dat ev'ybody liked dat ever had a dollar? Popularity is de fust mile post on de road to de po'house. You see one of dese heah men what's hail-fellow-wel-met, an' dat ev'body has got a good word for, an' slaps on de back, an' calls by his fust name, an' when he dies de preacher has to pass de hat around to git enough money to bury him.

"I spec's dat friends is about de mos' expensive luxury dat anybody can indulge in, an' dat's why de folks dat git rich don't have none. You don't hear of nobody whut's hangin' on de neck of dat Mr. Rockefeller, or dat loves Mr. Carnegie lak a brother, does you?

"But enemies is cheap. You don't have to buy no drinks for 'em, nor waste no time entertainin' 'em, nor set up wid 'em when dey is sick. All dat dey expect from

you is des to give 'em de cold shoulder an' a discontemptuous look when you passes 'em by.

"We talks a lot of foolishness about de power of love, but it's de power of hate dat makes us git up an' do things. As long as we are in de bosom of our friends, who lak us no matter wedder we do anything or not, we jest settles back an' takes life easy. But des let a enemy come along, one of dese heah sneerin', fleerin' devils dat looks at you slanch wise, an' laughs a laugh dat maks you want to choke him, an' den you gits busy. You rolls up your sleeves, an' spits on your hands, an' grits your teeth, an' hits do or die wid you, an' dat one measly little emeny has done mo' for you dan forty-leven friends did.

"An' de funniest thing is dat we'll do more for our enemies dan we will for our friends. I know how dat is myself. When Sis Sally Sue, what me an' her has been lak twins ever since we was born, is coming to see me, I des sort of gives de house a lick an' a promise kind of cleanin' up, an' I des lets her take pot-luck dinner.

"But when Sis Marietta, what she an' me has hated each other lak pisen since we had dat run-in togedder at de end of de chuch fair, is gwine to drap in an' pay me a call, I sweeps under de beds an' dusts behind de pictures, an' puts out fresh tidies on de chairs, an' I has some cake an' wine settin' around handy lak I ain't used to eatin' nuthin' else, for I ain't gwine to have dat long-tongued snake a-gwine around tellin' dat ole Mirandy is a shiftless housekeeper dat lakly starves her fambly, an' is dat stingy dat she begrudges company a bite to eat.

"An' whut makes me wuk my fingers to de bone a-takin' in washin' to buy me a three-cornered hat, an' one of dem harem-scarem skirts? Is hit fur de sake of Sis Becky, whut's my friend, an' dat I'll look good to in any kind of ole duds? Nawm. Hit's for Sis Luelen, whut I can't abide, dat I does all of dat extra wuk, so dat I can flaunt myself down de chu'ch isle of a Sunday mawnin', a-rattlin' as I walk, an' a-shakin' my silk petticoats in front of her very face, so dat she is dat filled wid envy dat she can't hear whut de preacher says.

"Yessum, Sis Marthy,' I goes on, 'we'll do more for hate dan we will for love, an' hit's our enemies dat help

us, an' de way I catch a good husband was by baitin' de hook wid spite.

"You know dat when Ike was a young man he sho'ly was a buck nigger, an' all de gals was a hotfootin' hit after him, an' tryin' to tole him in wid angel's food, an' chicken fixin' an sich lak, but he et deir good cookin', an' flew de coop, an' was dat foxy dat none of 'em couldn't lay deir hands on him.

"Well, when I come along, I didn't waste no time over de cookin' stove. I cut my eye around an' see dat dere was a feller named Sam dat de very looks of riled Ike like a red rag does a mad bull. So I jest passed over Ike lak I didn't see him, an' begun makin' sheep's eyes at Sam, an' dat done de trick for Ike. He was jest obliged to take Sam's girl away from him if he busted de traces doin' hit, an' by de time he done cut out Sam, he done led me to de altar.

"Dat's whut makes me say whut I do, Sis Marthy. Don't you worry none about not havin' no friends as long as you've got plenty of enemies. Our best friends is our enemies, for dey are de ones dat keeps us up an' hustlin'."



Variations on a Theme*

(*Theme—“When is a door not a door?”*)

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

—As Eugene Field might have written it:
There come to Red Hoss Mountain a chap not long ago—
A funny feller, as he said, with many a good bum mow—
And enterin' the Resteraw de Casey one fine day,
He turned to Casey—which the same possessed that
swell caffay—

And says: "There's a conundrum which is botherin'
me a bit,
And since you seem to be endowed with a rara avis wit,
Perhaps you could enlighten me a little on this score,
And tell me when—now ponder—a door is not a door.

* Reprinted from *The Sunday Magazine* for August 6, 1905.

This Casey was no hayseed—he'd been to Denver and
He had frequented minstrel shows up to the Tabor
Grand—

And though Three-Fingered Hoover and me tried to
desist,
Our friend, we was a mite too late, fer Casey never
missed.

Says Casey: "I have purchased bricks, the which was
made of gold;
But when it comes to springin' jokes they dassent be too
old."

And Coroner Jones allowed next day a case of homicide,
"The which," he says to Casey, "was entirely justified."

—*As Andrew Lang might treat it:*

Seers and sages of yore,
Prince of the Cambrain Main,
When is a door not a door?

Delve ye full deep in your lore,
Honey of Hybla ye strain,
Sages and seers of yore.

Roses are Roses no more—
Niobe, canst thou explain
When is a door not a door?

Long have I pondered it o'er,
Long have I cudgeled my brain,
Sages and seers of yore.

Where is Persephone's shore?
Gone? As her suitors are slain?
When is a door not a door?

Ah, you have heard it before?
Well, you shall hear it again:
Sages and seers of yore,
When is a door not a door?

—*As Francis Bret Hart might have treated it:*

Which the same I don't know,
And you're gettin' me sore.
This is no minstrel show.

If you value your gore,
 Dry up on them tarnation questions, like
 "When is a door not a door?"

—*As Algernon Charles Swinburne might treat it:*

O, man that is maybe immortal!
 O, gates that are golden, not gates!
 O, portal that is not a portal!
 O, harvest of horrible hates!
 O, passionless page where my pen is!
 O, much that is less and yet more!—
 Dolores, my darling, say, when is
 A door not a door?

—*As Ella Wheeler Wilcox might write it:*

When is a door—ah, Love of me!—
 Not that which it appears to be?
 Just as the Poem may be prose—
 Or prose be Poetry—who knows?
Love, passion-fraught, I ask of thee:
 When is a door?

—*As Austin Dobson might treat it:*

Will you answer me, Rose?
 When's a door not a door?
 Is there nobody knows?
 Will you answer me, Rose?
 Though I really suppose,
 You have heard it before,
 Will you answer me, Rose:
 When's a door not a door?

—*As Rudyard Kipling might treat it:*

I've thought over things as was daffy; I've thought about
 some as was worse;
 I've written 'em up—a few in prose and some of 'em
 might be verse—
 But by the idols of Burmah! there's never a man to say
 When a bloomin' door it ain't a door—or is it the other
 way?

—*As Robert Browning might have written it:*

When is the time that an ordinary portal,
 Gate, door, what you will, isn't what it is?

Bless me, comrades, questions of this sort'll
 Put yours truly surely out of biz.
 A door is not a door—well, have I forgotten?
 A door is not a door—oh, but mine's a slow pen.
 A door is not a door—aren't riddles rotten?
 A door is not a door when the thing is open.

—As Fitz-Gerald might have done it out of Omar Khayyam:

And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
 The Portal shouted loud: "When is a Door
 No Door?" Ah, my beloved, did you say
 Adore? The juices of the Grape we pour.

For "Is" and "Is-not" surely is no sign
 A door is non-existent. O, divine
 And all-inspiring juices of the Grape!
 Yes, thanks, a little Seltzer, Love, in Mine.



Bein' Sick*

When I am really sick abed
 It isn't ever any fun.
 I feel all achy in my head
 An hate to take my medisun.
 Th' sheets get stickyish an' hot,
 But I am not allowed to kick
 'Em off, er read, er talk a lot
 When I am sick.

I hate for all the folks about
 To come an' pat me on th' face
 An' say, "Poor child, you'll soon be out,"
 An' tiptoe all around th' place.
 They go when I pretend to be
 Asleep—I do it for a trick:
 I don't like folks to pity me
 When I am sick.

*From Harper's Magazine.

My mother's different—I don't care
If she sits by me once er twice
An' says, "Poor boy," an' smooths my hair;
She ain't just tryin' to be nice.
They bring warm squashy things to me
For meals, an' make me eat 'em quick.
I'm misruble as I can be
When I am sick.



Spring Opinions

BY ABBIE L. MERRIMAN.

You know how awful tickled
We were when school begun.
We'd had a boss vacation,
The greatest heaps of fun,
But thought that there was nothing
Would seem one-half so fine
As seeing all the scholars
Forming once more in line.

'Twas "left-right," all a-marching
To take their seats once more.
But we were "off our trolley;"
For study is a bore,
And G'og'aphy and Spelling
Ain't any use at all.
I tell you things seem diff'rent
'N they did in early fall.

My goodness! How we're working;
The heaps of things we do.
And then to hear the grown folks,—
As if they thought 'twas true—
Say, "School-time is the happiest
You ever have at all."
P'rhaps 'tis, but things seem diff'rent
'N they did in early fall.

The Speaker

The grown folks is mistaken,
 It's plain as it can be.
 They've had a long vacation—
 Got fooled the same as we.
 For 't ain't no use denying,
 School tires both short and tall,
 And things look mighty diff'rent
 'N they did in early fall.

And now it's 'most vacation,
 The school year's almost done.
 My goodness! But we're tickled,
 And we'll have just heaps of fun.
 There's Fourth o' July and fishing;
 We'll swim, and we'll play ball.
 And I bet you we'll be sorry,
 When school begins next fall.



The First Kiss

How delicious is the winning
 Of a kiss at Love's beginning
 When two mutual hearts are sighing
 For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
 Love has bliss, but love has ruing;
 Other smiles may make you fickle,
 Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
 Just as fate or fancy carries;
 Longest stays when sorest chidden;
 Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
 Bind its odor to the lily,
 Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
 Then bind Love to last forever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.



Dolcino to Margaret

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will follow the day,
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife
To it's work in the morning gay.



The Explanation

BY WALTER LEARNED.

Her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry I fear,
But her lips were so near
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
That—What else could I do?

The Last Ride Together

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I said—Then, dearest, since 't is so,
 Since now at length my fate I know,
 Since nothing all my love avails,
 Since all my life seemed meant for fails,
 Since this was written and needs must be—
 My whole heart rises up to bless
 Your name in pride and thankfulness!
 Take back the hope you gave,—I claim
 Only a memory of the same,
 —And this besides, if you will not blame,
 Your leave for one more last ride with me.

My mistress bent that brow of hers;
 Those deep dark eyes where pride demurs
 When pity would be softening through,
 Fixed me a breathing while or two
 With life or death in the balance right!
 The blood replenished me again;
 My last thought was at least not vain;
 I and my mistress, side by side,
 Shall be together, breathe and ride,
 So, one day more am I defied.
 Who knows but the world may end to-night?

Hush! if you saw some western cloud
 All billowy-blossomed, over-bowed
 By many benedictions—sun's
 And moon's and evening-star's at once—
 And so, you, looking and loving best,
 Conscious grew, your passion drew
 Cloud, sunset, moonrise, star-shine, too,
 Down on you, near and yet more near,
 Till flesh must fade for heaven was here!—
 Thus leant she and lingered—joy and fear!
 Thus lay she a moment on my breast.

Then we began to ride. My soul
 Smoothed itself out, a long-cramped scroll
 Freshening and fluttering in the wind.

Past hopes already lay behind.
What need to strive with a life awry?
Had I said that, had I done this?
So might I gain, so might I miss.
Might she have loved me? just as well
She might have hated, who can tell!
Where had I been now if the worst befell?
And here we are riding, she and I.

Fail I alone, in words and deeds?
Why, all men strive, and who succeeds?
We rode; it seemed, my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
As the world rushed by on either side.

As the world rushed by on either side, I thought—
All labor, yet no less.
Bear up beneath their unsucces,
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past!
I hoped she would love me; here we ride.

And yet—she has not spoke so long!
What if heaven be that, fair and strong
At life's best, with our eyes upturned
Whither life's flower is first discerned,
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?
What if we still ride on, we two,
With life forever old yet new,
Changed not in kind, but in degree,
The instant made eternity,—
And heaven just prove that I and she
Ride, ride together, forever ride?

What hand and brain went ever paired?
What heart alike conceived and dared?
What act proved all its thought had been?
What will but felt the fleshly screen?
We ride and I see her bosom heave.
There's many a crown for us who can reach.
Ten lines, a statesman's life in each!
The flag stuck on a heap of bones,
A soldier's doing! what atones?
They scratch his name on the Abbey-stones.
My riding is better, by their leave.

The Speaker

What does it all mean, poet? Well,
 Your brains beat into rhythm, you tell
 What we felt only; you expressed,
 You hold things beautiful the best,
 And place them in rhyme so, side by side.
 'Tis something, nay, 't is much: but then,
 Have you yourself what's best for men?
 Are you—poor, sick, old ere your time—
 Nearer one whit your own sublime
 Than we who have never turned a rhyme?
 Sing, riding's a joy. For me, I ride.

And you, great sculptor—so, you gave
 A score of years to Art, her slave,
 And that's your Venus, whence we turn
 To yonder girl that fords the burn!
 You acquiesce, and shall I repine?
 What, man of music, you grown gray
 With notes and nothing else to say,
 Is this your sole praise from a friend,
 "Greatly his opera strains indeed,
 But in music we know how fashions end!"
 I gave my youth; but we ride, in fine.

Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate
 Proposed bliss here should sublimate
 My being—had I signed the bond—
 Still one must lead some life beyond,
 Have a bliss to die with, dim-described.
 This foot once planted on the goal,
 This glory-garland round my soul,
 Could I decry such? Try and test!
 I sink back shuddering from the quest.
 Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?
 Now, heaven and she are beyond this ride.



Cristina

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

She should never have looked at me
If she had meant I should not love her!
There are plenty . . . men you call such.
I suppose . . . she may discover
All her soul to, if she pleases,
And yet leave much as she found them:
But I'm not so, and she knew it
When she fixed me, glancing round there.

What? To fix me thus meant nothing?
But I can't tell (there's my weakness)
What her look said!—no vile cant, sure,
About "need to strew the bleakness
Of some lone shore with its pearl-seed,
That the sea fells"—no "strange yearnings
That such souls have, most to lavish
Where there's chance of least returning."

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure though seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way
To its triumph or undoing

There are flashes struck from midnights,
There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
Whereby piled-up honors perish,
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
While just this or that poor impulse,
Which for once had play unstifled,
Seems the sole work of a lifetime,
That away the rest have trifled.

Doubt you if, in some such moment,
As she fixed me, she felt clearly,
Ages past the soul existed,

Here an age 't is resting merely,
 And hence fleets again for ages,
 While the true end, sole and single,
 It stops here for is, this love-way,
 With some other soul to mingle?

Else it loses what it lived for,
 And eternally must lose it;
 Better ends may be in prospect,
 Deeper blisses (if you choose it).
 But this life's end and this love-bliss
 Have been lost here. Doubt you whether
 This she felt as, looking at me,
 Mine and her souls rushed together?

Oh, observe! Of course, next moment,
 The world's honors in derision,
 Trampled out the light forever:
 Never fear but there's provision
 Of the devil's to quench knowledge
 Lest we walk the earth in rapture!—
 Making those who catch God's secret
 Just so much more prize their capture!

Such am I ; the secret's mine now!
 She has lost me, I have gained her;
 Her soul's mine: and thus, grown perfect,
 I shall pass my life's remainder,
 Life will just hold out the proving
 Both our powers, alone and blended:
 And then come the next life quickly!
 This world's use will have been ended.



A Tragedy

BY THEOPHILE MANZIALL.

She was only a woman, famished for loving,
Mad with devotion and such slight things;
And he was a very great musician,
And used to finger his fiddle strings.

Her heart's sweet gamut is cracking and breaking,
For a look, for a touch,—for such slight things;
But he's such a very great musician
Grimacing and fingering his fiddle strings.



A Ditty

BY SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
He loves my heart for once it was his own.
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.



Song of a Shirt*

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING.



LICE!"

"Yes, dear!"

Mrs. Chanler, in a very becoming negligee, came obediently into the room at her husband's voice. He certainly did not look becoming. His hair, which was always of a rather pompadour variety, stood up more than ever on his head, his shirt was open at the collar, and his eyes sought her in a frantic appeal—testified to as of utmost need by the open, disarranged drawers of the chiffonier, and a glimpse of equal disorder in the closet beyond.

She braced herself for the next question. In the six months of her wedded life, she had heard it more than once, and always with a dazed feeling of utter irresponsibility for something regarding which she ought to feel responsible.

"Where is my laundry? I thought you said yesterday that it came home."

"Yes, it did come home. If I said so, then it did"—Mrs. Chanler took heart of grace, as she became certain of her facts, though she knew her answer wasn't going to be satisfactory; there was always something back of it that she couldn't answer. "Of course it came home; it was yesterday morning I put things away myself in those drawers, just before I went out to lunch."

"Then where's that blue and white shirt with the square cuffs—the one I bought in London?"

"Isn't it there?"

"Isn't it there!" Mr. Chanler looked for a moment as if he had reached the limit of endurance; he waited for a moment to recover a decent self-control. "If it was I wouldn't have asked you where it was, would I? I've had every single thing out of those drawers and it isn't in them."

"Well, I put every single thing that came from the laundry in that chiffonier," said his wife convincingly.

"Then it didn't come from the laundry. Of all the

* Reprinted from the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

abominable carelessness! You're sure you sent it, Alice?"

"Oh, yes! I'm sure I sent it," said Mrs. Chanler, with a sudden qualm. "I sent everything you left out, of course. I always do—everything except one shirt that you left on a chair. I hung that up in the closet again, because I thought you might want it; it was quite clean, I thought." She had been rummaging among the hooks as she spoke, lifting the garment in question from under a coat. "Leighton!" Her lips trembled as she met his gaze. "Please don't look at me like that! How could I know that this was the one you wanted? Can't you wear it as it is?"

"Wear it as it is, with that? No, I can't wear it as it is, Alice." Mr. Chanler conquered himself heroically. "It makes no difference; I'll take another shirt. Only"—Mrs. Chanler's heart, which had expanded with a quick sense of relief contracted again; it wasn't over yet, "only, Alice, I think you might take a little more pains about my laundry. The things never go as they should, or else when they come home they're put where nobody can find them. I don't want to be hard on you, Alice; but you have so little to think about, no housekeeping or anything, that it does seem as if I might get my laundry when I want it. Don't you think so, dear?"

By this time his wife's arms were around his neck. She knew it was practically "over." He was ready for that pentitent customary assurance that it shouldn't happen again. Yet something in his manner this time made her feel conscience-stricken, that it must not happen again.

It wasn't just that he was inconvenienced—he was really hurt, because she didn't care enough to remember—though she did care enough—it wasn't that! There was nobody else in the world that she did care for. All the next day the little incident stayed in her mind. She went backward and forward in the pretty little apartment, with its charming jumble of wedding-present furnishings. Life with Leighton was a hundred times sweeter than she had ever dreamed it would be; yet there were times even now when she began to see that it might be different.

Leighton was very much of a boy, though he was quite a little older than she was—yet he had certain



unexpectedly severe masculine streaks about him when one didn't expect it. This little matter of the laundry now—nothing about his attire could ever seem of half the importance that the affairs of her wardrobe—her chiffons and laces—seemed to her, but still—

She made a little vow to herself, and when he came home that night he saw something lovelier than ever in her eyes, and spoke of it, with his arm tightening around her.

The next morning his casual tone tried to be free of any implied reproach—"Be sure and send that shirt to the laundry to-day, dear, will you?"—the shirt I got in London, with the square cuffs—the one that didn't go this week. It's hanging on that hook in the closet. I telephoned to Lee Wong before breakfast, and he says I can have it to-night—I want to wear it to-morrow. You won't forget to send it over, will you, Alice?"

"I will not forget it," she answered promptly, starting off indeed the moment he had left the house to get it and tie it up in a bundle for the janitor's boy to take over to Lee Wong's. On her way the telephone called her off, and for a day of pleasure—a summons to the home of a lately returned bride, one of her dearest friends. To think that she and Mary were both really married—it seemed absurd and unbelievable! She could stay until nearly 6 o'clock—the whole day. She and Leighton only had breakfast in their apartment; they took their dinners out.

Until nearly 6 o'clock! As she was entering her rooms again, after a most absorbing day, in which she and Mary had nearly talked themselves blind, something struck her stiff and dumb—an awful, paralyzing thought. She had never sent that shirt to the laundry! She could hardly believe that she hadn't; it was impossible that destiny had dealt with her as hardly as that. She went to the closet to know that it had gone, that she had given it to the janitor's boy—not just dreamed it. And it hung there before her a damning proof of her incompetency. Oh, why under the sun had Leighton, who had so many shirts, set his mind continually on this one? She wished he had never bought it in London; she was sick of hearing about it—it was a hideous thing, anyway. Why— Oh, that didn't help matters! She knew as sure as she stood there shivering in her blue

cloth walking dress and feathers—she knew that she could never brace herself to tell the truth to Leighton. What could she do? She had no more idea of how to do up a shirt than she had of balloon manufacture—but in some way it would have to be done up. The janitor's wife, perhaps, would do it if she went to her after dinner. She didn't care how much she paid for it.

Leighton was very lively and very affectionate when he came home. Once or twice he asked her if she didn't feel well, when she had little lapses into a strange silence, but the question each time set her off into an excited torrent of recital. Once he asked her en passant: "I suppose you sent my shirt to the laundry?" And she answered evasively, "You'll have it to-night." She meant to take it off the hook the moment she got in the house.

And, after all, he was ahead of her. He had been whistling when he went into the room—how she prayed he wouldn't go to that closet! The whistle stopped—he had, then! She could feel the silence before he said:

"Alice!"

She waited for no questions, even if he had meant to ask them.

"Oh, I couldn't help it—indeed, indeed I meant to remember. I thought of nothing else, until— It was only because Mary telephoned, and I hadn't seen her for so long, and I—and I—Leighton, don't look at me like that. I'll hate you if you do! What difference does it make about that old shirt? You've got dozens of others! I don't see why you expect me to look after your clothes, anyway. Didn't you look after them yourself before we were married? Yes, you did; your sister said so. Then, why can't you look after them now? Why do you blame me for everything that happens?"

She was striving to suppress a hysterical sob.

"For goodness sake, Alice, don't let's have a scene," said Mr. Chanler coldly. "All right, I won't ask you to look after things. I had imagined you cared a little for my comfort, but it seems that I was mistaken. It makes no difference. I'll try and not expect anything of you any more—after this."

She had left the room—he could hear her steps going down the long, uncarpeted floor of the apartment.

Was she crying? Well, she ought to cry!

She did not come back. He sat down by the lamp

in the large, comfortable Morris chair and took up a book and lighted his pipe. He felt dreary and alone—without companionship or sympathy. Alice was very sweet, very lovely, but, after all, she was a toy girl—and one cannot always feel like playing with a toy. He had a curious, leaden sense of loss—life stretched out before him as a sort of hard, money-making pathway. He had given her twice as much money as she had asked for the day before—though he had to skimp a little himself to do it—because he hated to think he had to limit her in any way; he could work for her, but at the suggestion of her doing the least thing for him—He had never thought that she would be so wilful, so perversely unkind. He didn't mind about the shirt—what was that, anyway? But she didn't care enough for him to want to remember—Alice didn't care.

So long he sat there; yet she did not come back. It was not like her to hold out like this. After their little quarrels she always came creeping back to him with her soft arms ready to meet around his neck. She must be hurt indeed, if she did not come back again, to be smiled at, after he had frowned. But he was hurt, too.

So long he sat there; still she did not come. At last he got up, and pipe in hand walked half reluctantly through the hall, looking in at the different rooms for her. She wasn't in any of them. "Alice!" he called, but she did not answer. There were sounds in the kitchen; he went on there, wondering.

Alice was bending over an ironing board—an ironing board on which was stretched an extraordinary limp and woeful-looking shirt. She was apparently having difficulty with her iron, for the shirt clung to it when she tried to lift it off; when it did come off he saw, as she did, the black, scorching marks of it on that London-made bosom. The tired, frightened face that met his was so helplessly dear!

"I tried to wash it for you—I tried so hard. I'll never forget again!" she whispered between her tears, with his arms around her. "I wanted to work my fingers off for you! I wanted to, Leighton! I thought I'd bring it to you so beautiful and shining and stiff, and you'd say—and now I've spoiled it forever. I've stayed away from you all this evening when I wanted to be with you

so much—and you've thought—you've thought—and it's ruined forever!"

"Oh, I don't mind that at all," he averred stoutly—he knew that he had to say it, though he felt a pang whenever he thought of that shirt. "I don't care how many things you forget"—he knew he had to say that, too, and was glad to. He realized, as he had never done before, that a man must be very tender with his wife when she was like Alice—Alice, who clung to him now—

Oh, to her it was no matter how she was hurt, by her act or by his, so long as she had him to go to for refuge! Though a thousand shirts walked in flapping, fantastic procession through the future years, never, never—she whispered it in sweet, comforted fierceness—never should one escape her again.

Yet, perhaps, it was not in the heart of mortal man to understand her sigh of relief the next morning, when the garment that had been the pride of her Leighton's heart disappeared forever, burned and blackened. It was a sigh of relief at the disappearance of a visible source of evil. After all, it was only the shirt that had been damaged!



Togo Gets Acquainted with the Clothes Line*

BY WALLACE IRWIN.



EAR MR: Another place where I am no longer at is Rahway, N. J., working for Mrs. H. Griddle, cultured lady.

I tell you why I am removed.

This Mrs. Griddle to who I came determined to do Gen. Housework, have got considerable musical ambition inside her voice. She do all her housework at the piano. For continual hours each day she set there making soprano, compelling her voice to do following gymnasium:

* Reprinted from *Good Housekeeping*.

Hi yi yi yi AH ah!!!

More of this to be continued. She say vocal culture require great endurance. She contains more of this noble quality than I can.

Washday arrive up to Griddle home by each Monday A. M. when Hon. Maggie Kelley approach to laundry prepared to drown all clothing in suds. This lady, who contains 6 feet complete muscle, is a scrubber of great talents. She say she was deprived of her husband several years of yore, because he beat her frequently. I should like to observe that athletick gentleman.

A wash lady is something I prefer not to be, above all professions.

But last Monday it was arranged for me,

"Togo," dictate Mrs. H. Griddle, stopping her soprano sufficiently to speak, "you will kindly give ade to Hon. Maggie to-day in clothes-wash ceremony."

"O thank you not to do so!" I declare with pathos.

"Why so?" she sniggered with Mary Garden expression.

"This Hon. Maggie treat me without chivalry. How could I be assistant scrub beside her haughty actions?" I resolve.

"Either do so or deprive yourself of this job," she holla, departing off in high Key of C.

I find Hon. Maggie lady in laundry preparing to suds. Redness appear from her hair and arms while she look to me with cross expression peculiar to a eagle watching a angly-worm. Then she lift wash-boiler from stove showing energy like Sandow juggling automobiles.

"Jap!" she reproach.

“Yes, sir!” I pronounce.

"Was you sent here to look beautiful or to be helpful?" she ask out.

"Not sure—Mrs. Boss did not instruct me which to be." I report.

"I will instruct you!" she growled like a lady menagerie.
"Become busy as soonly as possible. You will find a clothes-ringer annexed to yonder tub. Attach yourself

to the handle and ring the clothes earnestly until I tell you to quit."

She point to one slight machinery resembling a hand organ with pianola rolls. I wind this instrument continuously. Nothing evolve.

"O Mrs. Madam I cannot hear the bell!" I suggest.

"Which bell, please?" she otter.

"You tell me to ring the clothes, not so?" I ask it.

"I despise you for your yellow mind!" she dib.
"Clothes does not ring when you ring them!"

I could not assimilate the way she said it. She lift several drowned clothes from the tub and show me with considerable muscle how to squash them through those rollers. Clothes, however wet, can be sent through that machinery and emerge forth with great dignity like flat snakes. I turn crank handle continuously while Hon. Maggie make poke-in with wettish clothing. I enjoy great pain in my wrist and elbows, and when I commence to quit, this laundered female say "Faster" with bulldog expression.

Pretty soonly I lay down my hands and stop. Her mad eyebrows snub me.

"Hon. Mrs. Wash," I renig, "why should you be more cross and peeved than other persons?"

"Togo," she says so, "my duties require it. Cleaning things is a job full of tragedy and other grouch. It would be unnatural to laugh while washing. Clothes is pleasanter to wear, but unpleasant to scrub. It is similar with everything. Dishes is joyful to eat from, but nobody admire them when hour of dishpan arrive. Nobody love Monday, because it is sacred to splash and suds, yet if Monday was abolished by Congress, there would be no beautiful society on Saturday night."

"Can't some variety of soap be invented with more poetry in it?" I require.

"It could," she dib, "but it would probably be useless to take the dirt out."

Hon. Mag. fill tub with artistic color from blue bottle.

"While you are idle you can do something!" she holla suddenly like a steam whistle.

"How could I do something when idle?" this inquiry from me.

"You see that basket of clothes?" She point forth

to one basket full of complete whiteness like a bushel of damp ghosts.

"I observe what is."

"Take them immediately for hang out!" she otter with gloom.

"What should I hang them out from?" I require.

"Maybe you are not acquainted with clothes-line!" she say sarcastly while she led me forth to back yard where she introduce me to this useful rope. "If I knew I was to come to this place to be washing-instructor, I should demand teacher's salary," she pronounce glubly.

"That would be nice job for deserving widows," I say for politeness. Yet she seem less ladylike.

"To hang clothes," she instruct, "you must first lift them one at a time from the basket, grasping them by both ears—thusly." She show how. "You shake him twice, snap—snap!" She demonstrate this with considerable clothes-shake. "Then you buckle him to line with a clothespin on each ear." She fill her mouth with clothespins, and then she lift one tablecloth by his ears, shake him brutally with her pugilistic hands, and nail him to clothes-line like she said so.

"You got sufficient strength enough to do this?" she require snappily.

"Maybe-so, yes," I report.

"If not, I give you the prize!" she say, eloping to house without telling me which prize she meant.

I put all my intellectual mind on this clothes-hang job. It seem to be light, agreeable job for Japanese School-boy—simply to lift a clothes by his ears and glue him to rope with clothespins. But suddenly I was reminded. That clothes-line was $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in highness, while I stood merely 5 feet in lowness. How should I get up there without flying machinery?

I observed a step-ladder sleeping quietly by kitchen window. It was a very diseased-looking furniture with lameness in one leg and several ribs fractured by too much exercise in open air, yet it was a step-ladder. I removed this piece of stairway to underneath clothes-line where I put him. Then I poked six (6) clothespins in my mouth like wooden cigars. Then I took one pillow case from basket, shook him rudely by his ears and ascended upwards. Hon. Ladder wubble on his sore leg, yet I enjoy no fear, because I am a brave Japanese.

With gestures of extreme courage I pin Hon. Pillow Case to that stretched string where he clung with beautiful purity peculiar to washing.

I began to love this clothes-hang performance. It seemed so nice and healthful to do housework outdoors amidst backyard scenery and gentle summer breeze. It was very superior pleasure for me, making up and down hops on that ladder with agility resembling birds.

So I continued onwards near my duty. With extreme earnestness I suspended following clothing where they hung lynched upon line:

1 tablecloths (slightly dragged on ground, yet quite pale)

9 towels (one of them dropped, but was nicely brushed afterwards)

3 sox

4½ pillow-case.

While standing tip-top on that ladder I was enabled to observe Nature. It are wonderful how tall a short Japanese feels while standing on a ladder! I could distinctly see over fence into next yard where Hon. Swede lady employed for cook by Mrs. J. C. Camel was making flirting conversation with Hon. Ice Man. I also observe Hon. Cat obtaining slight refreshment of cream-pitcher from window while that Swede was too interested. I stood in joyful trance holding wet sheet while biting clothespin like wooden cigars. It make such inexpensive enjoyment for cool summer day to stand on ladder beholding other folks' business!

In the midst of everything Hon. Swede Lady turn off suddenly and see Hon. Cat. She made rude "Shoo!" with voice, and Hon. Cat were so offended he fell from window in the midst of milk pitcher and extreme breakage. With immediate quickness he made rabid scoot for fence with tail enlarged like a comets. "I shall attach him for you!" I holla to Mrs. Swedish—but soonly as I did so—O calamity!

I lean too forward and Hon. Ladder stub his toe and broke lame leg with lousy scrash! Bereaved of my support I make wildly grab for atmosphere, Hon. Clothesline was where I struck, so I clasp him with tense affection. And there I was, hanging among clothes, swinging my legs with motion peculiar to wet stockings. Hon. Maggie Kelley observe me in this dangled condition.

"Git downward!" she suggest.

Before I could reproach back, Hon. Rope bursted and I was anticipated to ground so forcibly that I sat there wondering what. Entire clothesline seemed to surround me with damp washing like a wounded sail. Hon. Maggie making hysteria, seize bottle of wash blue in her prize-fight hands and approach at me screaming war cries. With howell of great intensity she threw that sky-colored liquid to my head, covering my nose and eyebrows with splashes of brilliant art.

Next she rosh to house and obtain broom. When I seen that female club, I lost my connection with that home. I lep forwards. I fled off. I swum over the fence with great skill and continued to elope elsewhere. Farebye to that job!

When next seen I was two miles westward setting among woods attempting to rub wash-fluid from my forehead which was blue. Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA Togo.



Anne of Green Gables*

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.



ATTHEW CUTHBERT jogged comfortably over a pretty road running to Bright River Station. When he reached the station there was no sign of any train. He asked the station master if the five-thirty train would soon be along.

"The five-thirty train has been in and gone a half hour ago. But there is a passenger dropped off for you—a little girl."

"I'm not expecting a girl, it's a boy I've come for."

He struck her stiff and dumb—an awful, paralyzing thought, "The Orphans' Asylum for me."

"Guess there's some mistake. You'd better question the girl. She's got a tongue in her head."

* Cut from "Anne of Green Gables." L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

There stood a little girl of about eleven garbed in a very tight, very short ugly dress. She had two long braids of decidedly red hair and eager, luminous eyes.

"I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables," she said in a peculiarly clear, sweet voice. "I'm glad to see you. I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me to-night. I was going down the track to the big wild cherry tree at the bend and crawl up into it and stay all night. You could imagine you were dwelling in marble halls, couldn't you? And I was quite sure you would come for me in the morning if you didn't to-night."

Matthew had taken the little hand in his. He could not tell this child with glowing eyes that there had been a mistake. He would take her home and let his sister Marilla do that.

"I'm sorry I was late. Give me your bag."

"Oh, I'm so very glad you have come for me, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry tree. We've got to drive quite a piece, haven't we? Oh, it seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you! I never belonged to anybody in my life, —not really. But the asylum was the worst. I don't suppose you ever were an orphan in an asylum. There is very little scope for the imagination in the asylum, only just the other orphans. It was pretty interesting to imagine that perhaps the girl who sat next to you was really the daughter of an earl who had been stolen from her parents in her infancy by a cruel nurse who died before she could confess. I used to lie awake nights and imagine things like that because I didn't have time in the day-time. I guess that's why I'm so thin. There isn't a pick to my bones. I do love to imagine that I'm nice and plump with dimples in my elbows."

With this Matthew's companion stopped talking, partly because she was out of breath and partly because they had reached the buggy. Not another word did she say until they had left the village. She put her hand out and broke a branch off a wild plum tree that brushed against the side of the buggy.

"Isn't that beautiful? What did that tree leaning out from the bank, all white and lacy, make you think of?"

"Well, now, I don't know."

"Why, a bride, of course—a bride all in white with a

lovely misty veil. I've never seen one, but I can imagine what she would look like. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so homely nobody will ever want to marry me—unless it might be a foreign missionary. I suppose a foreign missionary mightn't be so very particular. But I do so want a white dress. That is my highest ideal of earthly bliss—Oh, there are a lot more cherry trees all in bloom. I think Prince Edward Island is the bloomiest place in the world—But I'm talking too much. Would you rather I didn't talk? If you say so I'll stop. I can stop when I make up my mind to it, although it's difficult."

Matthew much to his own surprise was enjoying the conversation.

"Oh, you can talk as much as you like, I don't mind."

"Oh, I'm so glad, I know you and I are going to get along together fine. It is such a relief to talk when one wants to and not be told that children should be seen and not heard. I've had that said to me a million times if I have once. And people laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas to express you have to use big words to express them, haven't you? Oh, I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy. I can't feel perfectly happy because—well, what color would you call this?" She twitched one of her long, glossy braids over her thin shoulder and held it up before Matthew's eyes. Matthew was not used to deciding on the tints of ladies' tresses, but in this case there couldn't be much doubt.

"It's red, ain't it?" he said.

"Yes, it's red. Now you see why I can't be perfectly happy. Nobody could who had red hair. I don't mind the other things so much—the freckles, and the green eyes and my skinniness. I can imagine that I have a beautiful rose-leaf complexion and lovely, starry, violet eyes. But I cannot imagine that red hair away. I do my best. I think to myself, 'Now my hair is a glorious black, black as a raven's wing.' But all the time I know it is just plain red, and it is breaking my heart. It will be my lifelong sorrow. I read of a girl once in a novel who had a lifelong sorrow, but it wasn't red hair. Her hair was pure gold rippling back from her alabaster brow. What is an alabaster brow? I never could find out. Can you tell me?"

"Well, now I'm afraid I can't."

"Well, whatever it was it must have been something nice because she was divinely beautiful. Have you ever imagined what it must feel like to be divinely beautiful?"

"Well, no."

"I have often. Which would you rather be if you had the choice—divinely beautiful, dazzlingly clever or angelically good?"

"Well, now, I—I don't know exactly."

"Neither do I—I never could decide—Oh, Mr. Cuthbert, Mr. Cuthbert, Oh, Mr. Cuthbert!" They had rounded a curve in the road and found themselves in the "avenue."

The avenue was a stretch of road four or five hundred yards long, completely arched over with huge, wide-spreading apple trees. Overhead was one long canopy of snowy, fragrant bloom. Below the boughs the air was full of purple twilight, and far ahead a glimpse of painted sunset sky shone like a great rose window at the end of a cathedral aisle.

Its beauty seemed to strike the child dumb. She leaned back in the buggy, her thin hands clasped rapturously to the white splendor above. Even when they had passed she never moved or spoke. Still with rapt face she gazed afar into the sunset west.

At length she said:

"Oh, Mr. Cuthbert, that place we came through, that white place—what was it?"

"Well, now, you must mean the avenue. It is kind of a pretty place."

"Pretty. Oh, pretty doesn't seem the word! Nor beautiful either. They can't go far enough. Oh, it was wonderful—wonderful. It's the first thing I ever saw in my life that couldn't be improved by imagination. It just satisfied me here—(she put her hand on her breast). It made a queer, funny ache, yet it was a pleasant ache. I shall always call it the White Way of Delight. Yes, that is the right name for it. I know because of the thrill. Do things ever give you a thrill?"

"Well, now, yes. It always kind of gives me a thrill to see them ugly white grubs that you spade up in the cucumber beds."

"Oh, I don't think that can be exactly the same kind of a thrill. Do you think it can? There doesn't seem to

be much connection between grubs and the great White Way of Delight. Oh, look! There's one little early wild rose out. Isn't it lovely? Don't you think it must be glad to be a rose? And isn't pink the most beautiful color in the world? I love it, but I can't wear it. Red-headed people can't wear pink, not even in imagination. Did you ever know of anybody who had red hair when she was young and it turned another color when she grew up?"

"No, I don't know as I ever did."

"Well, that is another hope gone. My life is a perfect graveyard of buried hopes. That is a sentence I read in a book once——"

The yard of Green Gables was quite dark as they turned into it. Marilla Cuthbert came briskly forward as Matthew opened the door.

"Matthew Cuthbert, who's that? Where is the boy?"

"There isn't any boy."

"No boy! But there must have been a boy!"

"I asked the station master and I had to bring her home. She couldn't be left there."

* * * * *

Marilla took Anne to bed that night. "Say your prayers and get into bed."

"I never say any prayers."

"Why, Anne! What do you mean? Were you never taught to say your prayers? God always wants little girls to say their prayers. Don't you know who God is, Anne?"

"God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, truth," responded Anne.

"So you do know something, then, thank goodness. You're not quite a heathen. Where did you learn that?"

"Oh, at the asylum Sunday school. They made us learn the whole catechism. I liked it pretty well. There's something splendid about some of the words. 'Infinite, eternal and unchangeable.' Isn't that grand? It has such a roll to it, just like a big organ playing. You couldn't quite call it poetry, I suppose. But it sounds a lot like it, doesn't it?"

"We're not talking about poetry, Anne—we are talking about saying your prayers. Don't you know it's a

terrible wicked thing not to say your prayers every night? I'm afraid you must be a very bad little girl."

"You'd find it easier to be bad than good if you had red hair. People who haven't got red hair don't know what trouble is. Mrs. Thomas told me that God made my hair red on purpose, and I've never cared about Him since. And anyhow, I'd always be too tired at night to bother saying prayers."

"You must say your prayers while you are in my house, Anne."

"Why, of course, if you want me to. I'd do anything to oblige you. But you'll have to tell me what to say for this once. After I get to bed I'll imagine out a real nice prayer to say always. I believe it will be quite interesting, now that I come to think of it."

"You must kneel down," said Marilla in embarrassment.

"Why must people kneel down to pray? If I really wanted to pray I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd go out into a great big field all alone or into a deep, deep woods, and I'd look up into the lovely blue sky that looks as if there was no end to its blueness. And then I'd just feel a prayer. Well, I'm ready. What am I to say?"

"You're old enough to pray for yourself, Anne. Just thank God for His blessings and ask Him humbly for the things you want."

"Well, I'll do my part! Gracious Heavenly Father—that's the way the minister says it in church, so I suppose it's all right in a private church, isn't it?—Gracious Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for the White Way of Delight, I'm really extremely grateful for it. Please, Gracious Heavenly Father, let me stay at 'Green Gables' and please let me be good looking when I grow up. I remain,

Yours respectfully,

Anne Shirley.

"There, did I do it all right? I could have made it much more flowery if I'd time to think it over!"

Poor Marilla tucked the child in bed mentally vowing that she should be taught a prayer the very next day, and was leaving the room with the light when Anne called her back.

"I've just thought of it now, I should have said 'Amen' in place of 'yours respectfully,' shouldn't I? Do you suppose it will make any difference?"

"I don't suppose it will. Go to sleep now like a good child. Good-night!"

In the morning Marilla said: "Matthew and I have decided to keep you; that is, if you will try to be a good little girl and show yourself grateful. Why, child, whatever is the matter?"

"I'm crying, I can't think why. I'm so glad as glad can be. Oh, glad doesn't seem the right word at all. Oh, it's something more than glad. I'm so happy. But can you tell me why I'm crying?"

"I suppose it's because you're excited and worked up. Yes, you can stay here and we will try to do the right by you. And that reminds me. Go into the sitting room, Anne,—be sure your feet are clean and don't let any flies in—and bring me out the illustrated card that's on the mantel-piece. The Lord's Prayer is on it, and you'll devote your spare time this afternoon to learning it off by heart. There's to be no more of such praying as I heard last night."

Anne promptly departed for the sitting room across the hall; she failed to return. After waiting ten minutes, Marilla laid down her knitting and marched after. She found Anne standing motionless before a picture, her hand clasped behind her, her face uplifted and her eyes a stare with dreams. The white and green light strained through the apple trees and clustering vines outside and fell over the rapt little figure with hair an unearthly radiance.

"Anne, what are you thinking of?"

"That"—she said, pointing to the picture of Christ Blessing the Children—"and I was just imagining I was one of them, that I was the little girl in the blue dress standing off by herself in the corner as if she didn't belong to anybody, like me. She looks lonely and sad, don't you think? I guess she hadn't any father or mother of her own. But she wanted to be blessed, too. She just crept up on the outside of the crowd, hoping nobody would notice her but Him. I'm sure I know just how she felt. I've been trying to imagine it all out—her edging a little nearer all the time until she was quite close to Him; and then He would look at her and put his hand on her head, and oh, the thrill of joy as would run over her! But I wish the artist hadn't painted Him so sorrowful looking. All His pictures are that way,

if you have noticed. But I don't believe He could really have looked so sad or the children would have been afraid of Him."

"Anne, you shouldn't talk that way. It's irreverent—positively irreverent."

"Well I felt just as reverent. I'm sure I didn't mean to be irreverent."

"Well, I don't suppose you did. Take that card and come right to the kitchen. Now, sit down and learn that prayer off by heart."

A few minutes later Anne announced, "I like this. It's beautiful. I've heard it before—I heard the superintendent of the Sunday School say it over once—but I didn't like it then. He had such a cracked voice and he prayed so mournfully. This isn't poetry, but it makes me feel the same way poetry does. 'Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name.' That is just like a line of music. Oh, I'm so glad you thought of making me learn this!"

"Well learn it and hold your tongue. I told you to learn that and not talk. But it seems impossible if there is anybody to listen to you. So go up to your room and learn it."

Anne retreated to the east gable and sat down in a chair by the window.

"There, I know this prayer, I learned the last sentence coming upstairs."

She danced up to a little looking glass and peered into it. Her pointed freckled face and solemn gray eyes peered back at her.

"You're Anne of Green Gables and I see you as you are. But it's a million times nicer to be Anne of Green Gables than Anne of nowhere in particular."



Aftermath.*

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.



N the evening of our wedding day they put on her bridal dress and sent over for me, and, drawing the parlor doors aside, blinded me with the sight of her standing there, as if waiting for love to claim its own. As I saw her then I have but to close my eyes and see her now. I scarce know why, but that vision of her haunts my mind mysteriously.

October is almost ended now and it is the month during which the first cool nights come in Kent, and the first fires are lighted.

A few twilights ago I stood at my yard gate watching the red dawes of the forest fade into shadow and listening to the cawing of crows under the low gray of the sky, as they hurried home. A chill crept over the earth. It was a fitting hour, I turned indoors and summoned Georgiana.

"We shall light our first fire together," I said straining her to my heart.

Kneeling gayly down we piled the wood in the deep, wide chimney. Each of us then brought a live coal and together we started the blaze.

I had drawn Georgiana's chair to one side of the fireplace. Mine opposite and with the candles still unlit we sat silently watching the flames spread. What need was there of speech? We understood.

Georgiana's gaze was buried deep in the flame. And how sweet her face was, how unexpressively at peace. She had folded the wings of her whole life and sat by the hearth as still as a brooding dove. No past had its disturbing touch upon her shoulder. Instead I could see if there was any flight of her mind from the present it was into the future, a slow tranquil flight across the years with all the happiness they must bring. As I set my thoughts to journey after hers suddenly the scene in the room changed, and I beheld Georgiana an old, old lady with silver gray locks on her temples, spectacles, and a tiny sock stuck through with needles on her knee.

* Copyright, 1896, by The Macmillan Co.

Her face was finely wrinkled but still blooming with unconquerable gayety and youth.

When I had repairs made on my house last summer I had this fireplace rebuilt and ordered this inscription burnt in the bricks: "My friend, around these hearth stones, speak no evil word of any creature."

Later in the evening guests came. Upon each the law of that fireplace was lightly but gravely impressed. They were in the main the few friends in whom such an outward check would call for the least inner restraint; nevertheless on what a footing of confidence it placed our conversation; to what a commanding level we were safely lifted.

And Georgiana—how she shone! I knew that she could perfectly fill a window, but now I can see that she can easily fill a room. Our bodies were grouped about the fireplace, but our minds were centered about Georgiana—and she flashed like an evening star along our intellectual pathway.

Thus my wife and I have begun life together and I think most of our evenings will be spent in the room dedicated to a kind word for life universal.

It is now again June the 3d. The population of this town of yesterday was seven thousand nine hundred and twenty; to-day it is seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-one. The chair of angels is sweetened by the advent of another musician. During the night Georgiana bore a son—not during the night but at dawn and amid such a singing of birds that every tree in the yard became a dew hung belfry of chimes—ringing a welcome to the heir of this old place and these old trees. How unlike the day is to June 3d two years ago. I was in the strawberry bed that crystalline morning. Georgiana came to the window and spoke to me as before. This morning as I stepped into her room where she lay in bed, she turned her head toward me on the pillow and for the third time she said loudly,—"Old man, are you the gardener?" The fingers of one hand rested lightly on the child beside her, as if she were counting the pulse of his oncoming life. I went over to her with the strange new awe at my union with the young mother, where hitherto there had been a union with the woman I loved. She stretched out her hands to me, almost hidden under the lace of her sleeves, and drew my face

down against hers as she whispered in my ear: "Now you are the old Adam! You haven't paid the least attention to the baby yet."

"I haven't noticed that the baby has bestowed the least attention on me. He is the youngest."

"He is the guest of the house. It is your duty to speak to him first. What if he supplants me some day."

"Oh, Georgiana!" I cried, kneeling beside the bed and putting my arms around her. "You know that as long as we are in this world I am your love."

"No longer?" she whispered drawing me closer.

"Through eternity."

By and by I went out into the strawberry bed. None were turning. With bitter disappointment I searched the cold wet leaves, bending them aside for the sight of as much as one scarlet lobe that I might take it to her if only in remembrance of the day. At last I gathered a few perfect blossoms and presented them to her on a plate with a waiter and napkin. She rewarded me with a smile and lifted from the plate a spray of blossoms.

"They will be ripe by the time I am well," she said, the sunlight of memory coming out on her face. Then having touched the cold wet blossoms with her finger tips she dropped them back into the plate. "Oh, how cold they are!" At the same time she looked quietly at me, her eyes grown dark with dread. I set the plate hastily down and she put her hands in mine to warm them.

A month has gone by since Georgiana passed away. To-day I went into the woods for the first time. It was pleasant to be surrounded again by the ever loving earth that feels no loss and has no memory. As I stood looking, the single note of a bird fell on my ears as though the bird had been stunned and was trying to say, "What shall I do?" I knew what that note meant. It was the note with which a bird lingers around the scene of the central tragedy of its life.

After a long search I found the nest crushed under a huge limb and a few feet from it in the act of trying to escape—the female. The male sat on the end of a bough close by and watched me curiously. His plan for life had reached an end in early summer. I sat down near him for a while thinking of the universal tragedy of the nest.

The thought has come to me that I shall lay aside these pages for my son to ponder. They will give him some account of how his father and mother first met, the old courting days and of their happy life together. There is one thing I shall set down which I pray he may take well to heart. He ought to know and remember this—that his life was the price of hers. She was extinguished that he might shine and he owes it to her that the flame of his torch be as white as the stars from which it was kindled. Perhaps the most remarkable thing then in the character of his mother—which please God he may have—or getting all things else, he can never be a gentleman—was honor. It shone from her countenance, it rose in her voice like melody, it made her eyes the most beautiful in expression I have even seen; it enveloped her person and demeanor with a spiritual grace. Honor in what are called the little things of life, honor not as women commonly understand it but as the best of men understand it. That his mother had. This was the crystalline unshapable rock upon which the somewhat fragile and never to be completed structure of her life was reared.



Compliments of the Season*

BY O. HENRY.

 HERE are no more Christmas stories to write. Fiction is exhausted; and newspaper items, the next best, are manufactured by clever young journalists who have married early and have an engagingly pessimistic view of life. Therefore, for seasonable diversion, we are reduced to two very questionable sources—facts and philosophy. We will begin with—whichever you choose to call it.

Children are pestilential little animals with which we have to cope under a bewildering variety of conditions. Especially when childish sorrows overwhelm them are

* Reprinted from the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*.

we put to our wits' end. We exhaust our paltry store of consolation; and then beat them, sobbing, to sleep. Then we grovel in the dust of a million years, and ask God why. Thus we call out of the rat-trap. As for the children, no one understands them except old maids, hunchbacks, and shepherd dogs.

Now come the facts in the case of the Rag-Doll, the Tatterdemalion, and the Twenty-fifth of December.

On the tenth of that month the Child of the Millionaire lost her rag-doll. There were many servants in the Millionaire's palace on the Hudson, and these ransacked the house and grounds, but without finding the lost treasure. The Child was a girl of five, and one of those perverse little beasts that often wound the sensibilities of wealthy parents by fixing their affections upon some vulgar, inexpensive toy instead of upon diamond-studded automobiles and pony phaetons.

The Child grieved sorely and truly, a thing inexplicable to the Millionaire, to whom the rag-doll market was about as interesting as Bay State Gas; and to the Lady, the Child's mother, who was all for form—that is, nearly all, as you shall see.

The Child cried inconsolably, and grew hollow-eyed, knock-kneed, spindling, and corykilverty in many other respects. The Millionaire smiled and tapped his coffers confidently. The pick of the output of the French and German toymakers was rushed by special delivery to the mansion, but Rachel refused to be comforted. She was weeping a high protective tariff against all foreign foolishness. Then doctors with the finest bedside manners and stop-watches were called in. One by one they chattered futilely about peptomanganate of iron and sea voyages and hypophosphites until their stop-watches showed that Bill Rendered was under the wire for show or place. Then, as men, they advised that the rag-doll be found as soon as possible and restored to its mourning parent. The Child sniffed at therapeutics, chewed a thumb, and waited for her Betsy. And all this time cablegrams were coming from Santa Claus saying that he would soon be here and enjoining us to show a true Christian spirit and let up on the poolrooms and tontine policies and platoon systems long enough to give him a welcome. Everywhere the spirit of Christmas was diffusing itself. The banks were refusing loans, the pawn-

brokers had doubled their gang of helpers, people bumped your shins on the streets with red sleds, Thomas and Jeremiah bubbled before you on the bars while you waited on one foot, holly-wreaths of hospitality were hung in windows of the stores, they who had 'em were getting out their furs. You hardly knew which was the best bet in balls—three, high, moth, or snow. It was no time at which to lose the rag-doll of your heart.

If Doctor Watson's investigating friend had been called in to solve this mysterious disappearance he might have observed on the Millionaire's wall a copy of "The Vampire." That would have quickly suggested, by induction, "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair." "Flip," a Scotch terrier, next to the rag-doll in the child's heart, frisked through the halls. The hank of hair! Aha! X, the unfound quantity, represented the rag-doll. But, the bone? Well, when dogs find bones they— Done! It were an easy and a fruitful task to examine Flip's fore feet. Look, Watson! Earth—dried earth between the toes. Of course the dog—but Sherlock was not there. Therefore it devolves. But topography and architecture must intervene.

The Millionaire's palace occupied a lordly space. In front of it was a lawn close-mowed as a South Ireland man's face two days after a shave. At one side of it and fronting on another street was a pleasance trimmed to a leaf, and the garage and stables. The Scotch pup had ravished the rag-doll from the nursery, dragged it to a corner of the lawn, dug a hole, and buried it after the manner of careless undertakers. There you have the mystery solved, and no checks to write for the hypodermical wizard or fi-pun notes to toss to the sergeant. Then let's get down to the heart of the thing, tiresome readers—the Christmas heart of the thing.

Fuzzy was drunk. Not riotously or helplessly or loquaciously, as you or I might get, but decently, appropriately, and inoffensively, as becomes a gentleman down on his luck.

Fuzzy was a soldier of misfortune. The road, the haystack, the park bench, the kitchen door, the bitter round of elemosynary beds-with-shower-bath-attachment, the petty pickings and ignobly garnered largesse of great cities—these formed the chapters of his history.

Fuzzy walked toward the river, down the street that

bounded one side of the Millionaire's house and grounds. He saw a leg of Betsy, the lost rag-doll, protruding, like the clue to a Liliputian murder mystery, from its untimely grave in a corner of the fence. He dragged forth the maltreated infant, tucked it under his arm, and went on his way crooning a song of his brethren that no doll that has been brought up to the sheltered life should hear. Well for Betsy that she had no ears. And well that she had no eyes save unseeing circles of black; for the faces of Fuzzy and the Scotch terrier were those of brothers, and the heart of no rag-doll could withstand twice to become the prey of such fearsome monsters.

Though you may not know it, Grogan's saloon stands near the river and near the foot of the street down which Fuzzy traveled. In Grogan's, Christmas cheer was already rampant.

Fuzzy entered with his doll. He fancied that as a mummer at the feast of Saturn he might earn a few drops from the wassail cup.

He set Betsy on the bar and addressed her loudly and humorously, seasoning his speech with exaggerated compliments and endearments, as one entertaining his lady friend. The loafers and bibbers around caught the farce of it, and roared. The bartender gave Fuzzy a drink. Oh, many of us carry rag-dolls.

"One for the lady?" suggested Fuzzy impudently, and tucked another contribution to Art beneath his waistcoat.

He began to see possibilities in Betsy. His first-night had been a success. Visions of a vaudeville circuit about town dawnd upon him.

In a group near the stove sat "Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley, and "One-ear" Mike, well and unfavorably known in the tough shoestring district that blackened the left bank of the river. They passed a newspaper back and forth among themselves. The item that each solid and blunt foreigner pointed out was an advertisement headed "One Hundred Dollars Reward." To earn it, one must return the rag-doll lost, strayed, or stolen from the Millionaire's mansion. It seemed that grief still ravaged, unchecked, in the bosom of the too faithful Child. Flip, the terrier, capered and shook his absurd whiskers before her, powerless to distract. She wailed for her Betsy in the faces of walking, talking, ma-ma-ing,

and eye-closing French Mabelles and Violettes. The advertisement was a last resort.

Black Riley came from behind the stove and approached Fuzzy in his one-sided, parabolic way.

The Christmas mummer, flushed with success, had tucked Betsy under his arm, and was about to depart to the filling of impromptu dates elsewhere.

"Say, 'Bo,'" said Black Riley to him, "where did you cop out dat doll?"

"This doll?" asked Fuzzy, touching Betsy with his forefinger to be sure that she was the one referred to. "Why, this doll was presented to me by the Emperor of Beloochistan. I have seven hundred others in my country home in Newport. This doll——"

"Cheese the funny business," said Riley. "You swiped it or picked it up at de house on de hill where—but never mind dat. You want to take fifty cents for de rags, and take it quick. Me brother's kid at home might be wantin' to play wid it. Hey—what?"

He produced the coin.

Fuzzy laughed a gurgling, insolent, alcoholic laugh in his face. Go to the office of Sarah Bernhardt's manager and propose to him that she be released from a night's performance to entertain the Tackytown Lyceum and Literary Coterie. You will hear the duplicate of Fuzzy's laugh.

Black Riley guaged Fuzzy quickly with his blueberry eye as a wrestler does. His hand was itching to play the Roman and wrest the rag Sabine from the extemporaneous merry Andrew who was entertaining an angel unaware. But he refrained. Fuzzy was fat and solid and big. Three inches of well-nourished corporeity, defended from the winter winds by dingy linen, intervened between his vest and trousers. Countless small, circular wrinkles running around his coat-sleeves and knees guaranteed the quality of his bones and muscle. His small, blue eyes, bathed in the moisture of altruism and wooziness, looked upon you kindly yet without abashment. He was whiskerly, whiskyly, fleshily formidable. So, Black Riley temporized.

"Wot'll you take for it, den?" he asked.

"Money," said Fuzzy, with husky firmness, "cannot buy her."

He was intoxicated with the artist's first sweet cup

of attainment. To set a faded-blue, earth-stained rag-doll on a bar, to hold mimic converse with it, and to find his heart leaping with the sense of plaudits earned and his throat scorching with free libations poured in his honor—could base coin buy him from such achievements? You will perceive that Fuzzy had the temperament.

Fuzzy walked out with the gait of a trained sea-lion in search of other cafes to conquer.

Though the dusk of twilight was hardly yet apparent, lights were beginning to spangle the city like pop-corn bursting in a deep skillet. Christmas eve, impatiently expected, was peeping over the brink of the hour. Millions had prepared for its celebration. Towns would be painted red. You, yourself, have heard the horns and dodged the capers of the Saturnalia.

"Pigeon" McCarthy, Black Riley and "One-ear" Mike held a hasty converse outside Grogan's. They were narrow-chested, pallid striplings, not fighters in the open, but more dangerous in their ways of warfare than the most terrible of Turks. Fuzzy, in a pitched battle, could have eaten the three of them. In a go-as-you-please encounter he was already doomed.

They overtook him just as he and Betsy were entering Costigan's Casino. They deflected him, and shoved the newspaper under his nose. Fuzzy could read—and more.

"Boys," said he, "you are certainly damn true friends. Give me a week to think it over."

The soul of a real artist is quenched with difficulty.

The boys carefully pointed out to him that advertisements were soulless, and the deficiencies of the day might not be supplied by the morrow.

"A cool hundred," said Fuzzy thoughtfully and mushily.

"Boys," said he, "you are true friends. I'll go up and claim the reward. The show business is not what it used to be."

Night was falling more surely. The three tagged at his sides to the foot of the rise on which stood the Millionaire's house. There Fuzzy turned upon them acrimoniously.

"You are a pack of putty-faced beagle-hounds," he roared. "Go away."

They went away—a little way.

In Pigeon McCarthy's pocket was a section of two-

inch gas-pipe eight inches long. In one end of it and in the middle of it was a lead plug. One-half of it was packed tight with solder. Black Riley carried a slung-shot, being a conventional thug. "One-ear" Mike relied upon a pair of brass knucks—an heirloom in the family.

"Why fetch and carry," said Black Riley, "when some one will do it for ye? Let him bring it out to us. Hey—what?"

"We can chuck him in the river," said "Pigeon" McCarthy, "with a stone tied to his feet."

"Youse guys make me tired," said "One-ear" Mike sadly. "Ain't progress ever appealed to none of yez? Sprinkle a little gasoline on 'im, and drop 'im on the drive—well?"

Fuzzy entered the Millionaire's gate and zig-zagged toward the softly glowing entrance of the mansion. The three goblins came up to the gate and lingered—one on each side of it, one beyond the roadway. They fingered their cold metal and leather, confident.

Fuzzy rang the door-bell, smiling foolishly and dreamily. An atavistic instinct prompted him to reach for the button of his right glove. But he wore no gloves; so his left hand dropped, embarrassed.

The particular menial whose duty it was to open doors to silks and laces shied at first sight of Fuzzy. But a second glance took in his passport, his card of admission, his surety of welcome—the lost rag-doll of the daughter of the house dangling under his arm.

Fuzzy was admitted into a great hall, dim with the glow from unseen lights. The hireling went away and returned with a maid and the Child. The doll was restored to the mourning one. She clasped her lost darling to her breast; and then, with the inordinate selfishness and candor of childhood, stamped her foot and whined hatred and fear of the odious being who had rescued her from the depths of sorrow and despair. Fuzzy wriggled himself into an ingratiatory attitude and essayed the idiotic smile and blattering small talk that is supposed to charm the budding intellect of the young. The Child bawled, and was dragged away, hugging her Betsy close.

There came the Secretary, pale, poised, polished, gliding in pumps, and worshipping pomp and ceremony. He counted out into Fuzzy's hand ten ten-dollar bills;

then dropped his eye upon the door, transferred it to James, its custodian, indicated the obnoxious earner of the reward with the other, and allowed his pumps to waft him away to secretarial regions.

When the money touched Fuzzy's dingy palm his first instinct was to take to his heels; but a second thought restrained him from that blunder of etiquette. It was his; it had been given him. It—and, oh, what an elysium it opened to the gaze of his mind's eye! He had tumbled to the foot of the ladder; he was hungry, homeless, friendless, ragged, cold, drifting; and he held in his hand the key to a paradise of the mud-honey that he craved. The fairy doll had waved a wand with her rag-stuffed hand; and now wherever he might go the enchanted palaces with shining foot-rests and magic red fluids in gleaming glassware would be open to him.

He followed James to the door.

He paused there as the flunkey drew open the great mahogany portal for him to pass into the vestibule.

Beyond the wrought-iron gates in the dark highway Black Riley and his two pals casually strolled, fingering under their coats the inevitably fatal weapons that were to make the reward of the rag-doll theirs.

Fuzzy stopped at the Millionaire's door and bethought himself. Like little sprigs of mistletoe on a dead tree, certain living green thoughts and memories began to decorate his confused mind. He was quite drunk, mind you, and the present was beginning to fade. Those wreaths and festoons of holly with their scarlet berries making the great hall gay—where had he seen such things before? Somewhere he had known polished floors and odors of fresh flowers in winter, and—and some one was singing a song in the house that he thought he had heard before. Some one singing and playing a harp. Of course it was Christmas—Fuzzy thought he must have been pretty drunk to have overlooked that.

And then he went out of the present, and there came back to him out of some impossible, vanished and irrevocable past a little, pure-white, transient, forgotten ghost—the spirit of noblesse oblige. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve.

James opened the outer door. A stream of light went down the graveled walk to the iron gate. Black Riley,

McCarthy and One-ear Mike saw, and carelessly drew their sinister cordon closer about the gate.

With a more imperious gesture than James' master had ever used or could ever use, Fuzzy compelled the menial to close the door. Upon a gentleman certain things devolve. Especially at the Christmas season.

"It is cust—customary," he said to James, the flustered, "when a gentleman calls on Christmas eve to pass the compliments of the season with the lady of the house. You und'stand? I shall not move shtep till I pass compliment's season with lady the house. Und'stand?"

There was an argument. James lost. Fuzzy raised his voice and sent it through the house unpleasantly. I did not say he was a gentleman. He was simply a tramp being visited by a ghost.

A sterling silver bell rang. James went back to answer it, leaving Fuzzy in the hall. James explained somewhere to someone.

Then he came and conducted Fuzzy into the library.

The lady entered a moment later. She was more beautiful and holy than any picture that Fuzzy had seen. She smiled, and said something about a doll. Fuzzy didn't understand that; he remembered nothing about a doll.

A footman brought in two small glasses of sparkling wine on a stamped sterling-silver waiter. The lady took one. The other was handed to Fuzzy.

As his fingers closed on the slender glass stem his disabilities dropped from him for one brief moment. He straightened himself; and Time, so disobliging to most of us, turned backward to accommodate Fuzzy.

Forgotten Christmas ghosts whiter than the false beards of the most opulent Kriss Kringle were rising in the fumes of Grogan's whisky. What had the Millionaire's mansion to do with a long, wainscoted Virginia hall, where the riders were grouped around a silver punch-bowl, drinking the ancient toast of the house? And why should the patter of the cab horses' hoofs on the frozen street be in any wise related to the sound of the saddled hunters stamping under the shelter of the west veranda? And what had Fuzzy to do with any of it?

The lady, looking at him over her glass, let her condescending smile fade away like a false dawn. Her eyes turned serious. She saw something beneath the

rags and Scotch terrier whiskers that she did not understand. But it did not matter.

Fuzzy lifted his glass and smiled vacantly.

"P-pardon, lady," he said, "but couldn't leave without exchangin' comp'ments sheason with lady th' house. 'Gainst princ'les gen'leman do sho."

And then he began the ancient salutation that was a tradition in the house when men wore lace ruffles and powder.

"The blessings of another year—"

Fuzzy's memory failed him. The lady prompted:

"—Be upon this hearth."

"—The guest—" stammered Fuzzy.

"—And upon her who—" continued the lady, with a leading smile.

"Oh, cut it out," said Fuzzy, ill-manneredly. "I can't remember. Drink hearty."

Fuzzy had shot his arrow. They drank. The lady smiled again the smile of her caste. James enveloped Fuzzy and re-conducted him toward the front door. The harp music still softly drifted through the house.

Outside, Black Riley breathed on his cold hands and hugged the gate.

"I wonder," said the lady to herself, musing, "who—but there were so many who came. I wonder whether memory is a curse or a blessing to them after they have fallen so low."

Fuzzy and his escort were nearly at the door. The lady called: "James!"

James stalked back obsequiously, leaving Fuzzy waiting unsteadily, with his brief spark of the divine fire gone.

Outside, Black Riley stamped his cold feet and got a firmer grip on his section of gas-pipe.

"You will conduct this gentleman," said the lady, "down-stairs. Then tell Louis to get out the Mercedes and take him to whatever place he wishes to go."

In Loco Parentis*

BY MYRA KELLY.



INDERELLA had a Fairy-Godmother; Aladdin had a Wonderful Lamp; Isidore Belchatosky had an Uncle Abraham. Uncle Abraham combined the power of the genii with the complaisance of the godmother, and was further distinguished by a distracting generosity of cast-off clothes.

The speckled vest which shrouded Isidore's form had once belonged to Uncle Abey. It was crossed by a steel watch chain, the gift of Uncle Abey. Its pocket waited—open-mouthed—for a fat and noisy watch, promised by Uncle Abey. The bold plaid trousers which reached from Isidore's ankles to his armpits, and showed so pleasingly through the opening of the speckled vest, had but lately graced the limbs of Uncle Abey.

"These is nicer nor that velvet suit you used to wear. Them was sissy clothes."

"These is fer man's suits," Isidore proudly informed him. "I gets 'em from off of mine Uncle Abey. The lady by our floor she makes pants fer her little boy mit the legs, and I puts me on mit the rest."

"Your uncle could to be awful big," commented Morris Mogilewsky.

"Sure is he big."

"Is he high?"

"Sure is he high. Like a house is he high."

"Und fat?"

"He is fat like blocks from houses."

"Did you ever," asked Patrick, "see Father Burke over to St. Mary's? Is your uncle as fat as him?"

"Fatter," Isidore maintained. "Say, you open me the back of this waist und I shows you how is mine uncle fat."

Morris undid the buckle.

"Fill it up from coats," Isidore commanded, "und you could to see how is mine Uncle Abey fat."

It was recess time. The yard was swarming with little

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boys, and the discrepancy in girth between Isidore and his uncle was soon overcome. Coats, caps, mufflers, even luncheons, were pressed into service, until Isidore, looking like the most backward tilted of pouter pigeons, turnd to Patrick.

"Mine uncle is fat like that," said he. "I guess nobody in that world could be fat how mine Uncle Abey is."

"You lie," cried Patrick Brennan. "No sheeny could be as fat as a priest."

"*You* lie," retorted Isidore; "mine Uncle Abey is."

Whereupon they fought. The relative avoirdupois of priest and Levite was still undetermined when a large monitor dragged the kicking combatants to Room 18, and delivered them to Miss Bailey, their long-suffering teacher.

"Mine uncle is fatter," Isidore persisted, even when Miss Bailey had consigned him to the corner near the bookcase. "He's fatter'n blocks from houses und bunches from priests." But the bell rang and Patrick could only pant, "Then why don't he come around? Why don't he ever come around?"

"He is comin'!"

And strangely enough, he did emerge from the invisibility which had held him. Isidore's youth was leaving him. His seventh birthday was even then approaching, and Uncle Abraham craved—by formal note—Miss Bailey's permission to mark the flight of time by giving a party to the First Reader Class.

There never had been a more successful party. Also the refreshments promised well.

"It's hoky poky," pronounced Sarah Schodsky whose word upon all social matters was law and final. "It's hoky poky. A man by our block he sells it. You gets a awful little bit fer a penny. I seen how Ikey Borrachsohn buys some once."

"Cake costs money too, und candy," said Isidore. "Only mine uncle he don't care. He's got lots. He's got kind feelin's over me too, und so he makes a party over mine birthday. Say, he's awful rich."

"He's stylish too," said Eva. "Ain't you seen how he makes all things what is polite mit Teacher? I never in my world seen how he is polite."

The audience was still hanging spell-bound upon the

voice of Yetta Aaronsohn when Teacher rose suddenly and announced that it was time to say good-by. One verse of Yetta's selection, whose refrain was "She's More to be Pitied than Censured," had been quite enough for Miss Bailey.

As Isidore, still miles from the ground of common things, was being led home by a proud uncle, that relative turned to him and demanded:

"Who is that teacher what you've got?"

"That's Missis Bailey. Ain't she a nice teacher?"

"Nice!" repeated Uncle Abey. "She's fine. All silk and a yard wide."

"Missis Blake is wider," Isidore was forced to admit, "but Missis Bailey is nicer. Ain't I tell you from long how she says all things what is nice over them clothes what you gives me."

"I've got some more for you," announced the uncle. "You wear 'em to-morrow and tell her where you got 'em."

For many days on his way to school he bore gifts proffered by Uncle Abraham, and always on his way from school he bore gifts rejected by Miss Bailey. And then Teacher wrote a short, polite, but clear statement of her wishes.

"Teacher ain't mad?" Uncle Abey asked, when he read it.

"No. She has kind feelin's," Isidore assured him. "All times she says what is polite over that party."

"Then why don't she take the things I send her? Why don't she want diamonds and books and perfumery?"

The question was large, but Isidore grappled with it. After prayerful and long consideration he delivered himself of the opinion:

"I guess, maybe, she's hungry. She don't needs she should wear somethings; she don't needs she should look on somethings; she don't needs even she should smell somethings. She needs she should eat."

"Gott!" said Uncle Abraham. "That's fierce. We'll have to have another party right away. An' I'll have ice cream and cake for you kinds, but for her I'll have something filling. Don't you suppose she gets enough to eat at home?"

"Well," said Isidore, "she ain't so awful big und she ain't so awful fat. She's skinny. She says all times how

you is nice und fat. She says she ain't never seen no clothes what is big like yours is."

"Then we'll have that party right away," said Uncle Abraham.

"But I ain't got no more birthdays," Isidore objected. "You can't have a party 'out no birthday."

"She's got to have something to eat. She's got to have a party. You ask her when her birthday is."

Isidore asked and crestfallenly reported that Teacher would remain at her present years until July. "Und in July there ain't no school und in the school there ain't no birthdays."

But Isidore had reckoned without George Washington. His birthday was neither past nor distant, and American public spirit gave Uncle Abraham the opportunity which he had sought and even attempted to manufacture.

Even as George Washington transcended Isidore Belchatosky in fame and in glory, so did Uncle Abraham's second celebration transcend his first. The ice cream was red and white and blue. So were the cakes. Red, white and blue was Uncle Abraham's necktie, his vest, his handkerchiefs, his socks, and the solid bouquet which he presented, with many speeches, to Miss Bailey.

Upon this occasion everything was arranged, orderly, glaringly American. Even the songs and recitations were selected, rehearsed, and patriotic. There were solos; there was a grand chorus of an utterly unintelligible version of "My Country 'tis of Thee." Patrick Brennan had learned from his father and now informed the First Reader Class that "a government by the people, of the people, and for the people" would do the people a lot of good. Nathan Spiderwitz loudly, but somewhat indistinctly, "swore allegiance to his flag and to the Republic for which it stands," etc.

And then Uncle Abraham took the floor. This speech began with a laudation of Miss Bailey.

"Who was George Washington?"

"A God from off of Krishts," answered Ignatius Aloysius Diamantstein. "He's got gold buttons und a horse."

"I seen him on a p'rade," cried Morris Mogilewsky. "Him und Cap. Dreyfus rides by side themselves. George Wash'ton has awful stylish looks."

"He is the papa off of the country where flowers und Fresh Air Funds stands," submitted Eva Gonorowsky.

"He has two birthdays," said Isidore Belchatosky, enviously. "To-morrow is one und Christmas is one. It could to be awful nice."

"He never tells no lies," was Sadie Gonorowsky's contribution to the fund of historic data. "He hooks a great big all of cherries from off his papa's push-cart. Und sooner his papa hollers on him he tells it right out how he takes 'em und he gives 'em back."

Miss Bailey listened in dismay. But before she could stem his eloquence he was launched upon the war story, and the eliminating and expurgating of weeks was undone. He swam through seas of blood. He cracked his hearers' ears with cannon. He undermined their nerves with cries of agony and death. Miss Bailey stopped him when she could and trusted that the First Reader Class would understand as little of his eloquence as they had of hers.

When it was all over Isidore Belchatosky began to carry out his uncle's instructions:

"Parties like that costs whole bunches of money," he remarked.

"Indeed, they do," Miss Bailey agreed. "It was a beautiful party, a beautiful, beautiful party."

"Parties cost whole bunches of money," continued Isidore. "But mine uncle he don't care, he likes you should have parties. He is got kind feelings over me, und you, and George Wash'ton. He's got whole bunches of money, too."

"Surely he must have. Does he keep a store all of his own?"

"No, ma'am."

"Does he work in one?"

"Mine uncle? No ma'am. Mine uncle don't work. He plays."

"The piano? How nice! And does he get all his money for that?"

"No, ma'am, he don't plays pianos."

"At the theatre, then? Is he an actor?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, then, what does he play?"

"He don't play nothings. He just plays."

"Did you ever see him doing it?" asked the puzzled Miss Bailey.

"No, ma'am. I ain't seen. He plays by night und I

lays then on mine bed. Comes mans und comes ladies und plays mit mine Uncle Abey. They gives him whole bunches of money the while he plays mit 'em so nice."

When Miss Bailey and her corps of monitors were leaving the school one afternoon they found Isidore Belchatosky, who had not graced Room 18 during the day, in copious tears upon the big steps. He was wonderfully unkempt and bedraggled, and Teacher paused an appreciable moment before she sat close beside him and gathered his dejected little body to her.

"What is it, honey?" she crooned. "What's the matter with the poor old boy?"

"Oh, mine uncle," wailed Isidore, "mine poor uncle." "Your Uncle Abraham?"

"Yiss, ma'am. I ain't got no more uncle, on'y him. I ain't got no mamma nor no papa nor nothin' on'y mine uncle, und now they takes him away. I ain't got nobody. The lady by our floor is nice on'y I ain't lovin' so awful much mit her. I needs mine Uncle Abey. He had feelings. He makes on me und you und George Washington, parties. He is kind mans."

"Huh!" snorted Patrick Brennan, "he shot me pop."

"'Cause your papa was rubberin' round. Your papa is awful nosy. He comes mit that all of mans und they takes mine uncle's chips und his cards und a table what he had mit turning wheels. Chases him around und they holds the mans und ladies what was playin' mit mine uncle—the ladies they hollers somethin' fierce. So-o-oh mine uncle he takes his shootin' pistol und he shoots Patrick Brennan's nosy papa in the leg."

"That was very wrong of him," said Teacher.

"Ain't George Wash'ton made shoots mit pistols?" demanded Isidore.

"Yes, he did," admitted Miss Bailey.

"Ain't he hit a great big all of mans? Und ain't they made him presidents over it und papas off of countries where flowers stands und birds sings?"

"They don't make presidents that way any more."

"Ain't Teddy Rosenfelt hit mans? Und ain't they made him presidents over it?"

"But that was from long, Izzie," Eva reminded him.

"But that's altogether different," added Miss Bailey.

"Und Izzie," said Morris Mogilewsky, summing the matter up, "George Wash'ton he ain't hit mans in legs

mit shootin' pistols 'out killin' 'em. You couldn't to be presidents und papas over that. George Wash'ton he kills 'em all bloody und dead. He kills bunches of tousens of mans. Why ain't your uncle kill somebody?"

"He hits him in the leg," reiterated Isidore, sadly.

"But he ain't killed 'em. Und, Izzie, sooner you ain't killed somebody bloody und dead, you couldn't to be presidents und papas off of countries."



The Ashes of Old Wishes*

BY HERMINIE TEMPLETON.



T was Christmas Eve and ever since supper, when Bridget and the children went to bed—the better to get an early start for midnight Christmas Mass—Darby and Malachi, the yellow cat, sat opposite each other in the glow of the smouldering turf.

"This is Christmas Eve, Malachi. I suppose ye know that; and be all tokens I'd ought to be a happy man. But I'm goin' to tell ye something: I am n't. Have ye noticed anything quare about the taste of the bacon lately, Malachi? or the petaties? or the buttermilk? No, to be sure; how could ye!" Darby scratched his head and heaved a deep sigh. "As far as I'm consarned nothin' I put in me mouth has the right smack to it." The good man pointed his pipe impressively at the cat. "There's something or other I want bad, Malachi; I dunno' rightly what it is, but whatever it may be, I'll never be rale happy till I get it. I'd wind the clock, and you and me'd go to bed this minute, so we would, Malachi, if I didn't know that Brian Connors, the King of the Fairies, would surely pay us a wisit the night.

"Oh, be the powers, Malachi! I came near forgetting to tell ye me dhrame. I dhramed last night I was picking up gold sovereigns till me back ached. So maybe the King of the Fairies'll bring me some traymendous pres-

* Reprinted from *McClure's Magazine*.

ent."—At that moment a great puff of smoke nearly blinded Darby—after rubbing his eyes he looked up and saw the King of the Fairies sitting on his favorite stool on the opposite side of the hearth.

"The top of the avenin' to ye, Darby O'Gill," piped he, "an' the compliments of the sayson to you an' yours."

"The same to yerself," coughed Darby, rubbing his eyes, "an' if it isn't axing ye to go out of yer way too much, King, I'll thank ye afther this to come in be the dure or the windy, and not be takin' thim short cuts down through the chimbley. You nearly put the two eyes out of me head, so ye did."

"Oh, faith, Darby me sowl," laughed the King, good-naturedly, "the Christmas present I've brought ye'll put the two eyes back again, and brighter than ever. I've brought ye a jug of the foatest potteen in all Ireland around."

Darby's jaw dropped to his chest. "Th-thank-ye kindly, King," he stuttered.

The evident chagrin of his friend was not lost on the Master of the Good People, and the quick tempered little King flared up instantly. "So my present isn't grand enough for you, and the loikes of you. Maybe it's the phy-losopher's stone or maybe it's riches or——"

"You're right, King, it's riches I want! It's riches; an' that's the laste ye might be afther givin' me."

"Haven't I tould ye ag'in and ag'in that I'd never rune ye an' spile ye by givin' ye riches? Haven't——"

"Oh, ye ongrateful omadhaun! just to punish ye I've a mind to— By jayminie I will—I'll give ye any three wishes you make this night, barrin' riches. I won't break me wurrud on that score."

"Do you mane it, King?"

"I do mane it. Out with them then! What do ye want?"

"Well, first an' foremost, King, I want the he-licks-her of life, that Maureen Cavanaugh, the schoolmaster, was readin' about. I want to live forever."

"Well, go on, man alive, what'll ye be wantin' next?"

"Well, afther that, if it's not too much throuble, ye may make me as comfortable an' as well off as the rich Lord Killgobbin."

"I will that! I'll make ye as well off an' as comfortable as Lord Killgobbin—with every vein of me heart. Go on!"

"The third wish, King, is the easiest of all to grant. Make me happy."

"That I will! you won't know yerself. Wait till I'm done with ye. An' we'll lose no time about it, ayther. We're goin' into strrange places, me bould Trojan, an' I think it best we go unwisible. Come nearer to me."

With much impressiveness the little King of the Good People raised his hand and touched his companion lightly on the arm.

On the moment a strange tingling chill swept over Darby, and he began to grow invisible. First his feet faded into thin air; and even as he stared open-mouthed at the place they had been, his knees disappeared; and the next second the lad felt himself snuffed out like a tallow dip.

The King also was gone, but presently the familiar voice of the little fairy sounded from its place on the stool:

"We're goin' out now, avourneen."

"But how can I go out," wailed Darby in great distress. "Where are me two foine legs? What's become of me I'd like to know?"

"Be aisy! man, you'll not nade yer legs for awhile. I'll put ye astride a horse the night the loike of which ye never rode afore. You're goin' to ride the wind, Darby. Listen! D'ye hear it callin' us?"

In a moment the astonished man was three miles from home standing beside the King in old Daniel Delaney's kitchen.

"Mark well what ye see and hear, Darby O'Gill, for this is but a shadow of your first wish—the wish to live forever. This is the ashes of long life."

Before the lonely hearth sat old Daniel Delaney and his wife Julia. Half the country knew their desolate history. Ninety-two years had passed over their heads, and seventy years they had lived together as man and wife. Of all the old couples in that parish—and there were many of them—Daniel Delaney and his wife were the very oldest, and the loneliest. Twenty years ago their last child had died in America, an old man.

"Will I be like Dan'l Delaney?" he whispered fearfully to the King.

"Worse. You'll be all alone; Bridget'll be gone from you."

"Come away, come away, King," urged Darby, hoarsely. "When Bridget an' the childer are in the churchyard I want to lie with them. Yez may keep the he-licks-her, King. I want none of it."

"I thought so. Now for your second wish," said the King.

The words weren't out of his mouth till Darby found himself standing with the fairy in the window recess of a large, and brilliantly lighted bedroom in Killgobbin Castle. Soft, moss-green carpets an inch thick covered the floor. In a far corner of the room stood a canopied mahogany bed. Before a bright, hot fire of fine sea-coals, sat the rich and powerful Lord Killgobbin, gray-haired and shaggy-browed. His lordship's right leg, bandaged and swollen, rested upon a low chair piled high with cushions. "Darby," whispered the King, "yonder is Lord Killgobbin, and remember I was to make you as comfortable, and as well off as he!"

The fairy was still speaking when the nobleman let a roar out of him that rattled the fire-irons. "My supper! Where's my supper? Get out of that you red-legged omahdaun," he bellowed to a crimson liveried servant who waited cowering just inside the door. "Bring up my supper at once or I'll have your heart's blood. No pulling bread and milk, mind you, but a rousing supper for Christmas Eve. Be off!"

The footman was off immediately, and presently returned with two wild-eyed footmen in crimson livery, each bearing a silver tray. The first servant carried a bowl of thin gruel, the second a plate of dry toast and the salt, while the third bore aloft a small pot of weak tea, without cream or sugar.

"What's that ye have in the bowl, ye devil's limb ye?"

"The docthor, your Lordship—an'—her ladyship, sir, seein' as it's Christmas Eve, thought that you'd like—that you'd like a—a—little change, so instead of bread an'—an' milk, they sent ye a little thin gruel, sir."

"The curse of the crows on ye all," shouted Killgobbin, "you'd starve me, would yez?"

"Yes, sir—I—I mane no, your Lordship!" roared the terrified servant.

"Christmas Eve and a bowl of gruel! Christmas Eve with a sliver of toast and tay."

"Yes, sir."

"Take that! I haven't had a meal fit for a dog in six weeks; six weeks, d'ye hear me, ye sniveling rascalion?"

"No, sir—I—I mane yes, sir!"

"You're killing me by inches, so ye are! Ye murtherin' ringleaders ye."

"Yes, sir. Och! I mane no, sir."

Darby turned a disappointed face to the Master of the Fairies. "Thanks be we're unvisible, King. I wouldn't have that leg of Killgobbin's for all the money in the four provinces. Come away, come away, King. I forgive ye me first two wishes, an' I'll ax only for the third: Make me happy—it's all I'll ax."

"Oh, aye, the happiness! Sure enough! Truth I almost forgot the happiness. But never fear it'll have ye dancin' an' jumpin' along the road before ye raich home."

To Darby's surprise he found himself and the King huddled together under the dripping eaves of a low, thatched building which crouched by the wayside.

"By Gar, King, that was a long jump we med. I'm only half a mile from home. This is Joey Hooligan's smithy."

"Thru for ye, Darby me bouchal," answered the King. "I've brought ye here to show ye the only raley thruly happy man in this townland. Ye may take a look at him, he's sittin' within."

"Tell me first, King, before I look; is he a married man? I dunno."

"He is not," said the King.

"Of course," sighed Darby, "careless and free. Well, is he rich? But sure I naden't ax. He must be—very."

"Sthop yer blatherin', man alive, an' come over to the windy and do as I bid ye."

"Why, you're making game of me, King! That's only Tom the child—the poor innocent who never had an ounce of wit since the day he was born!"

"I know it," said the King, "that's the rayson he's perfectly happy. He has no regret for yesterday nor no fear for to-morrow. He's had his supper, there's a fire

ferninst him, a roof over his head for the night, so what more does he want."

"There goes the last of me three grand wishes. I'm chated out of all of them, an' all you've left me for me night's throuble is the ashes of me wishes, a cowld in my chist from me wet brogues, an' a croak in me talk, so that I wouldn't know me own voice if I was in the next room. If you've done wid me now, King, I'll thank ye to make me wisible ag'in so that I can go home to me own dacint fambly."

There was no reply. Darby waited a moment in silence and then the horrible realization flashed over him that he was alone.

"Ochone mavrone, haven't I the misfortune!" he wailed. "I'm fairly massacred, so I am. What'll Bridget say to have a poor, hoarse voice goin' croaking about the house instid of the foine lookin' man I was. Oh, vo! vo!" he roared. "I wondher if I can ate me vittles! What'll I do with the new shuit of clothes? What'll I say to—"

"Hould on to whatever's botherin' ye, Darby me friend. Don't be afeard, I'm comin' to ye!" It was the King's voice high in the air above Darby's head. The next instant our hero felt a touch upon the arm and he and the King popped into clear visibility again.

Darby heaved a chest-splitting sigh of relief. "I thought you'd desarted me, King."

"Foolish man," piped the fairy, "I was loathe to have ye go home disappointed and empty-handed, but to save me life I didn't know what ye naded that'd do you any good. So I flew off with myself to your house, and Malachi, the cat, tould me that ye naded something; ye didn't know exactly what it was, but whatever it was ye'd never be happy till ye got it!"

"It's thrue for ye, them were me very worruds."

"Well, I'll lave ye here now, Darby, and do not hurry along your way. Look nayther to the right nor to the left, an' somewhere on the road betwixt this an' your thrashol' the thing that'll do ye most good in the worruld'll catch up with ye. I'm off."

"Good-night, King. I wonder what it'll be like," he said to himself over and over again. He had reached the tall hedge of Hagan's meadow and was already laughing and chuckling to himself over a sudden remembrance of

Lord Killgobbin's butler roaring in the corner, when suddenly something happened which brought him to a dead stop in the road.

Swift as lightning there darted through the lad's jaw a pain like the twang of a fiddle-string.

"Oh-h murdher in Irish, what's come over me! Be the powers of Moll Hagan's cat 't is the toothache." The poor man broke into a run as if to escape from the terrible pain, but as fast as he went the throb in his jaw kept time and tune to his flying feet.

"Oh, am n't I the foolish man to be galivantin' around this blessed night pryin' into other people's business. It's a punishment. I wish I had that rapscallion of a King here now," he moaned as he reached the stile leading into his own field.

"That wish is granted at any rate, Darby asthore! What's your hurry?"

There on the top of the stile, quizzical, cheery and expectant, waited the little fairy.

"Ow—um! Is this pain in the tooth the bliggard present you promised me, Brian Connors?"

"It is. I came to the conclusion that you wor actually blue-molded for want of a little rale throuble, so I gave it to ye. Ye naded a joutl or two to make ye appreciate how well off ye wor before.

"You are like all the rest of the worruld, Darby O'Gill. Yu never appreciate what you have till you lose it. A man spinds his happiest days, grunting and groaning, but tin years afther they're over an' gone, he says to himself, 'Oh, wer'n't thim the happy, happy times?' If I take away the toothache will ye be raisonably happy, Darby? I dunno."

The persecuted man's spirit rose in unreasoning rebellion. "No, I won't," he shouted.

"Thin kape it. Please yerself. Good-night." And the place where the friendly little King had been sitting was empty. He had vanished utterly.

"Come back, come back, King!" howled Darby. "I was a fool. Ouch! Oh, the top of me head went that time. If you'll only take away this murdherin' pain, King, I'll be the happiest man in Ireland ground, so I will."

The appeal was no sooner uttered than the pain left

him, and a soft, friendly laugh floated down through the darkness.

"You'll find the jug of potteen snug be the dure, avick, and all the happiness any mortal man's entitled to waiting for ye beyant the thrashol'—an' that's nothing more nor less than peace and plenty, and a warm-hearted, clear-headed woman for a wife and eight of the purtiest childher in the country of Tipperary. Go in to thim. Don't be fretting yourself any more over aymayginary throubles, for as sure as ye do, the toothache'll take a hammer or two at your gooms just to kape ye swate-minded an' cheerful. The compliments of the sayson to you an' yours. I'm off."

The King's voice, lifted in a song, floated farther and farther away:

*"If you've mate whin you're hungry,
And dhrink whin you're dhry,
Not too young whin you're marreed,
Nor too ould whin you die—
Thin go happy, go lucky;
Go lucky, go happy;
Poor happy go lucky,
Good-bye, good-bye.
Bould happy go lucky
Good-bye."*

The song died away like a sigh of the wind in the hedges. Then clear and sweet broke the chapel bell across the listening fields, calling the parish, young and old, to midnight Mass. As Darby turned he saw every window in his cottage ablaze with cheerful light, and his own face glowed in warm response. With his hand on the door he paused and murmured:

"Why, thin, afther this night I'll always say that the man who can't find happiness in his own home naedn't look for it elsewhere."

Nixie of the Neighborhood*

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON.



HEN a daughter was born to the Dixons, the mother, who was a frail little woman with wistful blue eyes, masses of brown ringlets, and an insatiable appetite for romantic literature, had christened her Daphne Rosabelle, but to her father and Philamaclique she was Nixie.

Nixie had none of her mother's beauty. She was a puny child with a turned-up nose, a pair of inquisitive brown eyes, a wide mouth, crooked teeth, and two long pigtails of ginger-colored hair that were the worry of her life. Her bony little body was never still, but hopped and skipped about on two thin legs, that terminated in long, slender feet, as if she moved on springs; and yet she was the pet of the neighborhood—the pet and the plague, for, being too delicate to attend school, she was under everybody's feet, and, having a most precocious intellect, heard everything that went on and understood far more than was good for her.

"There ain't a day goes over my head," wheezed Mrs. Keel to Mrs. Wilson, as they stood at their regular morning conversational across the back fence, "that I don't feel like spankin' Nixie Dixon an' sendin' her home a-flyin'; an' there ain't one goes by that I don't set down an' rock her for a spell an' chuckle over her chatter. This whole neighborhood, 'long of Tamer Kislick, is utterly spoilin' her. That mother of hers ain't worth the powder to blow her up, an' as for her pa, he's took up makin' money to remember he's got her."

"She certainly is the beatin'est little tike I ever did see," agreed Mrs. Wilson, fanning herself with her sunbonnet. "Wilson said yesterday when he was mendin' the lock of their smokehouse Nixie was botherin' round, playin' with his tools, when she up an' says, 'Mr. Wilson, do you s'pose angels carry screw-drivers in their pockets?' 'What ever put that into your head?' says he. 'Why,' says she, hoppin' first on one foot an' then on t'other, 'if they don't, how they goin' to git the screws

* From *The Outlook*, February, 1904.

out of the coffin-lids when they come after the dead folks?" "How did you know they had screws in coffin-lids?" says Wilson, for he never did believe in our young ones hearin' talk about such things. "Pooh!" says Nixie, brazen as a penny, "there ain't been a buryin' this side of the square I ain't been to, an' I jest love the little cold chills that go wigglin' down your back when the screws go squeak!"

"She's awful," wheezed Mrs. Keel. "But, la me, jest wait till you're sick! I ain't had a spell of asthmy for a year she ain't come a-walkin' on her tiptoes bringin' me a posy in a bottle, an' gettin' me drinks, an' fannin' me, an' settin' by me that quiet. She's a dreadful comfort after Emmy's whinin' 'round an' Billy's racketin'. There she comes now, hippity-hoppin'. Well, Nixie, what's up now?"

"Oh. Mrs. Keel," replied the child, seating herself on the step and tossing her braids over her shoulders, "what do you think? Mrs. Mooney is getting company!"

"Now, Nixie Dixon," Mrs. Keel looked reprovingly over her spectacles, "I believe you're makin' that out of the whole cloth. I've lived neighbor to Mis' Mooney for twenty years, an' I ain't been in her house more than half a dozen times, an' she didn't care much about my bein' there then. How do you know she's gittin' company?"

"I'm telling the 'deed-double-truth, cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die!" declared Nixie, hammering her knee with her little freckled fist. "I heard papa and Lawyer Neely talking about it last night when I was lying on the lounge and they thought I was asleep. Mrs. Mooney is rich!—awful rich; I guess she's got as much as a hundred dollars, and she keeps it in my papa's bank, and he and Lawyer Neely helped her make a will, and her niece is coming to live with her, and when Mrs. Mooney dies she will get every single penny, and papa says the Mooneys will be hopping when they find it out."

Mrs. Keel was leaning with both fat arms upon the railing, drinking in every word.

"Is that all, honey?" she asked, breathlessly. "Ain't there any more to it?"

"Lots! Only," admitted Nixie, regretfully, "papa whispered some, because I got so itchy I had to scratch my ear, and then I went to sleep before I meant to."

Tamer Kislick was just eighteen when she became a member of the Dixon household—an awkward, raw-boned girl with a heart as tender as a child's. She had come to the Dixons when Nixie was born, and there had never been a day since when she could leave them.

It was Tamer who fed and clothed and watched over the motherless little life. It was Tamer who heard Nixie's prayers and plaited the white twine in the ginger-colored pigtails for week-days and blue ribbons for Sundays. It was Tamer who declared her too delicate for school, who attended to her little morals and her childish ills. Mr. Dixon loved the child and had dreams of leaving her a great heiress, as heiresses went in Philamaclique, but for all the rest he was willing to trust Tamer.

When the shabby old hack drove up to Mrs. Mooney's door, there was hardly a house in the neighborhood that did not have its gazer from behind curtains or through the half-closed slats of the shutters. As for Nixie Dixon, she swung shamelessly on Keel's gate, until Mrs. Keel called from the window in a husky whisper:

"Nixie, for goodness' sake, where's your manners? They'll see you starin'! Do come in!"

"I'd rather stare than peek!" returned Nixie, so shrilly that Mrs. Wilson said afterward her "pa'm jest itched to slap her." But Nixie didn't care. When the hack had driven away, she jumped down from the gate, and, in spite of Mrs. Keel's wheezy calling, sped away, her pig-tails flying out behind, to Tamer, who had raked the front yard all afternoon in hope of seeing the arrival, only to be cheated out of it by going to get a drink.

"Drat it all!" she exclaimed, as she hung the tin cup on the pump, "that's what I git for eatin' so much ham for dinner; if I had half sense I'd knowed better."

"Oh, Tamer," cried Nixie, skipping up and down on the porch like a jumping-jack, "she's the loveliest lady you ever saw—but she's a limpy woman and goes with her bent knee on a chair—and they took it down from where it was riding by Billy Sharp; he was driving the hack—it's painted green—the chair, I mean—and she bumped along just as fast! She had on a beautiful green delaine dress, with little yellow eggs in it—and a May Queen hat with a green ribbon, and gloves, Tamer—kid gloves, brown and shiny; and a black silk

sack, with big pearl buttons." Nixie's breath was coming in gasps. "And she had brown hair, all nice and wavy, and the sweetest face—and her reticule was green velvet, with steel beads—and—and, Tamer, she just looks exactly like the pictures of Jesus' mother in the big Sunday Bible—she does—she does!"

"You wicked young 'un," cried Tamer, overcome with horror. "Where will you go when you die!"

"Deed and truly, black and bluely, Tamer, I'm *not* wicked," protested Nixie. "She's just that sweet and heartbrokey. There! I've told you every living thing I saw, and now I'm going."

But Tamer was too quick for the child and snatched her up in her arms.

"Where are you goin', Nixie Dixon? Tell me this blessed minute!"

"Let me down, you bad old Tamer," squealed Nixie, wriggling and kicking. "I'm going to see my lady with the green chair. I love her bushels more than I do you!" And Tamer's heart was pinched with jealousy.

"Now, look here, Nixie Dixon, you're not going one step to Mis' Mooney's, a-taggin' after a strange lady like that. If you promise me, cross-your-heart, you won't go in, you can go an' set on Mis' Keel's gutter-bridge, an' mebby you'll see her, if she comes out."

At last Nixie yielded, and sat subdued and tearful on the plank that crossed the deep gutter at Keel's, swinging her feet in the odoriferous dog-fennel that grew there knee-high.

"It do beat all the way Nixie and Mis' Mooney's niece has took to each other," remarked Mrs. Keel a few days later to Mrs. Wilson. "A body misses Nixie 'most as quick as you would the 'Advocate,' an' I don't believe she's been in this week. Emmy says Miss Seeley gives her lessons on the back porch in the mornin'; it's real nice of her, too, for it did look as if Nixie wasn't goin' to git any schoolin'—but, la! I'd as soon think of teachin' a buttin' lamb as Nixie Dixon."

Mrs. Mooney, with her kind, fat face, her squinting eyes, and the little gold hoops in her ears, was soon to belong to the past of Philamaclique. Sitting one day in her low rocking-chair on the side porch, she drifted into a peaceful, dreamless sleep, never to awaken again into the everydayness of life.

So Ruth Seeley was left alone, so alone!—for a newcomer in an old town always stands apart. Such a one can know so little of the traditions, the memories, the associations that have drawn its people into relationship almost as close as ties of blood. If Ruth Seeley and her green chair had belonged to the history of Philamaclique, she would have been accepted, loved and fought for as a part of itself; but she was a stranger. Then, too, she was "rich."

One hot, sunny morning Nixie and Emma were picking currants in Keel's back yard for the dolls' tea they were having under the big apple-tree. Emma had just scampered away to the house for a saucer, leaving Nixie tucked under a bush busy with her picking, when Mrs. Wilson appeared on the other side of the fence.

"Oh, Mis' Keel," she called, standing in the shade of the wood-shed, "come over to the fence a minute.

Mrs. Keel, who was hanging up clothes, pushed back her bonnet and, wiping her hot face with her apron, came plodding heavily along the path.

"Good-mornin'," she puffed. "Ain't this a-goin' to be a sizzler? I'm jest about melted."

"It's powerful hot," admitted Mrs. Wilson, fanning herself with her sun-bonnet, "but I jest want to tell you somethin' that the trees don't know! Amos Lane is after Ruth Seeley; now ain't that redic'l'us?"

"Well, if that wouldn't beat bunkum!" gasped Mrs. Keel. "Who told you?"

"I've jest been puttin' two an' two together. I've knowned Amos Lane ever since he's been knee-high to a grasshopper, an' I ain't never seen him before look twice at a woman; an' now he's been five times a-settin' on the step at Miss Seeley's, big as life, an' he don't seem to have a bit of shame about it."

"Amos is good enough," mused Mrs. Keel; "kind of puny like——"

"Good land!" broke in Mrs. Wilson. "Ain't nothin' of him but skin an' bone—a good strong wind would blow him away; but they say he's doin' first-rate in his drug-store. I went in for some beeswax the other day an' I counted three folks buyin'. You mark my words, Amos knows which side his bread's buttered, an' if he's shinin' up to a woman that hitches along with her knee

on a green chair, it's her money he's after, or else he's only playin' with her an' it ought to be stopped."

"I expect that's so," admitted Mrs. Keel. "I s'pose if she had anybody to care for her they'd ask his intentions; but who's goin' to do it?"

"It's too bad." Mrs. Wilson shook her head, mournfully. "I tried to talk to Granny Simmers about it last night, thinkin' she was the best person to deal with it, but, says she, 'Mis' Wilson, the Lord will take care of Ruth Seeley without your help or mine, an' I've knowed Amos since he was cuttin' his teeth, an' a better boy to his ma never lived; an' I hope,' says she, that little pink spot a-comin' on her cheeks like it always does when you talk of loverin's, 'it's none of my business, but I'd jest be delighted if them two dear, lonely souls would find each other.'"

"Blessed little body!" groaned Mrs. Keel, contritely; "she always thinks the best of everything. I guess, Mis' Wilson, we'd better let the Lord take care of it."

"Well, the Lord's mighty busy," replied Mrs. Wilson, reluctantly.

When both women had gone back to their work, Nixie crept out of the bushes, climbed over the fence so that Emma would not see her, and darted away up the alley to Amos Lane's drug-store. If anybody cared for Miss Seeley, they would ask his intentions—somebody did care for her—somebody with flying feet was going to her rescue!

Amos was sweeping the little paved court in the rear of his store when Nixie appeared in the back door.

"Why, Nixie!" he exclaimed, "I didn't hear you come in. I have just been opening a box of lamp chimneys, and was cleaning up after it. What will you have?"

"I've come to ask your intentions," replied Nixie, solemnly, seating herself on the empty box.

"What!" cried Amos. "My intentions about what, Nixie?"

"I—I—well," faltered Nixie, "I don't know that myself, but I heard Mrs. Keel tell Mrs. Wilson that if Miss Sesley had anybody to care for her they ought to ask your intentions—and I care—I care most of all the world!"

"Well, if that wouldn't kill cats!" gasped Amos, weakly, as he sat on the doorstep.

"It's that nasty old Mrs. Wilson," explained Nixie, blushing painfully, and fiercely plaiting the twine in her long braid—evidently Amos had no intentions of any sort, and she had been a silly. Nixie so loathed being "a silly." "She's a telltale—Telltale, telltale, hang to a cow's tail! That's what she is! She's always putting Mrs. Keel up to something, and how was I to know? She said you weren't anything but skin and bone—and that if you shined on Miss Seeley it was her money you were after. What does shining on mean, Mr. Lane? And—and she said maybe you were playing with her, though anybody could see you were just sitting quiet on the steps. I'll tell you, Granny Simmers gave it to her; she said she'd be delighted if you two lonely souls found each other—that's kind of funny—find each other, when you were both sitting right there. And Mrs. Wilson said the town wouldn't hold her long. Oh, you don't think she will go away, do you, Mr. Lane?"

Suddenly Amos arose frowning; washed his hands at the white bowl; dried them on the roller towel; reached his neat coat down from its nail, brushed it, put it on, then, taking his hat from the counter, said, gravely:

"Come, Nixie, I am going to close the store for a while; you had better come along."

Nixie arose, catching her breath sharply. Her quick mind grasped the possibilities. Amos was going to have it out with Mrs. Wilson, and she was invited to see the battle; nay, more, she was called upon as an ally, and her gallant little spirit sprang up armed for the fray.

Amos locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and Nixie, taking his hand, quickened her steps to a dog-trot to keep up with his long strides.

"You'd better not catch her by the hair," she advised once, though Amos seemed unaware of her presence. "Do you hear?" she said, dragging at his hand. "It's a wig and it will come off."

"Yes, yes, child," replied Amos, absently.

"She's little, but she's awful spry!" panted Nixie, as she ran by his side. "I'm—I'm a very good scratcher, and I can bite, too, only Billy Keel says that's not fair." In her imagination she already saw Mrs. Wilson wigless and tattered, and in spite of herself she pitied. "I'll stay afterward and wash the blood off and fan her," she whis-

pered to herself, wondering if such an act of mercy would be loyal to Miss Seeley and Amos.

"Oh, dear," she gasped, plucking at Amos's coat, "there's Granny Simmers, and we'd better cross the street, for she's awful down on fighting, and she reads your secret just by looking at you."

But Granny had already seen them, and came on, with her little wrinkled face beaming with interest.

"Why, Amos," she cried, "where are you goin' at this time of day in such a hurry?"

Amos took the hand she held out to him in both of his and stood looking lovingly down at her, while Nixie hopped impatiently by his side.

"I'm going to her, Granny, dear," he said, his voice tender with emotion. "Do you think she will say yes?"

Granny's sweet old face blushed like a rose.

"Oh, oh!" she quavered, pursing her lips and looking down. "I've jest been there a-tellin' her, Amos, what a blessed babe you was, an' how you never fretted even when you had the nettle-rash, an' she seemed much took, dear boy, she did, indeed; an' when I told her how sweet you looked—my me! it don't seem more'n yesterday—in your first little trousers an' your little copper-toed boots, why, she kissed me. I hope I ain't telling tales," and she looked up at him, smiling.

"Who's her?" demanded Nixie, suspiciously, as Amos walked on down the street with her little hand in his. "Aren't we going to lick Mrs. Wilson?"

But Amos only whistled softly and did not seem to hear.

"I'm much obliged to you, Nixie," he said to her, simply, when they had reached Miss Seeley's gate. "More obliged than you will ever know. But now, dear, you'd better run home to Tamer."

On Keel's gutter-bridge, in the hot sunshine, sat Nixie, swinging her feet in the odoriferous dog-fennel and winking hard to keep back the tears.



Dad

BY WILLIAM EDWARD ROSS.

Dad never had much to say;
Jogged along in his quiet way
Contentedly smoking his old dodeen
As he turned the soil to the golden sheen.
Used to say as he slapped the mare,
One horny hand in his tangled hair,
"Rest is joy when your work's well done,
So pitch in, son."

Sometimes he an' I'd not hitch;
Couldn't agree as to which was which.
Fought it out on the same old lines
As we grubbed an' hoed 'mong the runnin' vines;
And his eyes would light with a gentle quiz,
And he'd say in that old soft way of his,
As he idly stroked his wrinkled chin,
"All right, son, you win."

Dad was never no hand to fuss;
Used to hurt him to hear us cuss;
Kind o' settled in his old ways,
Born an' raised in the good old days
When a tattered coat hid a kindly heart,
An' the farm was home, not a toilin' mart,
An' a man was judged by his inward self;
Not his worldly pelf.

Seems like 'twas yesterday we sat
On the old back porch for a farewell chat
Ere I changed the farm and the simple life
For the city's roar an' bustle an' strife.
While I gaily talked of the city's charm
His eyes looked out o'er the fertile farm
'An' he said as he rubbed where the hair was thin,
"All right, son, you win."

'Member the night I trudged back home,
Sinkin' deep in the fresh turned loam;

Sick and sore for the dear old place,
 Hungerin' most for a loved old face.
 When I had climbed the hilltop o'er,
 There stood dad in the kitchen door,
 An' he says in a voice from deep within,
 "Hello, son, come in."

One winter's day, the first of snow,
 He went the way that we all must go;
 An' his spirit soared to the realms above
 On the wings of a simple-hearted love.
 An' I know that when I cross the bar
 I'll find him there by the gates ajar,
 An' he'll say, as he idly strokes his chin,
 "Hello, son, come in."



Pet's Punishment

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY.

Oh, if my love offended me,
 And we had words together,
 To show her I would master be,
 I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
 Would tyranny declare it,
 I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
 And make her always bear it.

If she tried to sulk and sigh,
 And threw away my posies,
 I'd catch my darling on the sly,
 And smother her with roses.

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
 Or contradict her betters,
 I'd manacle her tiny wrists
 With dainty jeweled fetters.

'And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her—with kisses!



Victory

BY ALICE E. ALLEN.

I could not think, as he went away
With the setting sun that winter day,
Of death at all—but of fighting past,
And a soldier come to his own at last.

I heard no sobs, but the tramp of feet;
A bugle's call—it was not retreat,
But forward march!—and the stir of drums
As when a hero conquering comes!

There was no gloom, but the sun's last ray
Warm on the flag that about him lay,
And I knew, as though he had whispered me,
That it was not Death—it was Victory!

—*Lippincott's.*



God Loved the Lilies

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

In the Abbey stall, with his vestments old,
All ravelled and rent through stress of time,
The haughty bishop, St. Etholwold,
Sat waiting the vesper chime.

As he turned the page of his service-book,
Beside him he heard a soft, low tread,
And, ceasing his Aves, with a look
Of arrogant scorn, he said:

"Ah, Edith of Wilton! So, they tell,
 Thou dost not heed me now,
 My staff is a mace that can compel
 The stateliest head to bow.

"I have bidden thee once, and now again,
 As thy ghostly father, I come to urge
 That, putting aside thy royal train
 Thou clothe thee in simple serge.

"King Edgar's daughter although thou be,
 I charge thee remember the Church allows
 No choice for lofty or low degree
 To such as assume her vows.

"And yet in thy hair the diamond glows,
 Thy golden cross hath a chain of pearls;
 And see, at thy throat a fresh blown rose
 As rare as a gay court girl's.

"And under thy veil of costly lace
 Is little, I ween, of penance done;
 What right to heighten a beauty's grace
 Belongs to a Wilton nun?

"My robe with its reaved and ragged fray,
 And its knotted girdle of hempen string,
 I would not give in exchange to-day
 For the ermine that clothes the king!"

The fair young abbess had stood before
 The priest as he spoke, with lowly guise,
 But there shone, when the sharp rebuke was o'er,
 A fire in her saintly eyes.

"God gave me the beauty that thou dost bid
 Me cowardly lessen, or meanly dim.
 Nay! rather than under the rough serge hid,
 I keep it supreme for Him!

"My father, the king, to the court still calls;
 But even his summons have not sufficed
 To lure away from her convent walls
 The virgin espoused to Christ.

"And I, for my holy service's sake,
As a daughter of princes, choose that He
Who winneth me from the world should take
My dowry along with me.

"He loved the lilies: He made them fair:
And sweet as the sweetest incense flows
The stream of its fragrance, when I wear
For Him, on my heart, a rose.

"And, father, I doubt not, there may hide,
Beneath the tatters thou bid'st me view,
As much of arrogance, scorn and pride
As ever the ermine knew!"



The Storming of Mission Ridge

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



MAGINE a chain of Federal forts, built in between with walls of living men, the line flung northward out of sight and southward beyond Lookout. Imagine a chain of mountains crowned with batteries and manned with hostile troops through a six-mile sweep, set over against us in plain sight, and you have the two fronts—the blue, the gray. Imagine the center of our line pushed out a mile and a half towards Mission Ridge, and you have the situation as it was on the morning before Thanksgiving. And what a work was to be done! One and a half miles to traverse, with narrow fringes of woods, rough valleys, sweeps of open fields, rocky acclivities, to the base of the Ridge, and no foot in all the breadth withdrawn from rebel sight. The base attained, what then? A hill struggling up out of the valley four hundred feet, rained on by bullets, swept by shot and shell; another line of works, and then, up like a Gothic roof, rough with rocks, a-wreck with fallen

trees, four hundred more; another ring of fire and iron, and then the crest, and then the enemy.

To dream of such a journey would be madness; to devise it, a thing incredible; to do it, a deed impossible. But Grant was guilty of them all, and was equal to the work.

The bugle swung idly at the bugler's side. The warbling fife and rumbling drum were unheard. There was to be louder talk. Six guns at intervals of two seconds, the signal to advance. Strong and steady a voice rang out: "Number one, fire! Number two, fire; Number three, fire!" It seemed to me the tolling of the clock of destiny. And when at "Number six, fire!" the roar throbbed out with the flash, you should have seen the dead line that had been lying behind the works all day, all night, all day again, come to resurrection in the twinkling of an eye, leap like a blade from its scabbard, and sweep with a two-mile stroke toward the Ridge. From divisions to brigades, from brigades to regiments, the order ran. A minute, and the skirmishers deploy. A minute, and the first great drops begin to patter along the line. A minute, and the musketry is in full play, like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire. Men go down here and there before your eyes.

But I may tell you they did not storm that mountain as you would think. They dash out a little way, and then slacken; they creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works toward the second; they burst into a charge with a cheer and go over it. Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on left and right. It is no longer shoulder to shoulder; it is God for us all. Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes go by like a reluctant century. The batteries roll like a drum. The hill sways up like a wall before them at an angle of forty-five degrees; but our brave mountaineers are clambering steadily on—up—upward still! And what do these men follow? Your heart gives a great bound when you think what it is—the regimental flag—and, glancing along the front, count fifteen of those colors that were borne at Pea Ridge, waved at Shiloh, glorified at Stone River, riddled at Chickamauga. Three times the flag of the 27th Illinois goes down. And you know why. Three dead color sergeants lie just there; but the flag is im-

mortal—thank God!—and up it comes again, and the men in a row of inverted V's move on.

I give a look at the sun behind me; it is not more than a handbreath from the edge of the mountain. Oh, for the voice that could bid that sun stand still! I turn to the battle again. Those three flags have taken flight. They are upward bound! The race of the flags is growing every moment more terrible. The iron sledge beats on. Hearts, loyal and brave, are on the anvil all the way from base to summit of Mission Ridge, but those dreadful hammers never intermit. Things are growing desperate up aloft; the enemy tumble rocks upon the rising line; they light the fuses and roll shells down the steep; they load the guns with handfuls of cartridges in their haste; and, as if there were powder in the word, they shout "Chickamauga!" down upon the mountaineers.

But all would not do; and just as the sun, weary of the scene, was sinking out of sight, with magnificent bursts all along the line, exactly as you have seen the crested seas leap up at the breakwater, the advance surged over the crest, and in a minute those flags fluttered all along the fringe where fifty guns were kenned. The scene on that narrow plateau can never be painted. As the bluecoats surged over its edge, cheer on cheer rang like bells through the valley of the Chickamauga. Men flung themselves exhausted upon the ground. They laughed and wept, shook hands, embraced, turned round, and did all four over again. It was wild as a carnival. The general was received with a shout. "Soldiers," he said, "you ought to be court-martialed, every man of you. I ordered you to take the rifle-pits, and you scaled the mountain!"



The Speaker

Charles Dickens

BY LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

O mother, who in Portsea held him close,
 On his first day, a hundred years ago;
 Wondering with that wonder which is known
 Only to mothers—did your torn heart know
 Even a little of the good and gain
 Born to us through your pain?

*I think God gives all mothers sight
 Beyond what Time will let them see,
 And though they cannot tell of it,
 They know within what is to be!*

If, in your journeying, you still can see
 This sun-leashed star of toil, and how his hand
 Has waved away old cares and planted laughter
 In the heart-soil of every wakened land—
 If you can know how this world loves your boy—
 Full is your cup of joy.

*I think God gives some beings power
 To clearly read men's hearts and souls,
 That they may sift the false from true
 And help us thus to our right goals.*

He asked no special colors for the painting
 Of those lov'd pictures which adorn our hearts,
 But took the common run of men and children,
 Just as they were, and made them play their parts
 Just as such parts will always here be played—
 Hence, his work cannot fade!

Nor is he dead. Last night I went with him
 To hear the frail, sweet voice of Tiny Tim
 Say—as through Dickens God has surely done—
 "God bless us every one!"

The Speaker

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The Meaning of Our Flag*

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.



F one asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant. It means the whole glorious Revolutionary War. It means all that the Declaration of Independence meant. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven out from around New York, and in their painful pilgrimages through New Jersey. This banner streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty—not lawlessness, not license, but organized, institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not

* From "Freedom and War." Copyright by Ticknor & Fields.

an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people, for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!



To the Eagle

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

The eagle is the emblem of might and courage joined to magnanimity. Its figure, the size of a pigeon, once crowned the standard of the Roman legions. It is fabled that, when Rome fell, the eagle found nowhere else a nation to match his own qualities and went into voluntary exile in America. Here the Pilgrims found him, and the nation has adopted him as its military symbol, as well as stamped his figure on its coins.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing!
 Thy home is high in heaven,
 Where wide the storms their banners fling,
 And the tempest clouds are driven.
 Thy throne is on the mountain top;
 Thy fields the boundless air;
 And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
 The skies, thy dwellings are

Lord of the boundless realm of air!
 In thy imperial name
 The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
 The dangerous paths of fame.
 Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
 The Roman legions bore,
 From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
 Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
 And their oath on thee was laid;
 To thee the clarions raised their swell,
 And the dying warrior prayed.

Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
 The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
 Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
 And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
 And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
 With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
 The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
 ”O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
 The cradle of Liberty.
There on the silent and lonely shore,
 For ages I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
 Where the glorious bird had flown.

“But there came a bold and hardy few,
 And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
 And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark
 As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
 My quivering pinions bore.

“And now that bold and hardy few
 Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
 And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
 On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
 I guide them to victory.”

Our Debt to the Nation's Heroes*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



VERYfeat of heroism makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it. The whole nation is better, the whole nation is braver, because Farragut, lashed in the rigging of the Hartford, forged past the forts and over the unseen death below, to try his wooden stem against the ironclad hull of the Confederate ram; because Cushing pushed his little torpedo boat through the darkness to sink beside the sinking Albemarle. All daring and courage, all iron endurance of misfortune, all devotion to the ideal of honor and the glory of the flag make for a finer and nobler type of manhood. All of us lift our heads higher, because those of our countrymen whose trade it is to meet danger have met it well and bravely. All of us are poorer for every base or ignoble deed done by an American, for every instance of selfishness or weakness or folly on the part of the people as a whole. If ever we had to meet defeat at the hands of a foreign foe, or had to submit tamely to wrong or insult, every man among us worthy of the name of American would feel dishonored and debased. On the other hand, the memory of every triumph won by Americans, by just so much helps to make each American nobler and better. Every man among us is more fit to meet the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, because of the perils over which, in the past, the nation has triumphed; because of the blood and sweat and tears, the labor and the anguish through which, in the days that have gone, our forefathers moved on to triumph.



It maye be a little farther around the corner of a square deal but the road is better.

* From "American Ideals." Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Ballad of Elizabeth Zane

WHEELING, 1777.

When the little town of Wheeling, W. Va., was attacked, in 1777, by four hundred Indians under the infamous renegade Simon Girty, the settlers fled to Fort Henry for protection. The thirty men comprising the garrison were reduced to twelve, when the powder gave out. Sixty yards away in a hut was a full keg which every surviving man at once volunteered to obtain. The honor, however, as told in the poem, finally fell to Elizabeth Zane. The powder thus heroically secured enabled the defenders of the fort to hold their position until the arrival of help.

Ye who love in the past to scan
Glory of daring in heart of man,
Glory of daring on land or main,
List to the song of Elizabeth Zane!

Braver story was never sung!
Slight was the maid, and fair and young;
Gently born and gently bred,
Kin of heroes living and dead.

Fincastle Fort of fair renown,
Stood on the river by Wheeling town;
Set amid fields of wheat and corn,
Guarding the hamlet where she was born.

Fair was the feast September spread,
Wheat was golden and corn was red,
Blazed the hillside with scarlet flame,—
When down on the clearing the redskins came.

Full five hundred with whoop and shout,
Led by a black-souled renegade scout,
Savage with hate and fierce for blood,
Down they swept from the burning wood.

Time there was none to wait or plan;
Woman and child and youth and man
Sped to the fort like a rising wind.
Barred and bolted the gates behind.

Hope is strong and God is good!
 Fair at his post each brave man stood;
 Forty and two were they counted out,
 And full five hundred devils without.

Twice from the gate a handful brave
 Into the fire of the conflict drove,
 A swath of death on their stormy track,—
 Of sixteen going not one came back.

And, in through cranny and crevice sped,
 An arrow enters and one falls dead;
 Until, of strength and of hope bereft,
 Thirty are taken and twelve are left.

Then, that horror the dregs should drain,
 Spent is the powder, grain by grain;
 The long day's fighting but well begun,
 And the last charge rammed in the smoking gun!

The captain smote with his lifted hands;
 "Out in my cabin a full keg stands:
 But sixty paces between us lie,—
 How can I send one more to die?"

Then to his side, with cheek aflame,
 Little Elizabeth softly came;
 Kin of heroes, living and dead,—
 "Man nor boy can be spared," she said;
 "I will go out to the house instead."

Pleaded she well, till the bolts they drew;
 Swift as a vision she bounded through,
 Sped like a deer across the grass,
 And the Indians paused as they saw her pass,—

Paused for a moment and let her go
 With never an arrow or tomahawk blow—
 Through fear or favor, who may know?
 And each man, seeing her, held his breath,
 Till she ran through a silence deep as death.

Never a foot to hers gave chase!
 She lifted the keg from its hiding place,

And, staggering under the burden sore,
Into the sunshine she came once more.

Then, like a tempest of iron sleet,
Rained the bullets about her feet;
Whistle of arrows arose and fell,
And the loud woods roared with a roar of hell.

But as if great Jehovah's hand
Bore her triumphant through shot and brand,
With wild heart beating and cheek afame,
Into the gate of the fort she came.

And the desperate handful of fighting men
Cheered till the forests rang again.
And under the cloud of powder smoke
Holding the terrible foe at bay,—
Once more the voice of the bullet spoke,
And succor came down with the close of day.

So was the fort of Wheeling saved!
And so, in letters of gold engraved,
While joy in daring and pride remain,
Shall live the name of Elizabeth Zane!



Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir,
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

—Bliss Carman.



Experience keeps a dear School, but Fools will learn in
no other, and scarce in that.—*Poor Richard's Almanack*.

The Man Without a Country*

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Philip Nolan was a young lieutenant in the United States army. Because of intimacy with Aaron Burr he was court-martialed. Crying out at his trial, "I wish I may never hear the name of the United States again," he was taken at his word, banished from his country and condemned to live on a government vessel the rest of his life. There he was not allowed even to hear the name of his native land.



FIRST came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could talk Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

There were not a great many of the negroes; most of them were out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan. "Tell them they are free, Nolan," said Vaughan; "and tell them I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said: "Ah, non Palmas!" The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down and said: "He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months."

* From "The Man Without a Country." Roberts Brothers.
Copyright, 1898, by Edward Everett Hale.

Even the negroes stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words Vaughan said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon if they will."

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and Government, and people even, there is the Country herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother."



Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

—Hartley Coleridge.

Columbus

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

In the year 1492 Christopher Columbus, a sailor of Genoa,
 was the only man on earth who dared to steer a ship by an idea.
 "He believed himself," says Washington Irving, "to be in all his
 work the instrument of another power. He looked upon himself
 as chosen from among men for the accomplishment of Heaven's
 high purpose"—the discovery of a sea-road from Europe to
 China and India.

Long lay the ocean-paths from man concealed;
 Light came from heaven—the magnet was revealed,
 A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
 Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
 Alike ordained to shine by night and day,
 Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
 Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
 Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
 True as the sun is to the morning true,
 Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar
 And failing heart along the windward shore;
 Broad to the sky he turned his fearless sail,
 Defied the adverse, wooed the favoring gale,
 Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
 Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest;
 While, free as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
 His white-winged vessels coursed the unbounded deep:
 From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
 The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
 Of grasping genius, weighed the sea and land;
 The floods o'erbalanced: where the tide of light,
 Day after day, rolled down the gulf of night,
 There seemed one waste of waters: long in vain
 His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;
 When, sudden as creation burst from naught,
 Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
 Light, order, beauty! While his mind explored
 The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;

Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.
Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye,
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky;
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind;
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory rolled.



Pocahontas

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The romance of the early days of the English colony established in Jamestown, in 1607, centers largely about Captain John Smith, the leader of the colonists. Of the many exploits and adventures related of him, the best known and probably the most fictitious is that of his rescue from death at the hands of Indians by Pocahontas, the daughter of their chief, Powhatan.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:—
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.

'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm
 Hope's star to man grows dim,
 An angel kneels in woman's form,
 And breathes a prayer for him.



Roger Williams

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

Godly and zealous, a century in advance of his fellow-ministers in matters of religious and political opinion, Roger Williams was banished from Massachusetts for teaching liberty of conscience.

"For fourteen weeks he wandered through the dreary forest, sleeping sometimes under a projecting rock or in a hollow tree, living for days together on nuts and dried berries, and sometimes sheltered from the pitiless blasts in the smoky cabins of hospitable Indians." His faith was justified in that he became founder of the State of Rhode Island.

Why do I sleep amid the snows,
 Why do the pine trees cover me,
 While dark the wind of winter blows
 Across the Narragansett sea?

O sense of right! O sense of right,
 Whate'er my lot in life may be,
 Thou art to me God's inner light
 And these tired feet must follow thee.

Yes, still my feet must onward go,
 With nothing for my hope but prayer,
 Amid the winds, amid the snow,
 And trust the ravens of the air.

But though alone, and grieved at heart,
 Bereft of human brotherhood,
 I trust the whole, and not the part,
 And know that Providence is good.

Self-sacrifice is never lost,
 But bears the seed of its reward;
 They who for others leave the most,
 For others gain the most from God.

O sense of right! I must obey,
 And hope, and trust, whate'er betide;
 I cannot always know my way,
 But I can always know my guide.

And so for me the winter blows
 Across the Narragansett sea,
 And so I sleep amid the snows,
 And so the pine boughs cover me.

—From "Songs of History."



General Wolfe's Address to his Army

BY JAMES WOLFE.

During the French and Indian War the key to the French dominions in America was the almost impregnable citadel of Quebec. General Wolfe, the English commander, discovered a narrow, zigzag path, leading from the river bank to the summit of the Heights of Abraham, overlooking the city and considered insurmountable. On the night of September 12th, 1759, he led 3,200 men up this path, thus forcing an attack from the French under Montcalm, whom he utterly defeated, on the following day. He is supposed to have made the following address to his men while they were awaiting the French onset.



CONGRATULATE you, my brave countrymen and fellow soldiers, on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable Heights of Abraham are now surmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in full view before us.

A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their

army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from Old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who, when fresh, were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence.

Those numerous companies of Canadians—insolent, mutinous, unsteady and ill-disciplined—have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardor is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs and give you no further trouble but in pursuit.

As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forest have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground. You can now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valor must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks, only solicitous to show you the foe within your reach.

The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die; and, believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.



Let us play that the world is bright,
Let us play that the day is fair.
Let us play that there is no spite,
That pleasure is everywhere.

Let us play that what we may hold
Is all that we wish to possess.
Let us play that life is a game—
For the prize, that is happiness.

General Gage and the Boston Boys*

BY THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.



N Boston, at the beginning of the Revolution, the British troops made themselves very unpopular. There was soon a quarrel between them and the boys; for the soldiers used to beat down the snow-hills that the boys had heaped up on the Common. After appealing in vain to the captain, the boys finally went to Governor Gage and complained. "What!" he said, "have your fathers been teaching you rebellion and sent you here to exhibit it?" "Nobody sent us, sir," said one of the boys. "We have never injured nor insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow-hills and broken the ice on our skating-ground. We complained, and they called us 'young rebels,' and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captains of this, and they laughed at us. Yesterday our works were destroyed the third time; and we will bear it no longer." The governor said, with surprise, to one of his officers: "The very children here draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe." To the boys he said: "You may go, my brave boys, and be assured, if my troops trouble you again, they shall be punished."



The bugle cries for thee! Arise, and face the bannered field—
Vowed evermore to fight and die, but not to live and yield;
Content to leave the day unwon, the lust of fame forego,
So thou mayst march one step in time, or strike one gallant blow.

—Alice Brown.

* From "Young Folks' History of the United States." Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Independence Bell

ANONYMOUS.

Drafted in a night by Thomas Jefferson, and approved in a week by the Continental Congress, the Declaration of Independence was finally accepted on July the 4th, 1776. The first news of the decision of Congress was given to the crowds waiting outside the State House by the ringing of the bell in its steeple—the Liberty Bell. It is said that the old bell-ringer, waiting by his bell, had commissioned a small boy to give him notice from the street below immediately after the signing of the Declaration.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
“Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
“Oh, God grant they won’t refuse!”
“Make some way, there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!” “Stifle, then!
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men!”

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled:

The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! see! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark, with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "RING! grandpa,
Ring! oh, RING for LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old ~~St.~~ house bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living,—ever young;
'And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly, "INDEPENDENCE;"
Which, please God, shall never die!

The Liberty Bell*

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

The words engraved upon the old Liberty Bell of Philadelphia are "Proclaim Liberty unto all the world and to all the inhabitants thereof." Since the day when its ringing announced the independence of the colonies, the bell has been one of the treasured relics of the Revolution. It has been lent by Philadelphia to several expositions and celebrations, but the lengthening of a crack in one side has forbidden its traveling of late years. This crack is said to have been made during the jubilation over the surrender of Cornwallis.

I.—PHILADELPHIA, 1776.

Squarely prim and stoutly built,
Free from glitter and from gilt,
Plain,—from lintel up to roof-tree and to belfry bare
and brown—
Stands the Hall that hot July,
While the folk throng anxious by,
Where the Continental Congress meets within the
Quaker town.
Hark! a stir, a sudden shout,
And a boy comes rushing out,
Signaling to where his grandsire in the belfry, waiting,
stands:—
"Ring!" he cries; "the deed is done!
Ring! they've signed, and freedom's won!"
And the ringer grasps the bell-rope with his strong and
sturdy hands;
While the Bell with joyous note
Clanging from its brazen throat,
Rings the tidings, all-exultant,—
the news to shore
and sea:
"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!

II.—NEW ORLEANS, 1885.

Triumph of the builder's art,
Tower and turret spring and start
As if reared by mighty genii for some prince of
Eastern land;

* From "Heroic Happenings Told in Verse and Story."
Pages 147-150. Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Where the Southern river flows,
And eternal summer glows,—
Dedicate to labor's grandeur, fair and vast the arches
stand.
And, enshrined in royal guise,
Flower-bedeck'd 'neath sunny skies;
Old and time-stained, cracked and voiceless, but where
all may see it well;
Circled by the wealth and power
Of the great world's triumph-hour,—
Sacred to the cause of freedom, on its dais rests the Bell.
And the children thronging near,
Yet again the story hear
Of the bell that rang the message, pealing out to land
and sea:
*"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"*

III.

Prize the glorious relic then,
With its hundred years and ten,
By the Past a priceless heirloom to the Future handed
down.
Still its stirring story tell,
Till the children know it well,—
From the joyous Southern city to the Northern Quaker
town.
Time that heals all wounds and scars,
Time that ends all strifes and wars,
Time that turns all pains to pleasures, and can make
the cannon dumb,
Still shall join in firmer grasp,
Still shall knit in friendlier clasp
North and South-land in the glory of the ages yet to
come.
And, though voiceless, still the Bell
Shall its glorious message tell,
Pealing loud o'er all the Nation, lake to gulf and sea
to sea:
*"Man is man—a slave no longer;
Truth and Right than Might are stronger.
Praise to God! We're free; we're free!"*

The Battle of Lexington

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

This first skirmish of the Revolution, fought on the morning of April 19, 1775, practically determined the question of war or reconciliation between England and America. Says the inscription on the monument which was erected on Lexington Common, in 1799: "The blood of these Martyrs in the Cause of God and their Country was the Cement of the Union of these States, then Colonies, and gave the Spring to the Spirit, Firmness and Resolution of their Fellow-citizens. They nobly dared to be Free!! Righteous Heaven approved their Solemn Appeal."

Then haste ye, Prescott and Revere!
 Bring all the men of Lincoln here,
 Let Chelmsford, Littleton, Carlisle,
 Let Acton, Bedford, hither file—
 Oh! hither file, and plainly see
 Out of a wound leaped Liberty.

Say, Woodman April, all in green,
 Say, Robin April, hast thou seen,
 In all thy travel round the earth,
 Ever a morn of calmer birth?
 But morning's eye alone serene
 Can gaze across yon village green,
 To where the trooping British run
 Through Lexington.

Good men in fustian, stand ye still,
 The men in red come o'er the hill;
 "Lay down your arms, damned rebels!" cry
 The men in red full haughtily,
 But never a grounding gun is heard,
 The men in fustian stand unstirred,
 Dead calm, save maybe a wise bluebird
 Puts in his little heavenly word.
 O men in red, if ye only knew
 The half as much as the bluebirds do,
 Now in this little tender calm,
 Each hand would out, and every palm
 With patriot's palm strike brother stroke,
 Or ere these lines of battle broke.

O men in red, if ye only knew
 The least of all that bluebirds do,
 Now in this little godly calm
 Yon voice might sing the Future's Psalm,
 The Psalm of Love with the brotherly eye,
 Who pardons and is very wise—
 Yon voice that shouts high, hoarse with ire, "Fire!"

The red-coats fall, the homespuns fall,
 The homespuns, anxious call:
 "Brother, art hurt?" and "Where hit, John?"
 And "Wipe this blood," and "Men, come on,"
 And "Neighbor, do but lift my head,"
 And "Who is wounded and who is dead?"
 Seven are killed. My God! My God!
 Seven lie dead on the village sod,
 Two Harringtons, Parker, Hadley, Brown,
 Monroe and Porter—they are down,
 Nay, look! stout Harrington not yet dead,
 He crooks his elbow, lifts his head,
 He lies at the step of his own door,
 He crawls and makes a path of gore.

The wife from the window hath seen and rushed,
 He hath reached the step, but the blood hath gushed,
 He hath crawled to the step of his own house door,
 But his head hath dropped, he will crawl no more.
 Clasp wife, and kiss, and lift the head,
 Harrington lies at his door-step dead.
 But O ye six that round him lay,
 And bloodied up that April day!
 As Harrington fell, ye likewise fell
 At the door of the house wherein ye dwell;
 As Harrington came, ye likewise came,
 And died at the door of the House of Fame.



God gives us wills to do or die
 He sets the tasks we must assail;
 And though a thousand times we try
 And though a thousand times we fail,
 Our best is never done
 Till we have fairly won.
 —Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.

Bunker Hill*

BY GEORGE H. CALVERT.

Although preceded by the so-called battle of Lexington and the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, the battle of Bunker Hill was the first action of the Revolution in which Americans stood face to face with Englishmen, and repelled them. Technically indecisive, this action was morally a victory for the colonists. As Franklin expressed it: "Americans will fight; England has lost her colonies forever."

"Not yet, not yet; steady, steady!"
 On came the foe, in even line:
 Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
 We looked into their eyes. "Ready!"
 A sheet of flame! A roll of death!
 They fell by scores; we held our breath!
 Then nearer still they came;
 Another sheet of flame!
 And brave men fled who never fled before.
 Immortal fight!
 Foreshadowing flight
 Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, reinforced.
 'Mid louder roar of ship's artillery,
 And bursting bombs and whistling musketry
 And shouts and groans, anear, afar,
 All the new din of dreadful war,
 Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
 The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
 For freedom, manhood's birthrights claiming.
 Onward once more they came;
 Another sheet of deathful flame!
 Another and another still:
 They broke, they fled:
 Again they sped
 Down the green, bloody hill.

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
 Stormed with commander's rage.

* From "A Nation's Birth and Other Poems." Pages 31-35.
 Copyright by Lee & Shepard.

Into each emptied barge
They crowd fresh men for a new charge
Up that great hill.
Again their gallant blood we spill:
That volley was the last:
 On three sides fast
The foe pressed in; nor quailed
A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
Then Warren fell; and through a leaden sleet,
From Bunker Hill and Breed,
Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read,
Led off the remnant of those heroes true,
The foe too shattered to pursue.
The ground they gained; but we
 The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
Followed in a wave of power
Over the shaken, anxious land,
 To men, to man, a sudden dower.
From that staunch, beaming hour
History took a fresh higher start;
And when the speeding messenger that bare
 The news that strengthened every heart,
Met near the Delaware
Riding to take command,
The leader, who had just been named,
Who was to be so famed,
The steadfast, earnest Washington
With hand uplifted cries,
His great soul flashing to his eyes,
 “Our liberties are safe; the cause is won.”
A thankful look he cast to heaven, and then
His steed he spurred, in haste to lead such noble men.



Men, dying, make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
 The gentle dames have had?

—John Godfrey Saxe.

Ticonderoga

BY J. B. WILSON.

The battle of Lexington made of the rebellious colonies a nation in uprising. A month later the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, the key to water communication between New York and Montreal, gave a moral strength to the second Continental Congress which could have come from no other source. With eighty-three men behind him, Ethan Allen suddenly appeared at the fortress, summoning its commander to surrender "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Quick compliance prevented even a single casualty, notwithstanding the statements in the poem which follows:

The cold gray light of the dawning
 On old Carillon falls,
 And dim in the mist of the morning
 Stand the grim old fortress walls.
 No sound disturbs the stillness
 Save the cataract's mellow war,
 Silent as death is the fortress,
 Silent the misty shore.

But up from the wakening waters
 Comes the cool, fresh morning breeze,
 Lifting the banner of Britain,
 And whispering to the trees
 Of the swift gliding boats on the waters
 That are nearing the fog-shrouded land,
 With the old Green Mountain Lion,
 And his daring patriot band.

But the sentinel at the postern
 Heard not the whisper low;
 He is dreaming of the banks of the Shannon
 As he walks on his beat to and fro,
 Of the starry eyes in Green Erin
 That were dim when he marched away,
 And a tear down his bronzed cheek courses,
 'Tis the first for many a day.

A' sound breaks the misty stillness,
 And quickly he glances around;
 Through the mist, forms like towering giants
 Seem rising out of the ground;

A challenge, the firelock flashes;
A sword cleaves the quivering air,
And the sentry lies dead by the postern,
Blood staining his bright yellow hair.

Then, with a shout that awakens
All the echoes of hillside and glen,
Through the low, frowning gate of the fortress,
Sword in hand, rush the Green Mountain men.
The scarce wakened troops of the garrison
Yield up their trust pale with fear;
And down comes the bright British banner,
And out rings a Green Mountain cheer.

Flushed with pride, the whole eastern heavens
With crimson and gold are ablaze;
And up springs the sun in his splendor
And flings down his arrowy rays,
Bathing in sunlight the fortress,
Turning to gold the grim walls,
While louder and clearer and higher
Rings the song of the waterfalls.

Since the taking of Ticonderoga
A century has rolled away;
But with pride the nation remembers
That glorious morning in May.
And the cataract's silvery music
Forever the story tells,
Of the capture of old Carillon,
The chime of the silver bells.



Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in —forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You shall begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.

—Emerson.

The Battle of Trenton

In December, 1776, the American cause seemed lost. Congress had fled to Baltimore, and Washington's army, growing smaller every day, was ragged, cold and starving. He determined on a bold stroke. On the night of December 25th, in the midst of snow and floating ice, he crossed the Delaware and suddenly invested Trenton in the early morning taking the Hessian garrison utterly by surprise. Thus in a day the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The Continentals were supplied with food, stores, and ammunition, and at once took the offensive.

On Christmas day, in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay!

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan
Who ne'er a moment lost.

The pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen
In center, front and rear was seen,
Driving fatigue away.

Song of Marion's Men

During the last two or three years of the Revolution, General Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," carried on a semi-guerrilla warfare against the English forces in South Carolina. With a force ranging in numbers from twenty to seventy men he would attack and overwhelm a party of two hundred Tories. No better picture of his life could be painted than that presented in Bryant's poem.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest 'round us
 As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
 A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
 From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.

With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads.—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp,—
 A moment,—and away,
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs;
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton
 Forever from our shore.



De Thunder always growlin'—
 "Got one mo' cloud ter climb!"
 De Lightin' don' say nuttin',
 But he git dar ever'y time!

So, lissen now, believers,
 En hear dis sayin' true;
 De less you talks erbout it
 De mo' you gwine ter do!

First Bunker Hill Address*

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

The address, from which the following extract is taken, was given on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. In Webster's vast audience were no less than forty men who had participated in the conflict, and the passage addressed to them was perhaps the most effective part of his oration.



ENERABLE men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death,—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and country-men in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in

* From "Webster's Great Speeches." Page 127. Little, Brown & Company.

the grave He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!



Monterey

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

One of the most important victories of the war with Mexico, in 1845 and '46, was the capture of the town of Monterey by the Americans. Situated on a height, strongly fortified, and defended by ten thousand men, the town was nevertheless stormed and captured by General Taylor and his little army of sixty-six hundred men,

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
We'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?



The Picket Guard

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

Sharpshooters played an important part on both sides in the Civil War. Securing a sheltered and commanding position in a battle they might securely pick off the enemy's officers and men, one by one. As described in the poem, the pickets, too, were frequent victims.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

The Speaker

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.
 His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
 Grows gentle with memories tender,
 As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
 For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
 That night, when the love yet unspoken
 Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
 Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
 Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
 He dashes off tears that are welling,
 And gathers his gun closer up to its place
 As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
 His footstep is lagging and weary;
 Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
 Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
 Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river;
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
 The picket's off duty forever.



In March the earliest bluebird came
 And caroled from the orchard-tree
 His little tremulous songs to me,
 And called upon the summer's name,
 And made old summers in my heart
 All sweet with flower and sun again.

—William Dean Howells.

General Grant's Courage*

BY JAMES G. BLAINE.



APOLEON said: "The rarest attribute among generals is two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." "I mean," he added, "unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and promptness of decision." No better description could be given to the type of courage which distinguished General Grant.

His constant readiness to fight was another quality which, according to the same high authority, established his rank as a commander. "Generals," said the exile at St. Helena, "are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, consider their combinations, and then indecision begins." "Nothing," added this greatest warrior of modern times, "nothing is so difficult as to decide." General Grant, in his services in the field, never once exhibited indecision. This was the quality which gave him his crowning characteristic as a military leader; he inspired his men with a sense of their invincibility, and they were thenceforth invincible!



I wish I were a little egg
Away up in a tree—
I wish I were a little egg
As bad as bad could be!

I wish a little boy would come
And climb up in that tree,
And then I'd bust my little self
And cover him with me.

* From "Political Discussions." The Henry Bill Publishing Company. Copyright by James G. Blaine.

Roll Call

BY N. O. SHEPHERD.

The fortunes of war as well as the bloody ferocity of some of its conflicts are well set forth in the selection here given.

"Corporal Greene!" the orderly cried:
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear
From the lips of a soldier who stood near,
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call:
Only his rear man saw him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillside was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire,
That swept them down in its terrible ire:
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!" at the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:

"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,

"When our ensign was shot: I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies:

I paused a moment and gave him to drink:

He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas victory—yes! but it cost us dear!

For that company's roll, when called at night,

Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"



True Bravery*

BY CHARLES F. DOLE.



OME one may say, "Did not the men and women have to be braver in the war times than in time of peace?" Let us stamp that as false. What a terrible thing it would be to be brave, if bravery requires of us to hurt and kill! Is it not brave to try to save life? Thousands of brave men are risking their lives every day to help men and to save us all from harm. Brave doctors and nurses go where deadly disease is, and are not afraid to help save the sick. Brave students are trying perilous experiments, so as to find out better knowledge for us all. Brave engineers on thousands of locomotives are not afraid of sudden death if they can save their passengers from harmful accidents. Brave sailors are always facing the sea and the storm. Brave firemen stand ready to die to bring little children safely out of burning buildings. Brave boys every summer risk their lives to save their comrades from drowning. Brave fellows hold in check maddened horses and pre-

* From "The Young Citizen." Copyright by D. C. Heath & Co.

vent them from running away with women and children. Brave women risk their own lives daily for the sake of others.

Never forget it; it is better to be brave to help men than it is to be brave to harm them.



Dirge for a Soldier

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Gen. Philip Kearney, to whom this poem is a tribute, was born in 1815, and killed at Chantilly, Va., in 1862. Ordered to France to study cavalry tactics, he entered the French service and won the cross of the legion of honor. For conspicuous gallantry in the Mexican War he was made brevet major-general, but lost his left arm. His record in the Civil War was equally brilliant. He was efficient, trustworthy, brave, dashing, and magnetic, and his loss was greatly felt and sincerely mourned.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever;
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley:
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?

Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low.



The Essence of Patriotism*

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.



THE essence of patriotism lies in a willingness to sacrifice for one's country, just as true greatness finds expression, not in blessings enjoyed, but in good bestowed. Read the words inscribed on the monuments reared by loving hands to the heroes of the past; they do not speak of wealth inherited, or of honors bought, or of hours in leisure spent, but of service done. Twenty years, forty years, a life, or life's most precious blood, he yielded up for the welfare of his fellows—this is the simple story which proves that it is now, and ever has been, more blessed to give than to receive.

The officer was a patriot when he gave his ability to his country and risked his name and fame upon the fortunes of war; the private soldier was a patriot when he took his place in the ranks and offered his body as a bulwark to protect the flag; the wife was a patriot when she bade her husband farewell and gathered about her the little brood over which she must exercise both a

* From an address at Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C., May 30, 1894.

mother's and a father's care; and, if there can be degrees in patriotism, the mother stood first among the patriots when she gave to the nation her sons, the divinely appointed support of her declining years, and, as she brushed the tears away, thanked God that he had given her the strength to rear strong and courageous sons for the battlefield.

To us who were born too late to prove upon the battlefield our courage and our loyalty, it is gratifying to know that opportunity will not be wanting to show our love of country. In a nation like ours, where the government is founded upon the principle of equality and derives its just powers from the consent of the governed; in a land like ours, where every citizen is a sovereign and where no one cares to wear a crown,—every year presents a battlefield and every day brings forth occasion for the display of patriotism.



General Robert E. Lee*



N a quiet autumn morning, in the land which he loved so well, and, as he held, served so faithfully, the spirit of Robert Edward Lee left the clay which it had so much ennobled, and traveled out of this world into the great and mysterious land. The expressions of regret which sprang from the few who surrounded the bedside of the dying soldier and Christian, on yesterday, will be swelled to-day into one mighty voice of sorrow, resounding throughout our country, and extending over all parts of the world where his great genius and his many virtues are known. For not to the Southern people alone shall be limited the tribute of a tear over the dead Virginian. Here in the North, forgetting that the time was when the sword of Robert Edward Lee was drawn against us,—forgetting and forgiving all the years of bloodshed and agony,—we have long since

* From "The New York Herald," on the morning after his death.

ceased to look upon him as the Confederate leader, but have claimed him as one of ourselves; have cherished and felt proud of his military genius as belonging to us; have recounted and recorded his triumphs as our own; have extolled his virtue as reflecting upon us; for Robert Edward Lee was an American, and the great nation which gave him birth would be to-day unworthy of such a son if she regarded him lightly.

Never had mother a nobler son. In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. Dignified without presumption, affable without familiarity, he united all those charms of manners which made him the idol of his friends and of his soldiers, and won for him the respect and admiration of the world. Even as, in the days of his triumph, glory did not intoxicate, so, when the dark clouds swept over him, adversity did not depress. From the hour that he surrendered his sword at Appomattox to the fatal autumn morning, he passed among men, noble in his quiet, simple dignity, displaying neither bitterness nor regret over the irrevocable past. He conquered us in misfortune by the grand manner in which he sustained himself, even as he dazzled us by his genius when the tramp of his soldiers resounded through the valleys of Virginia.

And for such a man we are all tears and sorrow to-day. Standing beside his grave, men of the South and men of the North can mourn with all the bitterness of four years of warfare erased by this common bereavement. May this unity of grief—this unselfish manifestation over the loss of the Bayard of America—in the season of dead leaves and withered branches which this death ushers in, bloom and blossom like the distant coming spring into the flowers of a heartier accord!

In person General Lee was a notably handsome man. He was tall of stature, and admirably proportioned; his features were regular and most amiable in appearance, and in his manners he was courteous and dignified. In social life he was much admired. As a slaveholder, he was beloved by his slaves for his kindness and consideration toward them. General Lee was also noted for his piety. He was an Episcopalian, and was a regular attendant at church. Having a perfect command over his

temper, he was never seen angry, and his most intimate friends never heard him utter an oath. He came nearer the ideal of a soldier and Christian general than any man we can think of, for he was a greater soldier than Havelock, and equally as devout a Christian. In his death our country has lost a son of whom she might well be proud, and for whose services she might have stood in need had he lived a few years longer, for we are certain that, had occasion required it, General Lee would have given to the United States the benefit of all his great talents.



Pheidippides

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

When Athens was threatened by the invading Persians in 490 B. C., she sent a fleet messenger to Sparta to demand aid against a foreign foe. The runner, Pheidippides, so says the legend, ran from Athens to Sparta and back again, a distance of three hundred miles, in two days and two nights. Sparta promised her aid, but on a superstitious pretext delayed sending it, and the Athenians, under Miltiades, fought and conquered the Persian hosts alone on the field of Marathon. The runner whom Miltiades sent to Athens to announce the victory dropped dead in the street as he spoke the words of joy.

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor to all!

I Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no specter that
speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens
and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your
command I obeyed,
Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs
through,
Was the space between city and city: two days, two
nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks,

Into their midst: breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves' tribute, water and
earth;

Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens
sink,

Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid,
the stander-by?

Answer me quick, what help?"

Lo, their answer at last!

"Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta
befriend?

Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the
odds

In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable
to take

Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to
it fast:

Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment
suspend."

Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had
mouldered to ash!

That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away
was I back,

Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and
the vile!

Yet "O Gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and
plain,

Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them
again,

"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid
you erewhile?"

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap, I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a
bar

Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the
way . . .

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestic Pan!

Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his
hoof:

All the great God was good in the eyes grave-kindly—
the curl

Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
 As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
 "Halt, Pheraippides!"—halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
 "Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious
 began:

"Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have
 faith
 In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The
 Goat-God saith:
 When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in
 the sea,
 Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your
 most and least,
 Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the
 free and the bold!'"
 But enough! He was gone. If I ran hitherto—
 Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but
 flew.

Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the
 razor's edge!
 Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon rare!
 Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of
 Greece,
 Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised
 thyself?
 Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of
 her son!"
 Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at
 length
 His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the
 rest of his strength
 Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou
 hast done
 Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee
 release
 From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in
 pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my
 mind!
 Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel
 may grow,—

Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the
deep,
Whelm her away forever; and then,—no Athens to
save,—
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,—
Hie to my house and home; and, when my children
shall creep
Close to my knees, recount how the God was awful yet
kind,
Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him
—so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon
day:

So, when Persia was dust, all cried, "To Akropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!" He flung down
his shield,
Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-
field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs
through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine
through clay,
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!
So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of
salute
Is still "Rejoice!"—his word which brought rejoicing
indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble strong man
Who could race like a God, bear the face of a God,
whom a God loved so well,
He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was
suffered to tell
Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he
began,
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:
"Athens is saved!" Pheidippides dies in the shout for
his meed.

The True Power of a Nation*

BY EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN.

Preacher, Lecturer, Essayist. Born at Union Village, N. Y., 1814; died in New York City, 1880. Was for thirty-four years pastor of the Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City.



CHRISTIANITY is the true conserving and developing power of a nation. All time demonstrates this truth. What is the source of progress and safety to a people? Let "the vocal earth," let the graves of buried nations, answer. One after another they have arisen,—they have built their towers of strength, and fortified their lofty walls,—they have opened their sources of wealth, and hardened their sinews of power; and for what object? For perpetuity and success. Go linger around the desolate spot where stood Chaldea,—go question the fallen columns of Tadmor,—go seek the mystic pyramids of Egypt,—go ask the Acropolis or the Capitol;—go speak to one or all of these, and they will tell you that the hearts which have withered to ashes beneath their ruins, that the minds which were their pride and their glory, that the hands which have strengthened their power, were all moved by the great idea of adding to their prosperity and greatness, and perpetuating their station in the earth. Surely, then, here in this pillared past we may ascertain the source of a nation's prosperity and conservation; at least we may ascertain what it is *not*.

Is it *wealth*? Where is Lydia? Its inhabitants "possessed a fertile territory and a profusion of silver." But its vast treasures were no walls of defense; the riches of Gyges and Crœsus were not its safeguards. It was swept by the sword of Cyrus, trampled under foot by the victorious hordes of Persia.

Has *intellectual* excellence alone secured perpetuity and progress to empire? Where is Greece? Its very soil is animate with mind, and its every pillar, like ancient

* From Chapin's "Living Words," published in 1869, by the Universalist Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Memnon, breathes music to the sun. Its moldering altars are garlanded with poetry, and eloquence and philosophy kindle amid its desolations. The home of Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes and Æschylus, Pericles and Homer,—what is it? Did its intellectual greatness, its glorious poetry, its lofty philosophy, its burning eloquence, its glowing canvas, its lifelike marble save it from the dust? Did Spartan heroism gather round it in the hour of peril? Did Attic genius flash up from its altars, like guardian flame? It went down at last; the wave of desolation rolls over it.

Can *power* insure prosperity and safety to a nation? Where is ancient Rome? Where is the crowned and imperial city that sat upon her seven hills, and sent her armies through the earth? Her "eagle flag unrolled, and froze" by the icy streams of the north; the bones of her legions covered the burning sands like drifting snow; her triumphant shouts pealed up from the hills of Gaul and the chalky cliffs of Britain, and were answered by her hosts from far Jerusalem and Damascus. Over the face of the known world, you entered no walled city where stood not a Roman sentinel, you passed no crowd in which was not heard the Latin tongue. Where is the proud city of the Capitol? Where are the mailed hand and the kingly brow? Did her power start forth from the tomb of Julius, did her ancient renown appear in the person of Augustus, when the eager hordes of Goth and Hun rushed upon her palaces, quenched the light on her altars, shattered her glorious marbles, and trampled with barbaric exultation on her purple pride? Her very tomb is crumbling beneath the breath of time.

I know that these references are trite; yet would I urge you to seize upon the deep burden of their meaning, to feel their cogency. They demonstrate that wealth, knowledge, power, without a controlling influence,—without a right motive for their direction,—are not the sources of conservation and true progress.



A single man who has health and brains, and can't find a livelihood in the world, doesn't deserve to stay there.

The Rider of the Black Horse

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

At the time of the battle of Saratoga, October 7, 1777, General Benedict Arnold had quarreled with General Gates and been deprived of his command. The battle was going against the Americans when Arnold suddenly leaped on his horse and made for the battlefield. Like a madman he rushed into the thickest of the fight, brandishing his sword, and delivering orders everywhere. One assault after another he led, being severely wounded in the last and decisive attack. A general with no right to command, he had yet led the American troops to victory against the British.



T was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the wood scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. But all at once, a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, that of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart.

Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood came a rider on a black horse, rushing towards the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider that struck them with surprise. Look! he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there through intervals of cannon-smoke you may see riding madly

forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff. Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing, like a meteor, down the long columns of battle?

Let us look for a moment into those dense war-clouds. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militiamen, their rude farmer-coats stained with blood, while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of redcoat hirelings, who come dashing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light. At this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of a broad-shouldered militiaman. "Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down."

This appeal was not without its effect. The militiaman turns; his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. That black horse springs forward, followed by the militiamen. Then a confused conflict, a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers.

Thus it was all day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, towards the setting sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemus' Heights, must be won,

or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts toward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on towards the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by a hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates, waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon-ball.

Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb; and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. The wound was received in the storming of Quebec. The rider of the black horse was Benedict Arnold.



The pessimist stands beneath the tree of prosperity and growls when the fruit falls on his head.—*George Horace Lorimer.*

Ivry

BY THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Henry of Navarre, later called Henry the Fourth, on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a strong party of the Catholics under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. In March, 1590, he won a decisive victory over them at Ivry, thus relieving the siege of the Protestant city of Rochelle. Before the battle he addressed his troops: "My children, if you lose sight of your colors, rally to my white plume; you will always find it in the path of honor and glory." The defeat of the Leaguers was total, but in the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, "Save the French!" which clemency added many of the enemy to his own army.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our
Lord the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the
ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter! the Flemish count is
slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail;
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our
van,
“Remember St. Bartholomew,” was passed from man to
man.
But out spake gentle Henry, “No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go.”
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,
As our Sovereign Lord King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre!



I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—J. G. Holland.

The War with America

BY WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham.

Lord Chatham knew America and loved her; and he was known and loved by her in return. When hostilities broke out, she fixed on him her hopes of an honorable peace, and when he died she mourned him as a father of her people. His speech on the war with America, from which the extract is taken, was delivered in the House of Lords, November 18, 1777, after the news of Burgoyne's surrender had reached England. This was the great orator's last speech.



WILL not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence." The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is *an impossibility*. You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot* conquer America. Your armies in

the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general (Lord Amherst), now a noble Lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!



We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the man!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope and resolve, and aspire and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

—J. G. Holland.

Massachusetts; from the Reply to Hayne

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

In response to a bitter attack made by General Hayne of South Carolina upon Massachusetts, accompanied by a full exposition of the doctrines of Nullification, Daniel Webster, on January 26, 1830, delivered the famous "Reply to Hayne" in defense of the Union and the Constitution, from which the following extracts are taken. It is said that as he finished this tribute to Massachusetts, a group of New England men in the gallery broke down and wept like children.



R. PRESIDENT, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, Sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint shall succeed in separating it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of pre-

serving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*



Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

Herve Riel*

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

This story is strictly historical. In the war between Louis XIV and William III, Admiral Tourville, of the French fleet, was utterly defeated by the English in the great naval battle of La Hogue, in 1692. Three of the largest ships, seeking refuge at Cherbourg, were blown up by the English. Led by a Breton sailor of Le Croisic the others had better fortune. Browning's only alteration in the story is in the length of Hervé Riel's holiday "to see his wife, la Belle Aurore." This holiday was not for a day, but for a lifetime—"un congé absolu."

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!"

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or,
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,

Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns

* From "Browning's Poetical Works." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech.)
 "Not a minute more to wait!
 Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
 —A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.
 And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France?
That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried
its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
'All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come—too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 Hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
 Out burst all with one accord;
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"
 What a shout, and all one word, "Hervé Riel!"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.
 Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips;
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbreake
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but
 a run?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England
 bore the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 In the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
 Riel.
 So for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the
 Belle Aurore!



What the Flag Means*

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.



O one has a greater admiration than I for the marvelous achievements of the American people in the last century, for the conquest of this mighty continent, for all the material welfare which has sprung up as if by magic from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our business enterprise, our business intelligence, our business activity, are among the glories of the Republic. I have labored ever since I have been in public life to advance by every means in my power every measure that makes for the business interests of the country. No one values their importance more highly than I. But, gentlemen, I have seen it constantly stated, and

* From a speech before the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, March 27, 1896. See Boston daily papers for March 28, 1896.

this is the point I wish to make—that we must not deal with anything but business questions.

Now, there is a great deal more than that in the life of every great nation. There are patriotism, love of country, pride of race, courage, manliness, the things which money cannot make and which money cannot buy.

When we look at that flag, what is it that makes our hearts throb? If you are in a foreign land, after months of separation, what is it that makes your throat choke and your eyes get damp? Is it because a great many men have made money under it? I believe that that flag is a great deal more than the sign of a successful national shop, never to be unfurled for fear that the trader on the opposite side of the way may have his feelings ruffled; I think it is a great deal more than that. And when I look at it, I do not see and you do not see there the graven image of the dollar; you do not read there the motto of the epicure, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." No; you read on that flag the old Latin motto, "Per aspera ad astra." Through toil and conflict to the stars.

You do not see the dollar on it. But when you look, and your heart swells within you as you look, the memories that come are very different. If you see any faces there, they are the faces of Washington and his Continentals behind him, marching from defeat at Long Island to victory at Trenton, to misery at Valley Forge, to final triumph at Yorktown. Look again and we all see the face of Lincoln. The mighty hosts are there of the men who have lived for their country and given their lives for their country and labored for it, each in his separate way, and believed in it and loved it. They are all there, from the great chiefs to the boys who fell in Baltimore. That is what I see, that is what you see. That is why we love it, because it means this great country and all the people. It means all the struggles and sufferings we have gone through, all our hopes, all our aspirations. It means that we are a great nation and intend to take a nation's part in the family of nations. It means that we are the guardians of this Western Hemisphere and will not have it rashly invaded. It means the one successful experiment of representative democracy. It means victorious democracy. That is what it means, and that is what I see there and that is what you see there. And,

much as I care for business and economic questions, I never will admit that they are all or that the duty of a public man ceases with them. There are other questions that must be dealt with also. I never will admit that that beloved flag is to me merely the symbol of a land where I can live in rich content and make money. No; I see it as the American poet saw it:

"And fixed as yonder orb divine
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine
The guard and glory of the world."



The Charge of the Heavy Brigade

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," although celebrating a charge at Balaklava, as did "The Light Brigade," was not like the latter poem written in the white heat of aroused patriotism, but in 1882, nearly thirty years after the battle. The "three hundred" making the charge were the 'Scots Greys' and the second squadron of Inniskillings; the remainder of the "Heavy Brigade" subsequently dashing up to their support.

The charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!

Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky;
And he call'd "Left, wheel into line!" and they wheel'd
and obey'd.

Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not
why,
And he turn'd half 'round, and he had his trumpeter
sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his
blade

To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—

“Follow,” and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow’d the Heavy Brigade.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!

Thousands of horsemen had gather’d there on the height,
With a wing push’d out to the left, and a wing to the right,

And who shall escape if they close? but he dash’d up alone

Thro’ the great gray slope of men,
Sway’d his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then;
All in a moment follow’d with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallop the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

Fell like a cannon shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash’d like a hurricane,
Broke thro’ the mass from below,
Drove thro’ the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll’d them around like a cloud,—
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn’d to each other, whispering, all dismay’d,
“Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett’s
Brigade!”

"Lost, one and all!" were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay;
But they rode like victors and lords
Thro' the forest of lances and swords
In the heart of the Russian hordes.
They rode, or they stood at bay—
Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle and threw
Underfoot there in the fray—
Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly shock upon shock
Stagger'd the mass from without,
Drove it in wild disarray,
For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
And the foeman surged, and waver'd and reel'd
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!



The Duty of Public Service*

BY LORD ROSEBERY.



HAT can I do, in however small way, to serve my country? I will tell you what I consider the duty of every citizen. It is that you should keep a close and vigilant eye on public and municipal affairs; that you should form intelligent opinions upon them; that you should give help to the men who seem to you worthy of help, and oppose the men whom you think worthy of opposition. Keep this motive of public duty

* From "Appreciations and Addresses."

and public service before you, for the sake of your country, and also on your own account. You will find it the most ennobling human motive that can guide your actions. And while you will help the country by observing it, you will also help yourselves. Life consists of only two certain parts, the beginning and the end—the birth and the grave. Between those two points lies the whole arena of human choice and human opportunity. You may embellish and consecrate it if you will, or you may let it lie stagnant and dead. But if you choose the better part, I believe that nothing will give your life so high a complexion as to study to do something for your country.



The Cumberland*

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The first iron-clad vessel to be used in warfare was the Merrimac, in the battle of Hampton Roads, March 8, 1862. Rising only four feet above the waterline and sheathed in railroad iron four inches thick, the Merrimac was impregnable against the shot of that time. Its first victim, the Cumberland, was rammed, and sank in half an hour, her crew vainly fighting until the water rose above her cannon, her flag flying above the wreck until the end. The arrival of the Monitor the next day ended the Merrimac's career and saved the remainder of the Union fleet from destruction by the Confederate iron-clad.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop of war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarm of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes

* From "Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works." Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain,
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

The Rock of Chickamauga*

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.

On September 20, 1862, General Thomas was in command of the left division of the Federal army, of which Rosecrans was commander-in-chief. On this day was fought the battle of Chickamauga, one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. General Bragg, the Confederate commander, succeeded in dividing the Union army and driving the right wing precipitately from the field. Thomas held his ground, and at night returned to Chattanooga, bringing five hundred prisoners.



On General Thomas a battle was a calm, rational concentration of force against force. It was a question of lines and positions—of weight of metal and strength of battalions. His remark to a captain of artillery while inspecting a battery exhibits his theory of success: "Keep everything in order, for the fate of a battle may turn on a buckle or a lynchpin."

The last day at Chickamauga exhibited, in one supreme example, the vast resources of his prodigious strength. After a day of heavy fighting and a night of anxious preparation, General Rosecrans had established his lines for the purpose of holding the road to Chattanooga. This road was the great prize to be won or lost at Chickamauga. The substance of his order to Thomas was this: "Your line lies across the road to Chattanooga. That is the pivot of the battle. Hold it at all hazards, and I will reinforce you, if necessary, with the whole army."

During the whole night, the reinforcements of the enemy were coming in. Early next morning we were attacked along the whole line. Thomas commanded the left and center of our army. From early morning he withstood the furious and repeated attacks of the enemy, who constantly reinforced his assaults on our left. About noon our whole right wing was broken, and driven in hopeless confusion from the field. Rosecrans was himself swept away in the tide of retreat. The forces of Longstreet, which had broken our right, de-

* From "Works of James A. Garfield." Copyright by Lucretia R. Garfield.

sisted from the pursuit, and, forming in heavy columns, assaulted Thomas' right flank with unexampled fury. Seeing the approaching danger, he threw back his exposed flank toward the base of the mountain and met the new peril.

While men shall read the history of battles, they will never fail to study and admire the work of Thomas during that afternoon. With but twenty-five thousand men, formed in a semicircle of which he himself was the center and soul, he successfully resisted for more than five hours the repeated assaults of an army of sixty-five thousand men, flushed with victory and bent on his annihilation. Towards the close of the day his ammunition began to fail. One by one his division commanders reported but ten rounds, five rounds, or two rounds left. The calm, quiet answer was returned: "Save your fire for close quarters, and when your last shot is fired give them the bayonet." When night had closed over the combatants, the last sound of battle was the booming of Thomas' shells bursting among his baffled and retreating assailants.

He was, indeed, the "Rock of Chickamauga," against which the wild waves of battle dashed in vain. It will stand written forever in the annals of his country that there he saved from destruction the Army of the Cumberland. He held the road to Chattanooga. The campaign was successful. The gate of the mountains was ours.



For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are some sombre colors.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

The Bombardment of Vicksburg

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Vicksburg was the last Confederate stronghold on the Mississippi. Withstanding a two months' bombardment from Admiral Porter's gunboats and a close siege of six weeks from the Union army and navy, the town surrendered at last to General Grant on July 4, 1863. The poem pictures the siege from the Southern standpoint.

For sixty days and upwards
 A storm of shell and shot
 Rained round us in a flaming shower,
 But still we faltered not!
 "If the noble city perish,"
 Our grand young leader said,
 "Let the only walls the foe shall scale
 Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards
 The eye of heaven waxed dim;
 And even throughout God's holy morn,
 O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
 Arose a hissing tumult,
 As if the fiends of air
 Strove to engulf the voice of faith
 In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
 There was trembling on the marts,
 While the tempest raged and thundered
 'Mid the silent thrill of hearts:
 But the Lord, our shield, was with us;
 And, ere a month had sped,
 Our very women walked the streets
 With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gamboled,—
 Their faces purely raised,
 Just for a wondering moment,
 As the huge bombs whirled and blazed!

Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And above us denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse;
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
These death-sheafs warned aside,
'And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle-tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with step of hope,
To the music in their hearts.



Forget thy sorrow, heart of mine!
Though shadows fall and fades the leaf,
Somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine;
The power that sent can heal thy grief,
And light lies on the farther hills.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

The Rough Riders*

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Because of its picturesque and unusual composition, because of the personality of its leader, Theodore Roosevelt; and because of its dash and bravery in action, the Rough Riders was probably the most noted of the various regiments which took part in the Spanish-American War of 1898. Roosevelt's command especially distinguished itself at the storming of San Juan Hill.



THE Rough Riders, enlisted, officered, disciplined, and equipped in fifty days, are a typical American regiment. Most of the men come from Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, where the troops were chiefly raised. There are many cowboys, many men of the plains, hunters, pioneers, and ranchmen, to whom the perils and exposure of frontier life are a twice-told tale. Among them can be found more than twoscore civilized but full-blooded Indians. Then there are boys from the farms and towns of the far western territories. Then, again, strangest mingling of all, there are a hundred or more troopers from the East—graduates of Yale and Harvard, members of the New York and Boston clubs, men of wealth and leisure and large opportunities. They are men who have loved the chase of big game, football, and all the sports which require courage and strength, and are spiced with danger. All have the spirit of adventure strong within them, and they are there in Cuba because they seek perils, because they are patriotic, because they believe every gentleman owes a debt to his country, and this is the time to pay it.

All these men, drawn from so many sources, all so American, all so nearly soldiers in their life and habits, have been roughly, quickly, and effectively formed into a fighting regiment by the skillful discipline of Leonard Wood, their colonel, a surgeon of the line and who wears a medal of honor won in campaigns against the Apaches; and by the inspiration of Theodore Roosevelt, their lieutenant-colonel, who has laid down a high place

* From "The War with Spain." Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

in the administration at Washington, and come hither to Cuba because thus only can he live up to his ideal of conduct by offering his life to his country when war has come.



The Battle of Santiago*

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

This second great naval battle of the Spanish-American War took place on July 3, 1898. The Spanish fleet, under Admiral Cervera, had been for six weeks imprisoned in the harbor of Santiago, and on this day made a gallant dash for the open. The odds were overwhelmingly against them, and inside of four hours the entire Spanish fleet was either sunk or burning on the beach, while their crews were prisoners to the Americans.



HE American people will always remember that hot summer morning and the anxiety that overspread the land. They will always see the American ships rolling lazily on the long seas, and the sailors just going to Sunday inspection. Then comes the long, thin trail of smoke drawing nearer the harbor's mouth. The ships see it, and we can hear the cheers ring out, for the enemy is coming, and the American sailor rejoices mightily to know that the battle is set. There is no need of signals, no need of orders. The patient, long-watching admiral has given direction for every chance that may befall. Every ship is in place; every ship rushes forward, closing in upon the enemy, fiercely pouring shells from broadside and turret. There is the Gloucester firing her little shots at the great cruisers, and then driving down to grapple with the torpedo boats. There are the Spanish ships, already mortally hurt, running along the shore, shattered and breaking under the fire of the Indiana, the Iowa, and the Texas; there is the Brooklyn racing by to head the fugitives, and the Oregon dealing death-strokes as she rushes forward, forging to the front,

* From "The War with Spain." Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

and leaving her mark everywhere as she goes. On they go, driving through the water, firing steadily and ever getting closer, and presently the Spanish cruisers, helpless, burning, twisted wrecks of iron, are piled along the shore, and we see the younger officers and the men of their victorious ships periling their lives to save their beaten enemies. We see Wainwright on the Gloucester as eager in rescue as he was in fight. We hear Philip cry out, "Don't cheer. The poor devils are dying." We watch Evans as he hands back the sword to the wounded Eulate, and then writes in his report: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women." They all stand out to us, these gallant figures, from admiral to seamen, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory.



The Battle of Manila*

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

The battle of Manila was the first great blow dealt by the Americans to the Spanish in 1898. On May 1, 1898, Commodore Dewey's fleet ran the gauntlet of the batteries at the entrance to the harbor, escaped the floating mines and cut the Spanish fleet to pieces, and silenced the batteries on the shore. The American loss was six men slightly wounded—the cost to America of the Spanish empire in the East.



HE American fleet had passed the dreaded forts at the entrance, and was in the Bay of Manila. The moment had come. It came, fortunately, to a man who knew exactly what he meant to do. Commodore Dewey had his plan thoroughly laid out, and now proceeded to carry it into execution. The fleet moved silently and steadily down toward Cavité. Sud-

* From "The War with Spain." Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

denly, just ahead of the flagship, there came a quivering shock and a great column of water leaped into the air. The dreaded mines were really there, then, and the fleet was upon them; but no ship swerved, no man stirred, and, as sometimes happens, the brave were favored, and this was the last of the Spanish torpedoes. Closer and closer they came, until at last the distance was but little over five thousand yards. "If you are ready, Gridley, you may fire," said the commodore to the captain of the Olympia. Five times in all did the American ships turn and move past their opponents, each time closer, and each time with a more deadly broadside. There had been now two hours' hot work under the rising tropical sun, and at quarter before eight the commodore ran up the signals to cease firing and follow the flagship. The Spanish, battered as they were, set up a cheer as they saw their foe withdraw to the other side of the bay. There was a good rest for the crews, a hearty breakfast eaten quite at leisure, an examination of all guns, a fresh supply of ammunition brought up, and after three hours thus occupied, off the fleet went for a second and last assault. This time the work was more direct. The Spanish fleet was completely destroyed. The shore batteries were silenced one after another. They held out longest at Cavité, but a last and well-placed shell entered the arsenal magazine, a terrific explosion followed, the batteries all fell silent, and the white flag went up on the citadel. The battle of Manila has been fought and won.



Work

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all that live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Arnold Winkelreid

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The battle of Sempach, fought in 1386, brought about Swiss independence from Austrian tyranny. At first all the fortune of the battle seemed against the Swiss, for their short weapons could not reach a foe guarded by long lances. Suddenly, says the old chronicle, "a good and pious man" stepped forward from the ranks of the Swiss—Arnold von Winkelreid. Shouting to his comrades, "I will cut a road for you; take care of my wife and children!" he dashed on the enemy, caught as many spears as his arms could compass, and bore them to the ground with all the weight of his body. His companions burst through the gap, and the victory was soon theirs.

"Make way for Liberty!"—he cried;
Made way for Liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke:
Marshaled once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung in the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet
'And perish at their tyrant's feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invaders' power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly; she cannot yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone;
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelreid;
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood among the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
“Make way for Liberty!” he cried;
Then ran with arms extended wide,
‘As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.
“Make way for Liberty!” he cried;
Their keen points met from side to side,
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
“Make way for Liberty!” they cry;
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,

Rout, ruin, panic scattered all:
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
 Thus Death made way for Liberty.



The Right of the Filipinos to Independence

BY GEORGE F. HOAR.

In this letter to the Boston "Herald," which appeared on January 2, 1900, Senator Hoar makes one of his strongest pleas in behalf of the Philippines. He was always a consistent opponent of "imperialism," and though he supported President McKinley for re-election, he strongly opposed his Philippine policy, considering it subversive of American ideals.



THE Filipinos have from the beginning desired independence, and desire it now.

This desire was communicated to our commanders when they gave them arms, accepted their aid, and brought Aguinaldo from his exile when he was put in command of thirty thousand Filipino soldiers, who were already in arms and organized.

The people of the Philippine Islands, before we fired upon their troops, had delivered their own land from Spain, with the single exception of the town of Manila, and they hemmed in the Spanish troops on land by a line extending from water to water.

We could not have captured the Spanish garrison, which was done by an arrangement beforehand, upon a mere show of resistance, but for the fact that they were so hemmed in by Aguinaldo's forces and could not retreat beyond the range and fire of the guns of our fleet.

During all this period from the beginning to the final conflict, the Filipinos were repeatedly informing our government that they desired their freedom, and they were

never informed of any purpose on our part to subdue them.

They were fit for independence. They had churches, libraries, works of art, and education. They were better educated than many American communities within the memory of some of us. They were eager and ambitious to learn. They were governing their entire island, except Manila, in order and quiet, with municipal governments, courts of justice, schools, and a complete constitution resting upon the consent of the people. They were better fitted for self-government than any country on the American continent south of us, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn; or than San Domingo or Hayti when these countries, respectively, achieved their independence; and are fitter for self-government than some of them now. They are now as fit for self-government as was Japan when she was welcomed into the family of nations.

The outbreak of hostilities was not their fault, but ours. A patrol, not a hostile military force, approached a small village between the lines of the two armies; a village on the American side of the line of demarcation, to which some of our soldiers had been moved in disregard of the rule applicable to all cases of truce. When this patrol approached this town it was challenged. How far the Filipinos understood our language, or how far our pickets understood the reply that they made in their own language, does not appear. But we fired upon them first. The fire was returned from their lines. Thereupon it was returned again from us, and several Filipinos were killed. As soon as Aguinaldo heard of it he sent a message to General Otis saying that the firing was without his knowledge and against his will; that he deplored it, and that he desired hostilities to cease and would withdraw his troops to any distance General Otis should desire. To which the American general replied that, as the fighting had begun, it must go on.

I do not know what other men may think, or what other men may say. But there is not a drop of blood in my veins, there is not a feeling in my heart that does not respect a weak people struggling with a strong one.

When Patrick Henry was making his great speech in the old court house in Virginia, ending with the words, "Give me liberty, or give me death," he was in-

terrupted by somebody with a shout of "treason." He finished his sentence, and replied, as every school boy knows: "If this be treason, make the most of it." I am unworthy to loose the latchet of the shoes of Patrick Henry. But I claim to love human liberty as well as he did, and I believe the love of human liberty will never be held to be treason by Massachusetts.

I am a son of Massachusetts. For more than three-score years and ten I have sat at her dear feet. I have seen the light from her beautiful eyes. I have heard high counsel from her lips. She has taught me to love liberty, to stand by the weak against the strong, when the rights of the weak are in peril; she has led me to believe that if I do this, however humbly, however imperfectly, and whatever other men may say, I shall have her approbation, and shall be deemed not unworthy of her love. Other men will do as they please. But as for me, God helping me, I can do no otherwise.



Abraham Davenport*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The famous Dark Day of New England, May 19, 1780, was a physical puzzle for many years to our ancestors, but its occurrence brought more than philosophical speculation into the minds of those who passed through it. The incident of Colonel Abraham Davenport's sturdy protest is a matter of history.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

* From "Whittier's Poetical Works." Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heavens of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the down-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or be it not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command,
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face,—
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.
Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon

Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
 Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
 Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
 The shrewd dry humor natural to the man:
 His awestruck colleagues listening all the while,
 Between the pauses of his argument,
 To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
 Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
 Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
 Against the background of unnatural dark,
 A witness to the ages as they pass,
 That simple duty hath no place for fear.



New Americanism*

BY HENRY WATTERSON.

In this speech, which was delivered before the New England Society of New York City in 1894, Mr. Watterson makes touching and uplifting reference to "The New South," Henry W. Grady's noble address of eight years before.

IGHT years ago, to-night, there stood where I am standing now a young Georgian, who, not without reason, recognized the "significance" of his presence here and, in words whose eloquence I cannot hope to recall, appealed from the New South to New England for a united country.

He is gone now. But, short as his life was, its heaven-born mission was fulfilled; the dream of his childhood was realized; for he had been appointed by God to carry a message of peace on earth, good will to men, and, this done, he vanished from the sight of mortal eyes, even as the dove from the ark.

* From an address at the annual meeting of the New England Society in New York City, December 22, 1894.

Grady told us, and told us truly, of that typical American who, in Dr. Talmage's mind's eye, was coming, but who, in Abraham Lincoln's actuality, had already come. In some recent studies into the career of that man, I have encountered many startling confirmations of this judgment; and from that rugged trunk, drawing its sustenance from gnarled roots, interlocked with Cavalier sprays and Puritan branches deep beneath the soil, shall spring, is springing, a shapely tree—symmetric in all its parts—under whose sheltering boughs this nation shall have the new birth of freedom Lincoln promised it, and mankind the refuge which was sought by the forefathers when they fled from oppression. Thank God, the axe, the gibbet, and the stake have had their day. They have gone, let us hope, to keep company with the lost arts. It has been demonstrated that great wrongs may be redressed and great reforms be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood; that vengeance does not purify, but brutalizes; and that tolerance, which in private transactions is reckoned a virtue, becomes in public affairs a dogma of the most far-seeing statesmanship.

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom—from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led Hester Prynne to her shame—and called it religion—to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Morton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship—of that common origin—back both of the Puritan and the Cavalier—to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs, not by its savage hatreds—darkened alike by king-craft and priesthood—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be Tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God to guide the way with loving word, as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion, true Republicanism, and true patriotism, distrust of watchwords and labels, shams and heroes, belief in our country and ourselves.

It was not Cotton Mather, but John Greenleaf Whittier, who cried:

"Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies.

Cast down our idols—overturn
Our bloody altars—make us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!"



The Revolutionary Rising

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The poem is founded on an actual incident of Revolutionary times.

The pastor was the Rev. J. P. G. Muhlenberg, a most ardent and uncompromising patriot. As Colonel of the Eighth Virginia Volunteers, he took part in the battles of Monmouth, Stony Point, etc., and retired with the rank of major-general. He afterward served three terms in Congress, one as senator, and later was collector of the port of Philadelphia.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

'And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington.
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak,
The church of Berkley Manor stood:
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet, with loitering tread,
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught:
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And, calmly as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text a few short words of might,—
“The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!”

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came,
The stirring sentences he spake,
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;

Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 And lo! he met their wondering eyes,
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause,—
 When Berkley cried: “Cease, traitor, cease!
 God's temple is the house of peace!”
 The other shouted: “Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause,
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers
 That frown upon the tyrant foe;
 In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
 There is a time to fight and pray!”

And now before the open door—
 The warrior priest had ordered so—
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
 Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life;
 While overhead, with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
 The great bell swung as ne'er before:
 It seemed as it would never cease;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue
 Was “War! War! War!”

“Who dares”—this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came—
 “Come out with me in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die?”
 A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered, “I!”

Moral Aspect of the American War

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Taken from a speech delivered in London, October 20, 1863. In a series of five speeches in order at Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and London, Henry Ward Beecher changed the attitude of the English nation from one of open hostility to the Union to neutrality and even to favor. It is doubtful if there was ever a greater triumph in the history of eloquence.



HIS war began by the act of the South, firing at the old flag that had covered both sections with glory and protection. The attack made upon us was under circumstances which inflicted immediate humiliation and threatened us with final subjugation. The Southerners held all the keys of the country. They had robbed our arsenals. They had made our treasury bankrupt. They had possession of the most important offices in the army and navy. They had the advantage of having long anticipated and prepared for the conflict. We knew not whom to trust. One man failed and another man failed. Men, pensioned by the Government, lived on the salary of the Government only to have better opportunity to stab and betray it. And for the North to have lain down like a spaniel, to have given up the land that every child in America is taught, as every child in Britain is taught, to regard as his sacred right and his trust, to have given up the mouths of our own rivers and our mountain citadels without a blow, would have marked the North in all future history as craven and mean.

Second, the honor and safety of that grand experiment, self-government by free institutions, demanded that so flagitious a violation of the first principles of legality should not carry off impunity and reward, thereafter enabling the minority in every party conflict to turn and say to the majority, "If you don't give us our way we will make war." Oh, Englishmen, would you let a minority dictate in such a way to you? The principle

thus introduced would literally have no end, would carry the nation back to its original elements of isolated states. Nor is there any reason why it should stop with states. If every treaty may be overthrown by which states have been settled into a nation, what form of political union may not on like grounds be severed? There is the same force in the doctrine of secession in the application of counties as in the application to states, and if it be right for a state or a county to secede, it is equally right for a town or a city. This doctrine of secession is a huge revolving millstone that grinds the national life to powder. It is anarchy in velvet, and national destruction clothed in soft phrases. No people with patriotism and honor will give up territory without a struggle for it. Would you give it up? It is said that the states are owners of their territory! It is theirs to use not theirs to run away with. We have equal right with them to enter it. I would like to ask those English gentlemen who hold that it is right for a state to secede when it pleases, how they would like it if the county of Kent would try the experiment. The men who cry out for secession of the Southern States in America would say, "Kent seceding? Ah, circumstances alter cases."

One more reason why we will not let this people go is because we do not want to become a military people. A great many say America is becoming too strong, she is dangerous to the peace of the world. But if you permit or favor this decision, the South becomes a military nation and the North is compelled to become a military nation. Along a line of 1,500 miles she must have forts and men to garrison them. Now any nation that has a large standing army is in great danger of losing its liberties. Before this war the legal size of the national army was 25,000. If the country were divided then we should have two great military nations taking its place. And if America by this ill-advised disruption is forced to have a standing army, like a boy with a knife, she will always want to whittle with it. It is the interest then of the world, that the nation should be united, and that it should be under the control of that part of America that has always been for peace.

The religious minded among our people feel that in the territory committed to us there is a high and solemn trust, a national trust. We are taught that in some sense

the world itself is a field, and every Christian nation acknowledges a certain responsibility for the moral condition of the globe. But how much nearer does it come when it is one's own country! And the church of America is coming to feel more and more that God gave us this country not merely for material aggrandizement, but for a glorious triumph of the church of Christ. Therefore we undertook to rid the territory of slavery. Since slavery has divested itself of its municipal protection and has become a declared public enemy, it is our duty to strike down slavery which would blight this territory. These truths are not exaggerated, they are diminished rather than magnified in my statement, and you cannot tell how powerfully they are influencing us unless you are standing in our midst in America; you cannot understand how firm that national feeling is which God has bred in the North on this subject. It is deeper than the sea, it is firmer than the hills, it is serene as the sky over our head where God dwells.

We believe that the war is a test of our institutions, that it is a life-and-death struggle between the two principles of liberty and slavery, that it is the cause of the common people the world over. We believe that every struggling nationality on the globe will be stronger if we conquer this odious oligarchy of slavery and that every oppressed people in the world will be weaker if we fail. The sober American regards the war as part of that awful yet glorious struggle which has been going on for hundreds of years in every nation between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between liberty and despotism, between freedom and bondage. It carries with it the whole future condition of our vast continent, its laws, its policy, its fate. And standing in view of these tremendous realities we have consecrated all that we have, our children, our wealth, our national strength, and we lay them all on the altar and say, "It is better that they should all perish than that the North should falter and betray this trust of God, this hope of the oppressed, this western civilization." If we say this of ourselves, shall we say less of the slave-holders? If we are willing to do these things, shall we say, "Stop the war for their sakes!" If we say this of ourselves, shall we have more pity for the rebellious, for slavery seeking to blacken a continent with its awful evil, desecrating the

social phrase, "National Independence," by seeking only an independence that shall enable them to treat four millions of human beings as chattels? Shall we be tenderer over them than over ourselves? Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men who poured out their lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain you will not understand us, but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose example and principles we inherit as so much seed corn in a new and fertile land, then you will understand our firm, invincible determination to fight this war through at all hazards and at every cost.



Brown of Ossawatomie

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

On October 17, 1859, John Brown, with a small band of followers, seized upon the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va., this being in his estimation a first step toward the abolition of slavery. Captured the next day, the insurgents were tried and executed. "The execution of Saint John the Just took place December second," wrote Louisa Alcott in her diary. Whittier, in this poem, pays homage to the sincere purpose of the man. There is still doubt as to the authenticity of the incident described.

John Brown of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's
pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to
free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer
for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die:
And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed
nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh
face grew mild,
And he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed
the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the
loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good
intent,
And 'round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole
bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human
blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which
underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's
sacrifice.



If you's only got de powah fer to blow a little whistle,
Keep ermong de people wid de whistles.
Ef you don't, you'll find out sho'tly dat you's th'owed you
fin' feelin'
In a place dat's all a bed o' thistles.
'Taint no use a-goin' now, ez sho's you bo'n,
A-squeakin' of you' whistle 'g'inst a great big ho'n.
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Col. Robert Gould Shaw at Fort Wagner*

BY WILLIAM JAMES.

The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts was the first negro regiment to go to the front in the Civil War, under its colonel, Robert Gould Shaw. An attack was made in 1863 upon Fort Wagner, one of the strong defences of Charleston. "Some one had blundered," and the two brigades, black and white, which attacked, were mowed down like grass. The negroes planted their flag on the very parapet, but as Shaw urged them on he fell, instantly killed, and the few remaining beat a reluctant retreat.



TERRIFIC bombardment was playing on Fort Wagner, then the most formidable earthwork ever built, and the general, knowing Shaw's desire to place his men beside white troops, said to him: "Colonel, Fort Wagner is to be stormed this evening, and you may lead the column if you say yes. Your men, I know, are worn out, but do as you choose." Shaw's face brightened. "Before answering the general, he instantly turned to me," writes the adjutant who reports the interview, "and said, 'Tell Colonel Hallowell to bring up the 54th immediately.'"

This was done, and just before nightfall the attack was made. Shaw was serious, for he knew the assault was desperate, and had a premonition of his end. Walking up and down in front of the regiment, he briefly exhorted them to prove that they were men. Then he gave the order: "Move in quick time till within a hundred yards, then double quick and charge. Forward!" and the 54th advanced to the storming, its colonel and the colors at its head.

On over the sand, through a narrow defile which broke up the formation, double quick over the *chevaux de frise*, into the ditch and over it, as best they could, and up the rampart; with Fort Sumter, which had seen them, playing on them, and Fort Wagner, now one mighty mound

* From address, "The Monument to Robert Gould Shaw. Its Inception, Completion and Unveiling." Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of fire, tearing out their lives. Shaw led from first to last. Gaining successfully the parapet, he stood there for a moment with uplifted sword, shouting, "Forward, 54th!" and then fell headlong, with a bullet through his heart. The battle raged for nigh two hours. Regiment after regiment, following upon the 54th, hurled themselves upon its ramparts, but Fort Wagner was nobly defended, and for that night stood safe.



The Black Regiment

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

This regiment was the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, the first colored regiment of the North to go to the war. Its colonel was Robert Gould Shaw, who was killed in the attack on Fort Wagner, Charleston, S. C., which is here described.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempests and falling brand
Over a ruined land:
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

The Speaker

"Now!" the flag sergeant cried,
 "Though death and hell betide,
 Let the whole nation see
 If we are fit to be free
 In this land; or bound
 Down like the whining hound,—
 Bound with red stripes of pain
 In our old chains again!"
 O! what a shout there went
 From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke,
 Onward the bondmen broke;
 Bayonet and saber-stroke
 Vainly opposed their rush.
 Through the wild battle's crush
 With but one thought aflush,
 Driving their lords like chaff,
 In the guns' mouths they laugh;

Or at the slippery brands
 Leaping with open hands,
 Down they tear man and horse,
 Down in their awful course;
 Trampling with bloody heel
 Over the crashing steel,
 All their eyes forward bent,
 Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle cry—
 "Freedom! or leave to die!"
 Ah! and they meant the word,
 Not as with us 'tis heard,
 Not as mere party shout:
 They gave their spirits out;
 Trusting their end to God,
 And on the gory sod
 Rolled in triumphant blood.

Glad to strike one free blow,
 Whether for weal or woe:
 Glad to breathe one free breath,
 Though on the lips of death.
 Praying—alas! in vain!—

That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell:
But they are resting well:
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.



The Blue and the Gray

BY FRANCIS M. FINCH.

Called forth by the act of some Confederate women at Nashville, Tennessee, who, going to decorate the graves of their own dead, were moved by pity to decorate the graves of the Federal dead also. The deed was noised abroad through the North, and was received with a burst of gratitude that went far to heal all resentment and arouse the feeling of brotherhood. It was soon followed by the return of captured battle-flags and other signs of reconciliation.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

The Speaker

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
 The morning sun rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 'Broidered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

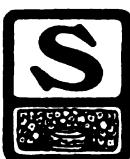
Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever,
 When they laurel the graves of our dead;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

The Triumph of Peace*

BY EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN.

Preacher, Lecturer, Essayist. Born at Union Village, N. Y., 1814; died in New York City, 1880. Was pastor for thirty-four years of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, N. Y.



TAND, in imagination, of a summer's morning, upon a field of battle. Earth and sky melt together in light and harmony; the air is rich with fragrance, and sweet with the song of birds. But suddenly breaks in the sound of fiercer music, and the measured tramp of thousands. Eager squadrons shake the earth with thunder, and files of bristling steel kindle in the sun; and, opposed to each other, line to line, face to face, are now arrayed men whom God has made in the same likeness, and whose nature he has touched to the same issues. The same heart beats in all. In the momentary hush, like a swift mist sweep before them images of home; voices of children prattle in their ears; memories of affection stir among their silent prayers. They cherish the same sanctities, too. They have read from the same Book. It is to them the same charter of life and salvation; they have been taught to observe its beautiful lessons of love; their hearts have been touched alike with the meek example of Jesus. But a moment, and all these affinities are broken, trampled under foot, swept away by the shock and the shouting. Confusion rends the air; the simmering bomb plows up the earth; the iron hail cuts the quivering flesh; the steel bites to the bone; the cannon-shot crashes through serried ranks; and under a cloud of smoke that hides both earth and heaven the desperate struggle goes on. The day wanes, and the strife ceases. On the one side there is a victory, on the other a defeat. The triumphant city is lighted with jubilee, the streets roll out their tides of acclamation, and the organ heaves from its groaning breast the peal of thanksgiving. But under that tumultuous joy there are bleeding bosoms and inconsolable tears;

* Selected from Chapin's "Living Words," published 1869 by the Universalist Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

and, whether in triumphant or defeated lands, a shudder of orphanage and widowhood—a chill of woe and death—runs far and wide through the world. The meek moon breaks the dissipating veil of the conflict, and rolls its calm splendor above the dead. And see now how much woe man has mingled with inevitable evils of the universe! See now the fierceness of his passion, the folly of his wickedness, witnessed by the torn standards, the broken wheels, the pools of clotted blood, the charred earth, the festering heaps of slain. Nature did not make these horrors, and when those fattening bones shall have moldered in the soil she will spread out luxuriant harvests to hide those horrors forever.

Fancy yourselves standing on the banks of the Delaware more than a century and a half ago. The winds have stripped the leaves from the primeval forest, save where the pines lift their dark drapery to the sky. The river travels silently on its way. All around lies the solitude of nature, unbroken by wheels of traffic or triumphs of civilization. Apart from the roar and conflict of nations,—apart from the hurrying tides of interest and passion,—this lone spot in the wilderness, beside the calm river, is a spot for peace and love,—a spot where the children of humanity may come, bury their war-weapons, and embrace. Lo! it is that spot. From the recesses of the forest there glides a file of red and naked men, wild in their strength, and uncurbed in all the native impulses of humanity. As they cluster beneath the arching elm, or brood in dusky lines along the woody background, their eyes glisten with the fires of their fierce nature, and here and there a hand grasps more closely its weapon; yet in the grave silence and studied repose the old men bend forward their scarred faces, and the young incline their ears to hear. He who stands up to speak to them is a white man, unarmed, and almost companionless, yet in his mien there is neither hesitation nor fear, and his face, where mildness sweetly blends with dignity, banishes the suspicion of deceit. Consider him well; for in the true record of his life his name is enrolled higher than those of heroes. Unbending before kings, he reverences the rudest savage as a man. Guided by the “inner light,” the law of conscience and of truth, the Indian’s rights are sacred as the white man’s, and he asks no force to aid him but the

force of love. And as he utters those simple words of peace and justice, those savage bosoms grow warm with the Christian law, those glittering eyes melt with charity. The child of the red man clasps the hand of the white stranger, the belt of wampum is made a beautiful symbol, and the words of solemn promise go forth,—the winds lift them higher than any shout of victory, the woods repeat them far inland and the Delaware bears them rolling by,—“We will live with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and the moon shall endure.” It was an honest compact. It was a bloodless conquest. It was the triumph of peace and right. The historian records it with a glow. The philanthropist quotes it, and takes courage. The Christian remembers it, and clings with new faith to the religion that accomplished it.



The Maiden Martyr

ANONYMOUS.

The Covenanters were so-called because bound together in covenants to recognize no religion in Scotland save Presbyterianism. For thirty years a dominating power in Scotland, they were persecuted by Charles II, who in 1665 sent out “bloody Claverhouse” to scour the country for them, sparing neither age nor sex. It was in 1685 that the two women, Margaret M’Lauchlan and Margaret Wilson died for their faith as described in the poem.

A troop of soldiers waited at the door;
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from them bared sabers gleamed
And flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
A woman full of tears and full of woes;
The other was a maiden in her morn;
And they were one in name and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.
The troop moved on; and down the sunny street

The people followed, ever falling back
 As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
 But in the midst the women simply went
 As if they two were walking side by side
 Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn ;
 Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
 But as they went about their daily tasks ;
 They went to prison and they went to death,
 Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
 The troopers halted ; all the shining sands
 Lay bare and glistening ; for the tide had
 Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
 And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
 Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. "It will be
 A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
 As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
 Dismounted, and the people passing near
 Then heard the pardon proffered with the oath
 Renouncing and abjuring part with all
 The persecuted, covenanted folk,
 But both refused the oath : "Because," they said,
 "Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
 We have no part with him."

On this they took
 The elder Margaret, and led her out
 Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
 The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
 Upon the farthest stake, already reached
 By every rising wave, and left her there ;
 And as the waves crept about her feet she prayed
 "That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
 Who holds them in the hollow of His hand."

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
 There paced the Prophet and the Laird of Lag,
 Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Grahame,
 And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
 As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
 Waiting her doom delayed, said, "She would
 Turn before the tide, seek refuge in their arms
 From the chill waves." But ever to her lips
 There came the wondrous words of life and peace ;
 "If God be for us, who can be against ?"
 "Who shall divide us from the love of Christ ?"

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

And still the tide was flowing in;
They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,
Where something white was floating—something
White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave;
But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
Then disappeared. And round the shore
And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.

Then Grierson,
With cursing, vowed he would wait
No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
Down, and tied her hands, and round her
Slender waist too roughly cast the rope; for
Windram came and eased it while he whispered
In her ear, "Come, take the test and you are free."
And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save
The King!" "God save the King of His great grace."
She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
She sang the Psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul;"
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
And there was glory over all the sea,
A flood of glory, and the lifted face
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's maiden martyr went to God.



To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do
without is power.

—George MacDonald.

The Relief of Lucknow

BY ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL.

During the mutiny against the English in India, Lucknow, crowded with English refugees, was in hourly danger of capture by the Indians. Capture meant such a massacre as that of Cawnpore, and so the besieged endured famine and thirst rather than yield. For two months the siege lasted, but was raised at last by the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, whose Highland regiments, playing "The Campbells are Coming," first announced the approach of help.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort;
 We knew that it was the last,
 That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
 And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
 And the men and we all worked on;
 It was one day more of smoke and roar,
 And then it would be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
 A fair, young, gentle thing,
 Wasted with fever in the siege,
 And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
 And I took her head on my knee;
 "When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
 "Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
 In the flecking of woodbine shade,
 When the house-dog sprawls by the half-open door,
 And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
 And hopeless waiting for death;
 But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
 Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep and I had my dream
 Of an old English village lane
And wall and garden—till a sudden scream
 Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
 And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand,
 And drew me near and spoke:

"The Highlanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
 The slogan far awa'?
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
 It's the grandest of them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders;
 We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
 Poured forth like a full flood tide.

Along the battery line her cry
 Had fallen among the men;
And they started; for they were there to die—
 Was life so near them then?

They listened, for life; and the rattling fire
 Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all,—and the colonel shook his head,
 And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, "That slogan's dune,
 But can ye no hear them, noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It's nae a dream,
 Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
 But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
 And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,
 A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
 Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders,
 And now they played "Auld Lang Syne;"
 It came to our men like the voice of God;
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one other's hands,
 And the women sobbed in a crowd;
 And every one knelt down where he stood,
 And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them in,
 Our men put Jessie first;
 And the General took her hand; and cheers
 From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
 Marching round and round our line;
 And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
 As the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."



Epitaph

Epitaph placed on the tomb of his wife by Mark Twain:

Warm summer sun,
 Shine kindly here.
 Warm southern wind
 Blow softly here.

Green sod above
 Lie light, lie light.
 Good-night, dear heart,
 Good-night, good-night.

Against the Spoils System*

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

"To the victors belong the spoils," said Senator Marcy, in 1832, and thus gave a name to the System which under President Jackson had already established a local habitation in the United States. The belief that with the change of a party administration should come also a change in all officials serving the government, down to the lowest clerk or postmaster, has caused much suffering, brought about a tremendous amount of waste and inefficiency, and is, even yet, not entirely obliterated by the Civil Service reforms.



LET me here speak plain words. I say without hesitation that the Spoils System is an organized treason against the Republic and transgression against the moral law. It is a gross and sordid iniquity. Its emblem should not be the eagle, but the pelican, because it has the largest pouch. It shamelessly defies three of the Ten Commandments. It lies, when it calls a public office a spoil. It covets, when it desires to control that office for the benefit of party. It steals, when it converts that office from the service of the commonwealth into a gift to "reward" a partisan, or a sacrifice to "placate" a faction. And for how many indirect violations of the other commandments, in Sabbath-breaking, blasphemy, adultery, and murder, the Spoils System is indirectly responsible, let the private history of the "rings" and "halls" which it has created answer.

But it is an idle amusement for clever cynics in the newspapers, and amiable citizens in their clubs, to vituperate the Ring and the Boss, while we approve, sanction, or even tolerate the vicious principle "To the victors belong the spoils." This principle is the root of the evils which afflict us. There can be no real cure except one which is radical. Police investigations and periodical attempts to "drive the rascals out" do not go deep enough. We must see and say and feel that the whole Spoils System, from top to bottom, is a flagrant immorality and a fertile mother of vices. The Ring does not form itself out of the air; it is bred in the system. A Boss is simply

* From a sermon delivered in New York, N. Y., before the Sons of the Revolution in New York State, February 24, 1895.

a boil, an evidence of bad blood in the body politic. Let it out and he will subside.

Sons of the Revolution kindle their indignation by contemplating the arrogance of the Tea-Tax and the Stamp-Act which tyranny attempted to impose on freemen. I will tell you of two more arrogant iniquities nearer home. The people of the largest State in the Union not long ago made a law that their civil service should be taken out of the domain of spoils and controlled by merit and efficiency. A committee appointed last year to investigate the working of the law reported that it had been systematically disregarded, evaded, and violated, by the very Governor elected and commissioners appointed to carry it into execution, so that the number of offices distributed as spoils had steadily increased, and the proportion of appointments for ascertained merits and fitness had decreased twenty-five per cent. in a year and a half. That is the first instance. And the second is like unto it. The people of the largest city in the Union, regardless of party, joined hands last fall in a successful effort to drive out a corrupt and oppressive organization which had long fattened on the spoils of municipal office. They elected a chief magistrate pledged to administer the affairs of the city on a business basis, with a single eye to the welfare of the city, and without regard to partisan influence. To this chief magistrate now appears a man from the rural districts, like Banquo's ghost, but without a crown and with plenty of "speculation in his eyes," demanding that his counsel shall be taken, and his followers rewarded, and his faction "placated," in the distribution of the offices of this great city of which he is not even a citizen. I say that is as impudent an iniquity as George III and his ministers ever proposed towards their colonies.

But who is responsible for it? I will tell you. The corporations from whom the Boss gets his gains in payment for his protection. The office-seekers, high or low, who go to the Boss for a place for themselves or for others. And the citizens who, by voting, have year after year filled our legislative chambers with men who were willing to do the Bosses' bidding, for a consideration.

It should be the desire and object of every patriotic American to remove these places as rapidly and as completely as possible from all chance of occupation or use

by the Spoils System. Burn the nests, and the rats will evacuate. Clean the sewers, and the malaria will abate. Let it be understood that our chief elective offices are no longer to be sent into the fields to feed place-hunters, and it will no longer be difficult to get the most conscientious men to serve. Let the people once thoroughly repudiate and disown the "Spoils System," and then the spoilsman and the boss, the ring and the hall,

"Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."



The Present Crisis*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Descended from a line of patriots who believed in freedom for all men, whether black or white, it was small wonder that James Russell Lowell, even at nineteen, wrote to a friend, "The Abolitionists are the only ones with whom I sympathize of the present extant parties." Six years later this feeling found a noble outlet in "The Present Crisis." It is likely that this poem was written largely under the influence of his wife, to whom he was married in 1844, and who brought a fervid anti-slavery temper as part of her marriage portion.

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East
to West;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb,
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of
time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
'Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or
wrong;

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Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
 Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of joy or shame—
 In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
 Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon moments see
 That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through oblivion's sea;
 Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
 Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
 Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
 Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great;
 Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate!
 But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,

List the ominous stern whisper from the delphic cave
within,
“They enslave their children’s children who make com-
promise with sin.”

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and ‘tis prosperous
to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had
denied.

Count me o’er earth’s chosen heroes—they were souls
that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious
stone;
Stood serene and down the future, saw the golden beam
incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith
divine
By one man’s plain truth to manhood and to God’s su-
preme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ’s bleeding feet I
track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns
not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each genera-
tion learned
One new word of that grand credo which in prophet-
hearts hath burned,
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to
heaven upturned.

For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr
stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his
hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling
fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history’s golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.
 Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a
 crime;
 Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by
 men behind their time?
 Turn those tracks toward past or future that make
 Plymouth Rock sublime?

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are
 traitors to our sires,
 Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new-lit altar
 fires.
 Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our
 haste to slay,
 From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral
 lamps away
 To light the martyr-fagots 'round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient
 good uncouth;
 They must upward still and onward, who would keep
 abreast of truth;
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires. We ourselves must
 Pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
 desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-
 rusted key.



He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day :
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

—John Milton.

The Man Who Wears the Button*

BY JOHN MELLEN THURSTON.



OMETIMES in passing along the street I meet a man who, in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming bronze button. The coat is often old and rusty; the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years; perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence—yea! to me the very dust his weary foot has pressed is holy ground, for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

Maybe at Donaldson he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh held the broken line; at Chattanooga climbed the flame-swept hill, or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the forge, the bench, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed or gold, to find adventure, or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways, and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-by kisses upon tiny lips to look death in the face on desperate fields.

And when the war was over he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

What mighty men have worn this same bronze button! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, and an hundred more, whose names are written on the title-page of deathless fame. The glorious victories are known of men; the history of their country gives them voice; the white light

* From an address given by Senator Thurston at a banquet of the Michigan Club of Detroit, February 21, 1890.

of publicity illuminates them for every eye. But there are thousands who, in humbler way, no less deserve applause. How many knightliest acts of chivalry were never seen beyond the line or heard of above the roar of battle.

God bless the men who wore the button! They pinned the stars of Union in the azure of our flag with bayonets, and made atonement for a nation's sin in blood. They took the negro from the auction-block and at the altar of emancipation crowned him—citizen. They supplemented "Yankee Doodle" with "Glory Hallelujah," and Yorktown with Appomattox. Their powder woke the morn of universal freedom and made the name "American" first in all the earth. To us their memory is an inspiration and to the future it is hope.



The Man with the Muck-Rake*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



NBUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress" you may recall the description of the Man with the Muck-rake, the man who could look no way but downward, with the muck-rake in his hand; who was offered a celestial crown for his muck-rake, but who would neither look up nor regard the crown he was offered, but continued to rake to himself the filth of the floor.

In "Pilgrim's Progress" the Man with the Muck-rake is set forth as the example of him whose vision is fixed on carnal instead of on spiritual things. Yet he also typifies the man who in this life consistently refuses to see aught that is lofty, and fixes his eyes with solemn intentness only on that which is vile and debasing. Now,

* From an address delivered by the President at the laying of the corner-stone of the Office Building of the House of Representatives, April 14, 1906.

it is very necessary that we should not flinch from seeing what is vile and debasing. There is filth on the floor, and it must be scraped up with the muck-rake; and there are times and places where this service is the most needed of all the services that can be performed. But the man who never does anything else, who never thinks or speaks or writes, save of his feats with the muck-rake, speedily becomes, not a help to society, not an incitement to good, but one of the most potent forces for evil.

There are, in the body politic, economic and social, many and grave evils, and there is urgent necessity for the sternest war upon them. There should be relentless exposure of and attack upon every evil man, whether politician or business man, every evil practice, whether in politics, in business, or in social life. I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who, on the platform, or in book, magazine, or newspaper, with merciless severity makes such attack, provided always that he in his turn remembers that the attack is of use only if it is absolutely truthful. The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of slander, he may be worse than most thieves. It puts a premium upon knavery untruthfully to attack an honest man, or even with hysterical exaggeration to assail a bad man with untruth. An epidemic of indiscriminate assault upon character does not do good but very great harm. The soul of every scoundrel is gladdened whenever an honest man is assailed, or even when a scoundrel is untruthfully assailed.

Now, it is easy to twist out of shape what I have just said, easy to affect to misunderstand it, and, if it is slurred over in repetition, not difficult to misunderstand it. Some persons are sincerely incapable of understanding that to denounce mud-slinging does not mean the endorsement of whitewashing; and both the interested individuals who need whitewashing, and those others who practice mud-slinging, like to encourage such confusion of ideas. One of the chief counts against those who make indiscriminate assault upon men in business or men in public life, is that they invite a reaction which is sure to tell powerfully in favor of the unscrupulous scoundrel who really ought to be attacked, who ought to be exposed, who ought, if possible, to be put in the penitentiary. If Aristides is praised overmuch as just, people

get tired of hearing it; and overcensure of the unjust finally and from similar reasons results in their favor.

Any excess is almost sure to invite a reaction; and, unfortunately, the reaction, instead of taking the form of punishment of those guilty of the excess, is very apt to take the form either of punishment of the unoffending or of giving immunity, and even strength, to offenders. The effort to make financial or political profit out of the destruction of character can only result in public calamity. Gross and reckless assaults on character, whether on the stump or in newspaper, magazine, or book, create a morbid and vicious public sentiment, and at the same time act as a profound deterrent to able men of normal sensitiveness and tend to prevent them from entering the public service at any price. As an instance in point, I may mention that one serious difficulty encountered in getting the right type of men to dig the Panama Canal is the certainty that they will be exposed, both without, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes within Congress, to utterly reckless assaults on their character and capacity.

At the risk of repetition let me say again that my plea is, not for immunity to but for the most unsparing exposure of the politician who betrays his trust, of the big business man who makes or spends his fortune in illegitimate or corrupt ways. There should be a resolute effort to hunt every such man out of the position he has disgraced. Expose the crime, and hunt down the criminal; but remember that even in the case of crime, if it is attacked in sensational, lurid, and untruthful fashion, the attack may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself. It is because I feel that there should be no rest in the endless war against the forces of evil that I ask that the war be conducted with sanity as well as with resolution. The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck, and to look upward to the celestial crown above them, to the crown of worthy endeavor. There are beautiful things above and round about them; and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck, their power of usefulness is gone. If the whole picture is painted black, there remains no hue whereby to single out the rascals for distinction from their fellows. Such painting finally induces a kind of moral color-blindness;

and people affected by it come to the conclusion that no man is really black, and no man really white, but they are all gray. In other words, they neither believe in the truth of the attack, nor in the honesty of the man who is attacked; they grow as suspicious of the accusation as of the offense; it becomes well-nigh hopeless to stir them either to wrath against wrong-doing or to enthusiasm for what is right; and such a mental attitude in the public gives hope to every knave, and is the despair of honest men.

To assail the great and admitted evils of our political and industrial life with such crude and sweeping generalizations as to include decent men in the general condemnation means the searing of the public conscience. There results a general attitude either of cynical belief in and indifference to public corruption or else of a distrustful inability to discriminate between the good and the bad. Either attitude is fraught with untold damage to the country as a whole. The fool who has not sense to discriminate between what is good and what is bad is well-nigh as dangerous as the man who does discriminate and yet chooses the bad. There is nothing more distressing to every good patriot, to every good American, than the hard, scoffing spirit which treats the allegation of dishonesty in a public man as a cause for laughter. Such laughter is worse than the crackling of thorns under a pot, for it denotes not merely the vacant mind, but the heart in which high emotions have been choked before they could grow to fruition.

There is any amount of good in the world, and there never was a time when loftier and more disinterested work for the betterment of mankind was being done than now. The forces that tend for evil are great and terrible, but the forces of truth and love and courage and honesty and generosity and sympathy are also stronger than ever before. It is a foolish and timid, no less than a wicked thing, to blink the fact that the forces of evil are strong, but it is even worse to fail to take into account the strength of the forces that tell for good. Hysterical sensationalism is the very poorest weapon wherewith to fight for lasting righteousness. The men who, with stern sobriety and truth, assail the many evils of our time, whether in the public press, or in magazines, or in books, are the leaders and allies of all engaged in

the work for social and political betterment. But if they give good reason for distrust of what they say, if they chill the ardor of those who demand truth as a primary virtue, they thereby betray the good cause, and play into the hands of the very men against whom they are nominally at war.

At this moment we are passing through a period of great unrest—social, political, and industrial unrest. It is of the utmost importance for our future that this should prove to be not the unrest of mere rebelliousness against life, of mere dissatisfaction with the inevitable inequality of conditions, but the unrest of a resolute and eager ambition to secure the betterment of the individual and the nation. So far as this movement of agitation throughout the country takes the form of a fierce discontent with evil, of a determination to punish the authors of evil, whether in industry or politics, the feeling is to be heartily welcomed as a sign of healthy life.

If, on the other hand, it turns into a mere crusade of appetite against appetite, of a contest between the brutal greed of the "have-nots" and the brutal greed of the "haves," then it has no significance for good, but only for evil. If it seeks to establish a line of cleavage, not along the line which divides good men from bad, but along that other line, running at right angles thereto, which divides those who are well off from those who are less well off, then it will be fraught with immeasurable harm to the body politic.

We can no more and no less afford to condone evil in the man of capital than evil in the man of no capital. The wealthy man who exults because there is a failure of justice in the effort to bring some trust magnate to an account for his misdeeds is as bad as, and no worse than, the so-called labor leader who clamorously strives to excite a foul class feeling on behalf of some other labor leader who is implicated in murder. One attitude is as bad as the other, and no worse; in each case the accused is entitled to exact justice; and in neither case is there need of action by others which can be construed into an expression of sympathy for crime.

It is a prime necessity that if the present unrest is to result in permanent good the emotion shall be translated into action, and that the action shall be marked by honesty, sanity and self-restraint. There is mighty little

good in a mere spasm of reform. The reform that counts is that which comes through steady, continuous growth; violent emotionalism leads to exhaustion.

The first requisite in the public servants who are to deal in this shape with corporations, whether as legislators or as executives, is honesty. This honesty can be no respecter of persons. There can be no such thing as unilateral honesty. The danger is not really from corrupt corporations; it springs from the corruption itself, whether exercised for or against corporations.

The eighth commandment reads, "Thou shalt not steal." It does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the rich man." It does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the poor man." It reads simply and plainly, "Thou shalt not steal." No good whatever will come from that warped and mock morality which denounces the misdeeds of men of wealth and forgets the misdeeds practiced at their expense; which denounces bribery, but blinds itself to blackmail; which foams with rage if a corporation secures favors by improper methods, and merely leers with hideous mirth if the corporation is itself wronged. The only public servant who can be trusted honestly to protect the rights of the public against the misdeed of a corporation is that public man who will just as surely protect the corporation itself from wrongful aggression. If a public man is willing to yield to popular clamor and do wrong to the men of wealth or to rich corporations, it may be set down as certain that if the opportunity comes he will secretly and furtively do wrong to the public in the interest of a corporation.

But, in addition to honesty, we need sanity. No honesty will make a public man useful if that man is timid or foolish, if he is a hot-headed zealot or an impracticable visionary. As we strive for reform we find that it is not at all merely the case of a long uphill pull. On the contrary, there is almost as much of breeching work as of collar work; to depend only on traces means that there will soon be a runaway and an upset. The men of wealth who to-day are trying to prevent the regulation and control of their business in the interest of the public by the proper Government authorities will not succeed, in my judgment, in checking the progress of the movement. But if they did succeed they would find that they had sown the wind and would surely reap the whirl-

wind, for they would ultimately provoke the violent excesses which accompany a reform coming by convulsion instead of by steady and natural growth.

On the other hand, the wild preachers of unrest and discontent, the wild agitators against the entire existing order, the men who act crookedly, whether because of sinister design or from mere puzzleheadedness, the men who preach destruction without proposing any substitute for what they intend to destroy, or who propose a substitute which would be far worse than the existing evils—all these men are the most dangerous opponents of real reform. If they get their way, they will lead the people into a deeper pit than any into which they could fall under the present system. If they fail to get their way, they will still do incalculable harm by provoking the kind of reaction which, in its revolt against the senseless evil of their teaching, would enthrone more securely than ever the very evils which their misguided followers believe they are attacking.

More important than aught else is the development of the broadest sympathy of man for man. The welfare of the wage-worker, the welfare of the tiller of the soil, upon these depend the welfare of the entire country; their good is not to be sought in pulling down others; but their good must be the prime object of all our statesmanship.

Materially we must strive to secure a broader economic opportunity for all men, so that each shall have a better chance to show the stuff of which he is made. Spiritually and ethically we must strive to bring about clean living and right thinking. We must appreciate also that the things of the soul are immeasurably more important. The foundation stone of national life is, and ever must be, the high individual character of the average citizen.



God deigns not to discuss
With our impatient and o'erweening wills
His times, and ways of working through us,
Heaven's slow but sure redress of human ills.

—Owen Meredith.

General Grant*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The poem, from which this extract is taken, is the last, so far as is known, written by Mr. Lowell. He had laid it aside for revision, leaving two of the stanzas incomplete, but died before the desired additions could be made.

Strong, simple, silent are the steadfast laws
That sway this universe, of none withstood,
Unconscious of man's outcries or applause,
Or what man deems his evil or his good;
And when the Fates ally them with a cause
That wallows in the sea-trough and seems lost,
Drifting in danger of the reefs and sands
Of shallow counsels, this way, that way, tost,
Strength, silence, simpleness, of these three strands
They twist the cable shall the world hold fast
To where its anchors clutch the bed-rock of the Past.

Strong, simple, silent, therefore such was he
Who helped us in our need; the eternal law
That who can saddle Opportunity
Is God's elect, though many a mortal flaw
May 'minish him in eyes that closely see,
Was verified in him: what need we say
Of one who made success where others failed,
Who, with no light save that of common day,
Struck hard, and still struck on till Fortune quailed,
But that (so sift the Norns) a desperate van
Ne'er fell at last to one who was not wholly man.

Nothing ideal, a plain-people's man,
He came grim-silent, saw and did the deed
That was to do; in his master-grip
Our sword flashed joy; no skill of words could breed
Such sure conviction as that close-clamped lip;
He slew our dragon, nor, so seemed it, knew
He had done more than any simplest man might do.

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Yet did this man, war-tempered, stern as steel
 Where steel opposed, prove soft in civil sway;
 The hand hilt-hardened had lost tact to feel
 The world's base coin, and glozing knaves made prey
 Of him and of the entrusted Commonweal;
 So Truth insists and will not be denied.
 We turn our eyes away, and so will Fame
 As if in his last battle he had died
 Victor for us and spotless of all blame,
 Doer of hopeless tasks which praters shirk,
 One of those still plain men that do the world's rough
 work.



Ray's Ride*

BY CHARLES KING.

The story from which this cutting is taken is of the war with the Cheyenne Indians in 1864. The whole tribe in uprising massacred many American soldiers, but were finally utterly defeated by General Custer. In our story a small party of American soldiers has been ambuscaded by the Indians with no apparent chance of escape.



ARKNESS has settled down in the shadowy Wyoming Valley. By the light of a tiny fire under the bank some twenty forms can be seen stretched upon the sand; they are wounded soldiers. A little distance away are nine others, shrouded in blankets; they are the dead. Crouching among the timber, vigilant but weary, dispersed in a big, irregular circle around the beleaguered bivouac, some sixty soldiers are still on the active list. All around them, vigilant and vengeful, lurk the Cheyennes. Every now and then the bark as of a coyote is heard,—a yelping, querulous cry,—and it is answered far across the valley or down the stream. There is no moon; the darkness is intense, though the starlight is clear, and the air so still that the galloping

* Reprinted from "Marion's Faith," copyright, 1886, by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

hoofs of the Cheyenne ponies far out on the prairie sound close at hand.

"That's what makes it hard," says Ray, who is bending over the prostrate form of Captain Wayne. "If it were storming or blowing, or something to deaden the hoof-beats, I could make it easier; but it's the only chance."

The only chance of what?

When the sun went down upon Wayne's timber citadel, and the final account of stock was taken for the day, it was found that with one fourth of the command, men and horses, killed and wounded there were left not more than three hundred cartridges, all told, to enable some sixty men to hold out until relief could come against an enemy encircling them on every side, and who had only to send over to the neighboring reservation—forty miles away—and get all the cartridges they wanted.

They *could* cut through, of course, and race up the valley to find the —th, but they would have to leave the wounded and the dismounted behind—to death by torture; so that ended the matter. Only one thing remained. In some way, by some means, word must be carried to the regiment.

Lieut. Ray had been around the rifle-pits taking observations. Presently he returned, leading Dandy, his sagacious horse, up near the fire—the one sheltered light that was permitted.

Captain Wayne looked up startled.

"Ray, I can't let you go!"

"There's no helping it. Some one *must* go, and whom can you send?"

Wayne was silent. Ray had spoken truth. There was no one whom he could order to risk death in breaking his way out since the scout had said 'twas useless. There were brave men there who would gladly try it had they any skill in such matters, but that was lacking. "If any man in the command could 'make it,' that man was Ray." He was cool, daring, keen; he was their best and lightest rider, and no one so well knew the country or better knew the Cheyennes.

Ray flung aside his scouting-hat, knotted the silk handkerchief he took from his throat, so as to confine the dark hair that came tumbling almost into his eyes, buckled the holster-belt tightly 'round his waist, looked

doubtfully an instant at his spurs, but decided to keep them on.

Three minutes more and the watchers at the edge of the timber have seen him, leading Dandy by the bridle, slowly, stealthily, creeping out into the darkness; a moment the forms of man and horse are outlined against the stars; then are swallowed up in the night. Hunter and the sergeants with him grasp their carbines and lie prone upon the turf, watching, waiting.

In the bivouac is the stillness of death. Ten soldiers, carbine in hand, mounted on their unsaddled steeds, are waiting in the darkness at the upper rifle-pits for Hunter's signal. If he shout, every man is to yell and break for the front. Otherwise, all is to remain quiet. Back at the watch-fire under the bank Wayne is squatting, watch in one hand, pistol in the other. Near by lie the wounded, still as their comrades just beyond—the dead. All around among the trees and in the sand-pits up- and down-stream, fourscore men are listening to the beating of their own hearts. In the distance too, are the gleams of Indian fires, but they are far beyond the positions occupied by the besieging warriors. Darkness shrouds them. Far aloft the stars are twinkling through the cool and breezeless air. With wind, or storm, or tempest, the gallant fellow whom all hearts are following would have something to favor, something to aid; but in this almost cruel stillness nothing under God can help him—nothing but darkness and his own brave spirit.

His footfall is soft as a kitten's as he creeps out upon the prairie; Dandy stepping after him, wondering but obedient. For over a hundred yards he goes, until both up- and down-stream he can almost see the faint fires of the Indians in the timber.

The thing is to get as far through them as possible before being seen or heard, then mount and away. After another two minutes' creeping he peers over the western bank. Now the fires up-stream can be seen in the timber, and dim, shadowy forms pass and repass. Then close at hand come voices and hoof-beats. Dandy pricks up his ears and wants to neigh, but Ray grips his nostrils like a vise, and Dandy desists. At rapid lope, within twenty yards, a party of half a dozen warriors go bounding past on their way down the valley, and no sooner have they crossed the gully than he rises and rapidly pushes on up

the dry sandy bed. Thank heaven! there are no stones. A minute more and he is crawling again, for the hoof-beats no longer drown the faint sound of Dandy's movements. A few seconds more and right in front of him, not a stone's throw away, he hears the deep tones of Indian voices in conversation. Whoever they may be they are in the "cooley" and watching the prairie. They can see nothing of him, nor he of them. Pass them in the ten-foot-wide ravine he cannot. Turning stealthily he brings Dandy around, leads back down the ravine some thirty yards, then turns to his horse, pats him gently one minute, springs lightly, noiselessly, to his back, and at cautious walk comes up on the prairie. He bends down on Dandy's neck, intent with eye and ear. He feels that he has got well out east of the Indian picket unchallenged, when suddenly voices and hoofs come bounding up the valley from below. He must cross their front, reach the ravine before them, and strike the prairie beyond. "Go, Dandy!" he mutters with gentle pressure of leg; and the guiding rein. Another minute and he is at the *arroya* and cautiously descending, then scrambling up the west bank; and then from the darkness comes a savage challenge, a sputter of pony hoofs. Ray bends low and gives Dandy one vigorous prod with the spur, and with muttered prayer and clinched teeth and fists he leaps into the wildest race of his life.

Bang! bang! go two shots close behind him. Crack! goes his pistol at a dusky form closing in on his right. Then come yells, shots, the uproar of hoofs, the distant cheer and charge at camp, a breathless dash for and close along under the bluffs where his form is best concealed, a whirl to the left into the first ravine that shows itself, and, despite shots and shouts and nimble ponies and vengeful foes, the Sandford colors are riding far to the front, and all the racers of the reservations cannot over-haul them.

The Poor Voter on Election Day*

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The proudest now is but my peer,
 The highest not more high;
 To-day, of all the weary year,
 A king of men am I.
 To-day alike are great and small,
 The nameless and the known;
 My palace is the people's hall,
 The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list
 Beside the served shall stand;
 Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
 The gloved and dainty hand!
 The rich is level with the poor,
 The weak is strong to-day;
 And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
 Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
 My stubborn right abide;
 I set a plain man's common sense
 Against the pedant's pride.
 To-day shall simple manhood try
 The strength of gold and land;
 The wide world has not wealth to buy
 The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
 Or balance to adjust,
 Where weighs our living manhood less
 Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
 While there's a right to need my vote,
 A wrong to sweep away,
 Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
 A man's a man to-day!

* From "Songs of Labor."

Banty Tim

BY JOHN HAY.

In the states of the Middle West, as Indiana and Illinois, there was, during and after the Civil War, an appreciable anti-negro sentiment, which expressed itself sometimes in such a way as is here indicated.

I reckon I git your drift, gents,—
You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Democrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out of j'int,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunk'y P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute:
I'm an old-fashioned Democrat, too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' such fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shill go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay.
When the rest retreated I stayed behind,
Fur reasons sufficient to me,—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
 And br'iled and blistered and burned!
 How the Rebel bullets whizzed 'round us
 When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
 Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
 I couldn't believe for a spell:
 That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
 Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The Rebels seen him as quick as me,
 And the bullets buzzed like bees;
 But he jumped for me, and shouldered me.
 Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
 But he staggered up, and packed me off,
 With a dozen stumbles and falls,
 Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
 His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
 And here stays Banty Tim:
 He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
 And I'm not goin' back on him!
 You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
 But ef one of you tetches the boy,
 He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
 Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!



Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
 Don't be haughty and put on airs,
 With insolent pride of station;
 But learn, for the sake of your soul's repose,
 That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes;
 And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
 Is subject to irritation.
 —John Godfrey Saxe, "The Proud Miss MacBride."

A Childhood Garland

BY JOHN RUSSELL HAYES.

I.

WHITE VIOLETS.

A band of sweet blue violets
All on an April day
Went down into a woodland dell
At hide-and-seek to play;
But while they played a bat flew by,
Which gave them such a fright
That every little countenance
Was changed to milky white!

II.

THE SNOW-DROP.

The snow-drop, pearly white of hue,
Each morning sheds a fragrant dew,
Which little goblins come and get
And use to bait their beetle-net.

III.

THE ROSE'S REPLY.

I said unto a lovely rose
That in my garden grew,—
“When chilly autumn comes around,
Sweet rose, what will you do?”

Said she, “When autumn breezes blow
I'll rain my petals down,
And on them little brookside elves
Will sail to Fairy Town.”

IV.

THE MUSHROOM TENT.

When showers make the woods all wet
 The tiny wood-folk run and get
 Beneath a mushroom's sheltering eaves,
 And there on beds of violet leaves
 They sleep secure till cease of rain
 Doth send them out to play again.

V.

THE BLUE-BELL CLOCK.

The blue-bell hourly rings her chime
 To let the fairies know the time;
 She rings it all the long night through
 From set of sun till death of dew;
 She rings it all the livelong day,—
 And every little elf and fay
 Prepares his meals and feeds his flock
 By this same dainty little clock.

VI.

THE QUAKER LADY.

Within a dewy woodland dell
 I spied a Quaker Lady;
 Her home was on a mossy bank
 Where all was cool and shady.

And as I saw her sitting there
 So sweetly and demurely,
 I said, "There's peace within thy heart,
 Dear Quaker Lady, surely!"



He that departs with his own honesty
 For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.

—*Ben Jonson.*

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The Speaker

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Scenes from Plays for Platform Reading

Readers are appreciating more and more the value of a scene from a play as a platform reading. To the inexperienced reader it seems almost an impossibility to take a short portion of a play, say a scene of fifteen minutes duration, from a long two hour and a half play, and make it interesting and intelligible to an audience. Yet the fact is, that the cutting from a play is often more absorbing and vital than a cutting from a story. In the first place we are saved the long descriptions that are found in the story that seem so necessary to the meager conversation of the characters while in a play the stage directions, which correspond to the descriptive passages, may be omitted altogether in most cases, or only such portions told to the audience as are of vital importance to the understanding of the scene.

For instance, it is not necessary to describe the exact position of furniture or properties unless some particular thing is necessary to the understanding of the characters. However, it is often necessary to describe the position of the exits and entrances in relation to the audience, in order to show the movements of the characters on the stage. If one were reading the second act of "The Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington, it would be quite necessary for the audience to know that the hotel is on one side of the stage in such a position that a person in the front window could see the fugitive as he crawls along the top of the high wall which surrounds the hotel garden and on to the pergola where he drops into the garden, for upon this action depends so much of the plot of the play. This scene can be described in a few well chosen sentences at the beginning of the reading, and not referred to again except by a movement of the body, or head or hand in the direction to be indicated.

A great deal must be left to the imagination of the audience, and experience will show us that our audiences are quicker to get the atmosphere than we think, and explicit directions are unnecessary and oftentimes offensive.

The atmosphere of the play must be created by the reader in the way the characters are impersonated. A scene with two characters is, of course, much easier to interpret and make clear to an audience than one with more characters, but in all the cases the characters must be distinct and genuine.

It is not artistic to be too realistic and leave nothing to the imagination of the audience; there is more art in suggestion than in realism.

A slight drooping of the body, a careless movement of the hand, a facial expression, a careless position of the feet, may be enough to show to the audience that the character assumed is one quite different from that expressed by the alert attitude, the active chest, the raised head, the firm jaw.

The physical impersonation precedes that of the vocal, but the time between is almost unappreciable. The drawling voice would naturally accompany the careless attitude, while the quick, staccato-like utterance would follow from an animated position of the body.

In studying a character for interpretation first think of the character physically; assume his physical attitude, at least suggest it; think of the actual clothes the character would wear; see him perfectly in your mind's eye; know him; talk to him; have him talk to you as you would imagine he would talk, but in different sentences from those employed in the play you are to interpret. After you know your character, have him speak the sentences of his part in the play, first assuming the physical attitudes of the character. Only in this way will the character be a real person to your hearers, for he is now a real person to you.

The audience must not realize that you are first showing the character physically; the physical and vocal must be simultaneous to them—but to the reader there must at least be a mental pause.

The assuming of the characters must be practiced until the reader can change from one character to another easily, and without any apparent effort. A

reader who seems to work so hard for an effect is never really effective in his or her work. He must seek to interpret life, not mannerisms.

The study of the impersonations of characters is important from a technical standpoint, but the true meaning of the play is often lost sight of in an exaggerated impersonation of the parts.

It hardly seems necessary to remind students that a play must be read and studied in its entirety before a part of it is used in an interpretative way. It would indeed be presumptuous to attempt to interpret a scene without knowing its true relation to the part which precedes and follows it. In fact, often the most serious work must be done on the part of the play that is omitted, in order to be able to supply all the deficiencies caused by the necessary abbreviation of the reading and to keep the unity of thought and feeling intact.

MIRIAM LEE EARLEY.



Rebuked

BY F. B. WILEY.

In the night there came a voice
Saying, "Despair not, but rejoice.
Lift up thy soul in song,
For the day will break ere long."
But I answered, "Why should I
Believe this cunning lie?
Through the watches of the night
Have I not sought for light,
Yet discerned not even a spark
In the starless, ebon dark?
Now that my quest has ceased
Shall the morning flood the east?
Nay, thou canst not cheat my sight;
There is no such thing as light."
And even as I spoke,
O'er the hills the bright dawn broke.

The Lion and the Mouse*

RENUNCIATION SCENE.

BY CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW.

Arranged for reading by Miriam Lee Earley.

John Burkett Ryder, an American multi-millionaire, has brought about the downfall of Judge Rossmore of the United States Supreme Court, because the Judge's duties interfered with Ryder's financial interests, and the Judge would not be bribed. Shirley Rossmore, Judge Rossmore's daughter, under the assumed name of Sarah Green, has written "The American Octopus," in which she has drawn the character of John Broderick in startling similarity to that of John Burkett Ryder, and has so shown the unenviable traits in his character that he has decided to make it worth her while to be his friend rather than his enemy, and has engaged her to write a history of the Empire Trading Co., of which he is president, for the sum of \$5,000.

The facts of Mr. Ryder's life Shirley has obtained from his son Jefferson with whom she is in love. Mr. Ryder is opposed to the love affair between his son and this "Rossmore woman," and when he invites the author of "The American Octopus" to occupy a suite of rooms in his Fifth Avenue mansion while she is completing her work for him, he does not realize that he has invited Shirley Rossmore, the daughter of the man he hates, the woman his son loves, to live under the same roof with him. Shirley accepts the proposition simply as a means of gaining the confidence of John Burkett Ryder, and assisting her father in his fight for life, as well as for honor, for he is prostrated by the disgrace.

It was now December, and the Senate had been in session for nearly a week. Most of the time had been spent in preparing for the trial of Judge Rossmore. Shirley had employed her time well. The book was almost finished, and she had used every means in her power to gain the respect and confidence of John Burkett Ryder.

Again and again she had attempted to intercede for Judge Rossmore, but all to no purpose, and at last she determined to make one more attempt, and if that failed, to sacrifice everything for her father's life and honor. Ryder had admitted to her that he was in constant alarm lest his son should marry the Rossmore girl, and she believed he would make any concession to be assured that the marriage would never take place. She was in constant communication with her home, and over and over again came the sad assurance that her father would not outlive his degradation. He was

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in bed with dally failing strength. Everything depended upon good news from Washington. It was the night before the trial. Shirley felt that the psychological moment had at last arrived, and with fast beating heart she knocked timidly upon the library door.



Hirley. May I come in, Mr. Ryder?

Ryder. Certainly, by all means, Miss Green. Sit down. I was just about to send for you.

Shirley. Mr. Ryder, I have come to see you on a very important matter. I have come to ask a great favor of you—perhaps the greatest you were ever asked—I want to ask you for mercy—for mercy to—

Ryder. Oh, excuse me—I didn't quite catch what you were saying. For the first time in my life I am face to face with defeat—defeat of the most ignominious kind—incapacity—inability to regulate my own internal affairs. I can rule a government, but I can't manage my own family—I can't dictate to my own son. Why can't I rule my own household, why can't I govern my own child?

Shirley. Why can't you govern yourself?

Ryder. See here, you can help me, but not by preaching at me. This is the first time in my life I ever called on a living soul for help. I'm only accustomed to deal with men. This time there's a woman in the case—and I need your woman's wit—God! I'm ashamed of myself—ashamed! Did you ever read the fable of the Lion and the Mouse? Well, I want you to gnaw with your sharp woman's teeth at the cords which bind the son of John Burkett Ryder to this Rossmore woman. I want you to be the mouse—to set me free of this disgraceful entanglement.

Shirley. How?

Ryder. Ah, that's just it—how? Can't you think—you're a woman—you have youth, beauty,—brains, and Mrs. Ryder says you have a good deal of influence over Jeff. She's sure he's very fond of you. By jove—marry him yourself—force him to let go of this other woman! Come, what do you say? Oh, you could do it. Do you know I'd be glad to think you wouldn't leave us.

Shirley. You ask me to marry your son, and you know nothing of my family.

Ryder. I know you—that is sufficient.

Shirley. No, no, you don't, Mr. Ryder, no, you don't. My position is so false—you don't know how false my position is.

(Just at that moment there is an interruption, and Jefferson comes into the room. A note from Shirley has given him an intimation of what she intended to do, and he has come to prevent her from sacrificing their future happiness.)

Jefferson. Father, may I have a word with you.

Ryder. Yes, Jeff, what is it?

Jeff. Father, I came to appeal to you. I want you to use your influence for Judge Rossmore before it is too late.

Ryder. I thought we had agreed not to discuss Judge Rossmore any further.

Jeff. I can't help it, sir. He is practically on trial for his life, and he is as innocent of wrongdoing as a babe unborn, and you know it. You can save him if you will!

Ryder. Jefferson, I told you before that I could not interfere now if I wanted to, and I don't want to. That man is my enemy, and I never give quarter to an enemy. Important business interests which you cannot possibly know anything about, absolutely demand his dismissal from the bench.

Jeff. Surely your business interests don't demand the sacrifice of a man's life. I know modern business methods are none too squeamish, but I should think you'd draw the line at deliberate murder.

Ryder. Jefferson, how dare you!

Shirley. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Ryder, I don't think your son quite understands you, and, if you will pardon me, I don't think you quite understand him. Do you realize that there is a man's life at stake—that Judge Rossmore is almost at the point of death, and that favorable news from the Senate to-morrow is perhaps the only thing that can save him? Yes, my sympathy is aroused, too. I do feel for this father whose life is slowly ebbing away—whose strength is being sapped hourly by the thought of the disgrace—the injustice that is being done him! I do feel for the wife of this suffering man.

Ryder. Ah, it's a complete picture. The dying father,

the sorrowing mother—and the daughter, what is she supposed to be doing?

Shirley. She is fighting for her father's life, and you, Mr. Jefferson, should have pleaded—pleaded—not demanded. It's no use to combat your father's will.

Jeff. She is quite right, father. I should have implored you. I do so now. I ask you for God's sake to help us!

Ryder. It can't be done. His removal is a political necessity. If he goes back on the bench, every paltry justice of the peace, every petty official will think he has a special mission to tear down the structure that hard work and capital have erected. No, this man has been especially conspicuous in his efforts to block the progress of amalgamated interests.

Jeff. He is innocent of the charges brought against him.

Shirley. Your father is not considering that point. All that he can see is that it is necessary to put this poor old man in the public pillory. Ah, for God's sake, Mr. Ryder, don't permit this foul injustice to blot the name of the highest tribunal in the Western world!

Ryder. By jove, Jefferson, I give you credit for having secured an eloquent advocate.

Shirley. Mr. Ryder, suppose this daughter promises that she will never—never see your son again—that she will go away?

Jeff. No! Why should she? If my father is not man enough to do a simple act of justice without bartering a woman's happiness and his son's happiness, let him find comfort in his self-justification.

(*Shirley, completely unnerved, makes a move toward the door, unable longer to bear the strain. Ryder makes a quick movement toward his son, and takes him by the arm.*)

Ryder. You see how that girl pleads your cause for you. She loves you, my boy! Yes, she does; she's worth a thousand of the Rossmore woman. Make her your wife and I'll—

Jeff. Make her my wife!—Make her my wife?

Ryder. Well, what do you say? It would perfectly satisfy your mother and me. What do you say?

Jeff. Well of course, if it would please you and mother,—but I don't want to speak to her now.

Ryder. Yes, right now. Miss Green, my son is much affected by your disinterested appeal in his behalf. He—he—you can save him from himself—my son wishes you—he asks you to become his wife! Is it not so, Jefferson?

Jeff. Yes, yes, my wife!

Shirley. No, no, no, Jeff, I cannot. Mr. Ryder, I cannot marry your son with these lies upon my lips! Jeff, I cannot go on with this deception. Mr. Ryder, I told you you did not know who I was, who my people were. My story about them, my name, everything about me is false, every word I have uttered is a lie, a fraud, a cheat! I did not mind cheating you, and I would not tell you now, but you trusted me, and are willing to entrust your son's future, your family honor in my keeping, and I can't keep back the truth from you. Mr. Ryder, I am the daughter of the man you hate. I am the woman your son loves. I am Shirley Rossmore! Don't turn away from me, Mr. Ryder. Go to Washington on behalf of my father, and I promise you I will never see your son again—never, never.

Jeff. Ah, Shirley, you don't love me!

Shirley. Yes, Jeff, I do; God knows I do. But my father is old. He is very sick—his honor is so dear to him. Mr. Ryder, we have deceived you, but you will forgive that, won't you? and you will go to Washington, you will save my father's honor, his life, you will—?

Ryder. No, no, I will not! You have tricked me, deceived me to the very limit! And now you have the brazen effrontery to ask me to plead for your father? No! No! No! Let the law take its course, and now, Miss Rossmore—you will please leave my house to-morrow morning!

Shirley. I will leave your house to-night! Do you think I would remain another hour beneath the roof of a man who is as blind to justice, as deaf to mercy, as incapable of human sympathy as you are?

Ryder. Leave the room!

Jeff. Father!

Ryder. You have tricked him as you have me!

Shirley. It is your own vanity that has tricked you! You lay tricks for yourself and walk into them. You compel everyone around you to lie to you, to cajole you,

to praise you, to deceive you! At least, you cannot accuse me of flattering you. I have never fawned upon you as you compel your family and your friends and your dependents to do. I have always appealed to your better nature by telling you the truth, and in your heart you know that I am speaking the truth now.

Ryder. Go, I say!

Jeff. Yes, let us go, Shirley.

Shirley. No, Jeff, I came here alone, and I'm going alone.

Jeff. You are not going alone. I shall go with you. I intend to make you my wife.

Ryder. Oh, you do, do you—your wife.

Shirley. No, not his wife. Do you think I'd marry a man whose father is as deep a discredit to the human race as your father is? No, I wouldn't marry the son of such a merciless tyrant. He refuses to lift his voice to save my father. I refuse to marry his son!—You think if you lived in the olden days you'd be a Cæsar or an Alexander. But you wouldn't! You'd be a Nero—a Nero!

I intend to go to Washington and save my father without your aid. I'll make it the business of my life to tell the people of the country what you are—a creature so selfish that the world has never seen your like. In the old barbaric ages they fought for possession, but they fought in the open. The feudal barons fought for what they stole, but it was a fair fight. At least, they gave a man a chance for his life, but your method is that of the man with the mask. You strike my father in the back in the dark. You don't dare come out in the light. You don't dare. You with so many millions you can't count them, you—you are the embodiment of selfishness, avarice, cowardice. You don't dare to come out into the light. You don't dare to let the people see who my father's enemy really is! Sink my self-respect to the extent of marrying into your family! no, thank you, Mr. Ryder, no, thank you!

(Exhausted by the vehemence of her passionate outburst, she sweeps out of the room, leaving Ryder speechless, staring at his son.)

The Lion and the Mouse*

RECONCILIATION SCENE.

BY CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW.

Arranged for reading by Miriam Lee Earley.

(When Shirley reached her room she realized that as it was past midnight it would be impossible to carry out her threat of leaving the house at once. She did not attempt to sleep, and seven o'clock the next morning found her with her trunk packed ready to take the first train to Washington. As she was drawing on her gloves Jefferson came into her little study.)



EFF. Shirley, you may marry me or not—as you choose—but in any case, I shall go with you to Washington, and expose my father's part in this affair.

Shirley. What, betray your own father!

No—not for me, Jeff. I know just how desperately hopeless my task is, but I am going to Washington, and when I am pleading for my father's life I do not want to think that I have influenced you to betray yours. No, not even to save my father's life.

Jeff. My father would not hesitate to sacrifice me if it served his interest.

(Neither of them notices that Ryder has entered the room in time to hear the last speech. When Shirley discovers him, she walks into the next room, and closes the door, for she has decided never to see him again.)

Ryder. I am not surprised to find you here, but I am surprised to find you dragging our pride in the dust.

Jeff. That is where our pride belongs—in the dust. Father, do you know what I did. I offered to go with her to Washington to betray you, and she would not let me. She despises us all. You see what you made of me—don't you?

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Ryder. She wouldn't let you. Well, it's like her. It's just like her. Say, she said a few things to me, didn't she? And do you know what she did this morning? She sent back the check I sent her for the work. I won't stand it. She's just flouting her contempt for me in my face. She's got to take the money; it's hers. She's earned it, and she needs it, and they need it. They haven't a dollar in the world. She's got to take it. Now you go out and slam the door after you. She'll think we're both gone. She must come out pretty soon. It's nearly train-time. There's her cab waiting. Don't you go too far to come back in a few moments.

(*The ruse works. Shirley hurries out with her suitcase in her hand.*)

Ryder. Miss Rossmore, please, I beg your pardon, but I must speak to you. Now, why did you send back this check?

Shirley. Because I did not want your money.

Ryder. It's not my money; it's your money. You've earned it, and you've got to take it.

Shirley. No, I never intended to take it. I came here hoping to influence you to save my father. The work I did served as a means of reaching you. I took it, hoping to touch your heart.

Ryder. But it's yours. Please take it. It will be useful.

Shirley. No. I cannot tell you how low I should fall in my own esteem if I touched your money. Money, why, that's all there is to you. It's your god. Shall I make your god my god? No, thank you, Mr. Ryder.

Ryder. I'm as bad as that, am I?

Shirley. You are as bad as that.

Ryder. So bad that I contaminate even good money?

Shirley. Money is nothing. It's the spirit that gives it—the spirit that receives it—the spirit that earns it—the spirit that spends it. Money helps to create happiness. It also creates misery. It's an engine of destruction when not properly used. It destroys individuals as it destroys nations. It has destroyed you, for it has warped your soul.

A little while ago you condemned my father to what you know is certain death, because his duties interfered

with your personal interests—your financial interests. You with so many millions you can't count them!

Ryder. Well, Miss Rossmore, you make it very difficult for me to speak. I have not been to bed at all. I have spent the night at the long distance telephone. It's all right about your father. The matter will be dropped. You've beaten me. I admit it. You are the first living soul that has ever beaten John Burkett Ryder.

Shirley. What—Mr. Ryder, you mean that you are going to help my father!

Ryder. For your sake—not for his. You won me over last night when you put up that fight for your father. I said then that a girl that would be that loyal to her father would be loyal to her husband. You think I don't love my son, but I do, and I want him to be happy. There is a weak spot in every man's armor, and that's mine. I am going to Washington to save your father, because I want you to marry my son. I want to keep you in the family. Jeff—Come in, Jeff!

Ryder. Come here, Jeff. (*He puts the girl's hand in that of his son*). I've done something you couldn't do. I've persuaded Miss Rossmore that we're not such a bad lot after all. Now, children, as you are up so early this morning, you might take the first train down to Long Island. I'm going to Washington. Good-bye, my children I'm off for Washington.



Aye, lay him in his grave, the old dead year!
His life is lived—fulfilled his destiny.
Have you for him no sad, regretful tear
To drop beside the cold unfollowed bier?

One little sigh for thee, my poor dead friend,
One little sigh while my companions sing.
Thou art so soon forgotten in the end;
We cry e'en as thy footsteps downward tend:
"The King is dead! long live the King."
Paul Laurence Dunbar, "The King is Dead."

Mercedes*

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The entire play of *Mercedes* affords a splendid evening's entertainment, either as a play or as a dramatic recital. The act given here is shortened a little from the original.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>Achille Louvois</i> | Captain in the French Army |
| <i>Laboissière</i> | Lieutenant in the French Army |
| <i>Padre Josèf</i> | A Priest |
| <i>Mercedes</i> | A Spanish Girl, Wife of Louvois |
| <i>Ursula</i> | Grandmother of Mercedes |

Two years previous to the time of act second, Louvois had been quartered in Arguano, and after being nursed through a severe illness by the girl Mercedes, had fallen in love with her and married her. He had been ordered from Arguano without time to see Mercedes, and all communication with the place had been cut off. After two years he has been ordered to lead an attack upon the Spanish town and to massacre all the inhabitants. In his anxiety for the fate of the woman he loves, he confides his love story to his friend Laboissière, who promises him that no harm shall befall the girl if it can be prevented.

ACT II.

MORNING.—*The interior of a stone hut in Arguano—In one corner of the chamber, which is low-studded but spacious, an old woman is sitting in an arm-chair and crooning to herself—At the left, a settle stands against the wall—In the centre of the room a child lies asleep in a cradle—Mercedes sits beside the child—Padre Josèf enters abruptly.*

Padre Josèf. Mercedes! daughter! are you mad to linger so?

Mercedes. Nay, father, it is you who are mad to come back.

P. Jos. We were nearly a mile from the village when I missed you and the child. I had stopped at your cot-

* Copyright, 1894, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tage and found no one. I thought you were with those who had started at sunrise.

Mer. Nay, I brought Chiquita here last night when I heard the French were coming.

P. Jos. Quick, Mercedes! there is not an instant to waste.

Mer. Then hasten, Padre Josef, while there is yet time. (*Pushes him towards the door.*)

P. Jos. And you, child?

Mer. I shall stay.

P. Jos. Listen to her, Sainted Virgin! she will stay, and the French bloodhounds at our very heels!

Mer. (*Glancing at Ursula.*) Could I leave old Ursula, and she not able to climb the mountain? Think you —my own flesh and blood!

P. Jos. Ah, cielo! true. They have forgotten her, the cowards! and now it is too late. God willed it. (*Hesitates*). Mercedes, Ursula is old—very old; the better part of her is already dead. See how she laughs and mumbles to herself, and knows naught of what is passing.

Mer. The poor grandmother! she thinks it is a saint's day. (*Seats herself on the settle.*)

P. Jos. What is life or death to her whose soul is otherwhere? What is a second more or less to the leaf that clings to a shrunken bough? But you, Mercedes, the long summer smiles for such as you. Think of yourself, think of Chiquita. Come with me, child, come!

(*Mercedes crosses over to Ursula.*)

P. Jos. You are mad, Mercedes. They will murder you all.

Mer. They will not have the heart to harm Chiquita, nor me, perchance, for her sake.

P. Jos. They have no hearts, these Frenchmen. Ah, Mercedes, do you not know better than most that a Frenchman has no heart? (*Points to the cradle.*)

Mer. (*Hastily.*) I know nothing. I shall stay. Is life so sweet to me? Go, Padre Josef. What could save you if they found you here? Not your priest's gown.

P. Jos. You will follow, my daughter?

Mer. No.

P. Jos. I beseech you!

Mer. No.

P. Jos. Then you are lost!

Mer. Nay, padrino, God is everywhere. Have you not yourself said it? Lay your hands for a moment on my head, as you used to do when I was a little child, and go—go! (Kneels.)

P. Jos. Thou wert ever a wilful girl, Mercedes.

Mer. Oh, say not so; but quick—your blessing, quick!

P. Jos. A Dios.

(He makes the sign of the cross on Mercedes' forehead, and slowly turns away. Mercedes rises, follows him to the door, and looks after him with tears in her eyes. Then she returns to the middle of the room, and sits on a low stool beside the cradle.)

Urs. (After a silence.) Has he gone, the good padre?

Mer. Yes, dear soul.

Urs. (Reflectively.) He was your uncle once.

Mer. Once? Yes, and always. How you speak!

Urs. He is not gay any more, the good padre. He is getting old. . . getting old.

Mer. To hear her! and she eighty years last San Miguel's day!

Urs. What day is it?

Mer. (Laying one finger on her lips.) Hist! Chiquita is waking.

Urs. (Querulously.) Hist? Nay, I will have my say in spite of all. Hist? God save us! who taught thee to say hist to thy elders? Ay, ay, who taught thee? . . . What day is it?

Mer. (Aside.) How sharp she is awhiles! (Aloud.) Pardon, pardon! Here is little Chiquita, with both eyes wide open, to help me beg thy forgiveness. (Bends over the cradle.) See, she has a smile for grandmother. . . Nay, cry not, dainty, or that will break my heart.

Urs. Sing to her, *nieto*. What is it you sing that always hushes her? 'Tis gone from me.

Mer. I know not.

Urs. Bethink thee.

Mer. I cannot. Ah—the rhyme of The Three Little White Teeth?

Urs. (Clapping her hands.) Ay, ay, that is it!

Mer. (Rocks the child, and sings.)

The Speaker

Who is it opens her blue bright eye,
 Bright as the sea and blue as the sky?—
 Chiquita!

Who has the smile that comes and goes
 Like sunshine over her mouth's red rose?—
 Muchachita!

What is the softest laughter heard,
 Gurgle of brook or trill of bird,
 Chiquita?

Nay, 'tis thy laughter makes the rill
 Hush its voice and the bird be still,
 Muchachita!

Ah, little flower-hand on my breast,
 How it soothes me and gives me rest!
 Chiquita?

What is the sweetest sight I know?
 Three little white teeth in a row,
 Three little white teeth in a row,
 Muchachita!

(As Mercedes finishes the song, a roll of drums is heard in the calle. At the first tap she starts and listens intently, then assumes a stolid air. The sound approaches the door and suddenly ceases.

Laboissière. (*Outside.*) A sergeant and two men to follow me! (*Mutters.*) Curse me if there is so much as a mouse left in the whole village. Not a drop of wine, and the bread burnt to a crisp. (*Appears at the threshold.*) Hulloa! what is this. An old woman and a young one—an Andalusian by the arch of her instep and the length of her eyelashes! (*In Spanish.*) Girl, what are you doing here?

Mer. (*In French.*) Where should I be, monsieur?

Lab. Your neighbors have gone. Why are you not with them?

Mer. (*Pointing to Ursula.*) It is my grandmother, señor; she is very old.

Lab. So? You could not carry her off, and you remained?

Mer. Precisely.

Lab. That was like a brave girl. (*Touching his cap.*) I salute valor whenever I meet it. Why have all the villagers fled?

Mer. Did they wish to be massacred?

Lab. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) And you?

Mer. It would be too much glory for a hundred and eighty French soldiers to kill one poor peasant girl. And then to come so far!

Lab. (*Aside.*) She knows our very numbers, the fox! How she shows her teeth.

Mer. Besides, señor, one can die but once.

Lab. That is often enough. Why did your people waste the bread and wine?

Mer. That yours might neither eat the one nor drink the other. We do not store food for our enemies.

Lab. They could not take away the provisions, so they destroyed them?

Mer. (*Mockingly.*) Nothing escapes you!

Lab. Is that your child?

Mer. Yes, the hija is mine.

Lab. Where is your husband—with the brigands yonder?

Mer. My husband?

Lab. Your lover, then.

Mer. I have no lover. My husband is dead.

Lab. I think you are lying now. He's a guerrilla.

Mer. If he were, I should not deny it. What Spanish woman would rest her cheek upon the bosom that has not a carbine pressed against it this day? It were better to be a soldier's widow than a coward's wife.

Lab. (*Aside.*) The little demon! But she is ravishing! What is to be done? Theoretically, I am to pass my sword through her body! practically, I shall make love to her in ten minutes more, though her readiness to become a widow is not altogether pleasing. (*Aloud.*) Here, sergeant, go report this matter to the captain. He is in the posada at the farther end of the square.

(*Exit sergeant. Shouts of exultation and laughter are heard in the calle, and presently three or four soldiers enter, bearing several hams and a skin of wine.*)

First Soldier. Voilà, lieutenant!

Lab. Where did you get that?

Second Soldier. In a cellar hard by, hidden under some rushes.

Third Soldier. There are five more skins of wine like this jolly fellow in his leather jacket. Pray, order a division of the booty, my lieutenant, for we are as dry as herrings in a box.

Lab. A moment, my braves. (*Looks at Mercedes significantly.*) Woman, is that wine good?

Mer. The vintage was poor this year, señor.

Lab. I mean—is that wine good for a Frenchman to drink?

Mer. Why not, señor?

Lab. (*Sternly.*) Yes or no?

Mer. Yes.

Lab. Why was it not served like the rest, then?

Mer. They hid a few skins, thinking to come back for it when you were gone. An ill thing does not last forever.

Lab. Open it, some one, and fetch me a glass. (*To Mercedes.*) You will drink this.

Mer. (*Coldly.*) When I am thirsty, I drink.

Lab. Pardieu! this time you shall drink because I am thirsty.

Mer. As you will. (*Empties the glass.*) To the King.

Lab. That was an impudent toast. I would have preferred the Emperor or even Godoy; but no matter—each after his kind. To whom will the small bones drink?

Mer. The child, señor?

Lab. Yes, the child; she is pale and sickly-looking; a draught will do her no harm. All the same, she will grow up and make some man wretched.

Mer. But, señor—

Lab. Do you hear?

Mer. But Chiquita, señor—she is so little, only thirteen months old, and the wine is strong!

Lab. She shall drink.

Mer. No, no!

Lab. I have said it, sacré nom—

Mer. Give it me, then. (*Takes the glass and holds it to the child's lips.*)

Lab. (*Watching her closely.*) Woman! your hand trembles.

Mer. Nay, it is Chiquita swallows so fast. See! she has taken it all. Ah, señor, it is a sad thing to have no milk for the little one. Are you content?

Lab. Yes; I now see that the men may quench their thirst without fear. One cannot be too cautious in this hospitable country! Fall to, my children; but first, a glass for your lieutenant. (*Drinks.*)

Urs. Ay, ay, the young forget the old. . . forget the old.

Lab. (*Laughing.*) Why, the depraved old sorceress! But she is right. She should have her share. Place aux dames! A cup, somebody, for Madame la Diablesse!

Mer. (*Aside.*) José-Maria!

(One of the men carries wine to Ursula. Mercedes sits on the stool beside the cradle, resting her forehead on her palms. Several soldiers come in and fill their canteens from the wine-skin. They stand in groups talking in undertone among themselves.)

Urs. (*Rises from her chair.*) The drink has warmed me to the heart, Mercedes! Said I not there was dancing on the plaza? 'Tis but a step from here. 'Twould do these old eyes good to look once more upon the dancers. The music drags me yonder! (*Wanderingly.*) Nay, take away your hands, Mercedes—a plague upon ye! (*Goes out.*)

Lab. (*Suddenly dashes his glass on the floor.*) The child! look at the child! What is the matter with it? It turns livid—it is dying! Comrades, we are poisoned!

Mer. (*Rises hastily and throws her mantilla over the cradle.*) Yes, you are poisoned! *Al fuego—al fuego—todos al fuego!* You to perdition, we to heaven!

(The soldiers advance towards Mercedes.)

Lab. (*Interposing.*) Leave her to me! Quick, some of you, go warn the others! (*Unsheathes his sword.*) I end where I ought to have begun.

Mer. (*Tearing aside her neckerchief.*) Strike here, señor. . .

Louvois. (*Enters, and halts between the two with a dazed expression; he glances from Laboissière to the woman, and catches his breath.*) Mercedes!

Lab. Louvois, we are dead men! Beware of her, she is a fiend! Kill her without a word! The drink already throttles me—I—I cannot breathe here. (*Staggers out, followed wildly by the soldiers.*)

Lou. What does he say?

Mer. You heard him.

Lou. His words have no sense. (*Advancing towards her.*) Oh, why are you in this place, Mercedes?

Mer. (*Recoiling.*) I am here, señor—

Lou. You call me señor—you shrink from me—

Mer. Because we Spaniards do not desert those who depend upon us.

Lou. Is that a reproach? Ah, cruel! Have you forgotten—

Mer. I have forgotten nothing. I have had cause to remember all. I remember, among the rest, that a certain wounded French officer was cared for in this village as if he had been one of our own people—and now he returns to massacre us.

Lou. Mercedes!

Mer. I remember the morning, nearly two years ago, when Padre Josef brought me your letter. You had stolen away in the night—like a deserter! Ah, that letter—how it pierced my heart, and yet bade me live! Because it was full of those smooth oaths which women love, I carried it in my bosom for a twelvemonth; then for another twelvemonth I carried it because I hoped to give it back to you. (*Takes paper from her bosom.*) See señor, what slight things words are! (*Tears the paper into small bits, which she scatters at his feet.*)

Lou. Ah!

Mer. Sometimes it comforted me to think that you were dead. Señor, 'tis better to be dead than false—and you were false!

Lou. Not I, by all your saints and mine! It is you who have broken faith. I should be the last of men if I had deserted you. Why, even a dog has gratitude. How could I now look you in the face?

Mer. 'Twas an ill day you first did so!

Lou. Listen to me!

Mer. Too many times have I listened. Nay, speak not; I might believe you!

Lou. If I do not speak the truth, despise me! Since I left Arguano, I have been at Lisbon, Irún, Aranjuez,

among the mountains—I know not where; but ever in some spot whence it was impossible to send you tidings. A wall of fire and steel shut me from you. Thrice I have had my letters brought back to me—with the bearers' blood upon them; thrice I have trusted to messengers whose treachery I now discover. For a chance bit of worthless gold they broke the seals, and wrecked our lives! Ah, Mercedes, when my silence troubled you, why did you not read the old letter again! If the words you had of mine lost their value, it was because they were like those jewels in the padrè's story, which changed their color when the wearer proved unfaithful.

Mer. Aquilles!

Lou. Though I could not come to you nor send to you, I never dreamed I was forgotten. I used to say to myself: "A week, a month, a year—what does it matter? That brown girl is as true as steel!" I think I bore a charmed life in those days; I grew to believe that neither sword nor bullet could touch me until I held you in my arms again. (*The girl stands with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and looks at him with a growing light in her eyes.*) It was the day before yesterday that our brigade returned to Burgos—at last! at last! O love, my eyes were hungry for you! Then that dreadful order came. Arguano had been to me what Mecca is to the Mohammedan—a shrine to be reached through toil and thirst and death. Oh, what a grim freak it was of fate, that I should lead a column against Arguano—my shrine, my Holy Land!

(*Mercedes moves swiftly across the room, and kneeling on the flag-stones near Louvois's feet begins to pick up the fragments of the letter. He suddenly stoops and takes her by the wrists.*)

Lou. Mercedes!

Mer. Ah, but I was so unhappy! Was I unhappy? I forgot. (*Looks up in his face and laughs.*) It is so very long ago! An instant of heaven would make one forget a century of hell! When I hear your voice, two years are as yesterday. It was not I, but some poor girl I used to know that was like to die for you. It was not I—I have never been anything but happy. Nay, I needs must

weep a little for her, the days were so heavy to that poor girl. And when you go away again, as go you must—

Lou. I shall take you with me, Mercedes. Do you understand? You are to go with me to Burgos.

Mer. (*Abstractedly.*) With you to Burgos? I was there once, in the great cathedral, and saw the bishops in their golden robes, and all the jewelled windows ablaze in the sunset. But with you? Am I dreaming this? The very room has grown unfamiliar to me. The crucifix yonder, at which I have knelt a hundred times, was it always there? My head is full of unwonted visions. I think I hear music and the sounds of castanets, like poor old Ursula. Those cries in the calle—is it a merry-meeting? Ah! what a pain struck my heart then! O God! I had forgotten! (*Clutches his arm and pushes him from her.*) Have you drunk wine this day?

Lou. Why, Mercedes, how strange you are!

Mer. No, no! have you drunk wine?

Lou. Well, yes, a cup without. What then? How white you are!

Mer. Quick! let me look you in the face. I wish to tell you something. You loved me once. . . it was in May. . . your wound is quite well now? No, no, not that! All things slip from me. Chiquita—nay, hold me closer, I do not see you. Into the sunlight—into the sunlight!

Lou. She is fainting!

Mer. I am dying—I am poisoned. The wine was drugged for the French. I was desperate. Chiquita—there in the cradle—she is dead—and I—(*Sinks down at his feet.*)

Lou. (*Stooping over her.*) Mercedes! Mercedes!



A Scene from the Shaughraun*

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

This scene introduces the following characters: Conn, the Shaughraun, a reckless, devil-may-care, true-hearted young vagabond, who is continually in a scrape from his desire to help a friend and his love of fun; his mother, Mrs. O'Kelly; his sweetheart, Moya Dolan, niece of the parish priest.

It is evening. Moya is alone in the kitchen. She has just put the kettle on the fire when Mrs. O'Kelly, Conn's mother, enters.

Mrs. O'K. Is it yourself, Moya? I've come to see if that vagabond of mine has been around this way.

Moya. Why should he be here, Mrs. O'Kelly? Hasn't he a home of his own?

Mrs. O'K. The Shebeen is his home when he is not in jail. His father died o' drink, and Conn will go the same way.

Moya. I thought your husband was drowned at sea?

Mrs. O'K. And bless him, so he was.

Moya. Well, that's a quare way o' dying o' drink.

Mrs. O'K. The best of men he was, when he was sober—a betther never dhrieved the breath o' life.

Moya. But you say he never was sober.

Mrs. O'K. Niver! An' Conn takes afther him!

Moya. Mother, I'm afeard I shall take afther Conn.

Mrs. O'K. Heaven forbid, and purtect you agin him! You a good dacint gurl, and desarve the best of husbands.

Moya. Them's the only ones that gets the worst. More betokened yoursilf, Mrs. O'Kelly.

Mrs. O'K. Conn niver did an honest day's work in his life—but dhrinkin', and fishin', an' shootin', an' sportin', and love-makin'.

Moya. Sure, that's how the quality pass their lives.

Mrs. O'K. That's it. A poor man that sports the sowl of a gentleman is called a blackguard.

(At this moment Conn appears in the doorway.)

Conn. (At left.) Some one is talkin' about me! Ah, Moya, darlin', come here. (Business as if he reached out his hands to Moya as he comes forward to meet her, and

* Arrangement by Leland Powers, as used by him on the Lyceum platform.

(passes her over to his left so he seems to stand in centre between Moya on left and Mrs. O'Kelly on right.) Was the old mother thryin' to make little o' me? Don't you belave a word that comes out o' her! She's jealous o' me. (*Laughing as he shakes his finger at his mother.*) Yes, ye are! You're chokin' wid it this very minute! Oh, Moya darlin', she's jealous to see my two arms about ye. But she's proud o' me. Oh, she's proud o' me as an old hin that's got a duck for a chicken. Howld your whist now, mother! Wipe your mouth and give me a kiss.

Mrs. O'K. Oh, Conn, what have you been afther? The polis have been in the cabin to-day about ye. They say you stole Squire Foley's horse.

Conn. Stole his horse! Sure the baste is safe and sound in his paddock this minute.

Mrs. O'K. But he says you stole it for the day to go huntin'.

Conn. Well, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away wid a man's character like this! Oh, Wurral may I niver die in sin, but this was the way of it. I was standin' by owld Foley's gate, whin I heard the cry of hounds coming across the tail of the bog, an' there they wor, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, an' the finest dog fox ye ever seen a-sailin' ahead of them up the boreen, and right across the churchyard. It was enough to raise the inhabitants out of the ground! Well, as I looked, who should come and put his head over the gate besoide me but the Squire's brown mare, small blame to her. Devil a word I said to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost their scent, we knew by their yelp and whine as they hunted among the gravestones. When whist! the fox went by us. I leapt upon the gate, an' gave a shriek of a view-halloo to the whip; in a minute the pack caught the scent again, an' the whole field came roaring past.

The mare lost her head entoirely and tore at the gate. "Stop," says I, "ye devil!" an' I slipt a taste of a rope over her head an' into her mouth. Now mind the cunnin' of the baste, she was quiet in a minute. "Come home, now," ses I, "aisy!" an' I threw my leg across her.

Be jabbers! No soon was I on her back than— Whoo! Holy Rocket! she was over the gate, an' tearin' afther the hounds loike mad. "Yoicks!" ses I; "come back, you thafe of the world, where you takin' me to?"

as she carried me through the huntin' field, an' landed me by the soide of the masther of the hounds, Squire Foley himself.

He turned the color of his leather breeches. "Mother o' Moses!" ses he, "is that Conn, the Shaughraun, on my brown mare?"

"Bad luck to me!" ses I, "it's no one else!"

"You sthole my horse," ses the Squire.

"That's a lie!" ses I, "for it was your horse sthole me!"

Moya. (Laughing.) An' what did he say to that, Conn?

Conn. I couldn't stop to hear, Moya, for just then we took a stone wall together an' I left him behind in the ditch.

Mrs. O'K. You'll get a month in jail for this.

Conn. Well, it was worth it.



A Tribute to Charles Dickens

BY CARMEN SYLVA.

Her majesty the queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") wrote the following verses in commemoration of the establishment of the "Tiny Tim" Cot in the Royal Portsmouth Hospital of London:

I love him so for all the good
His soul was wont to see
In wretched, torn, misunderstood,
Unknown humanity.

In the darkness he found light; in pain
And error love divine.
He taught sad hearts to laugh again,
And hidden gold to shine.

He heard the Christmas carols ring,
He pitied moth and snake;
And had a song for ev'ry wing,
And balm for ev'ry ache!

Hugo Grotius

BY KOTZEBUE.

Hugo Grotius, one of the most famous men of the 17th century, on account of supporting and defending the cause of the Arminians, is condemned to imprisonment for life. His confinement is rigorous, but his wife and daughter obtain permission to share his captivity, and through their wit and ingenuity his escape is at last effected. Maurice Helderbusch, the commander of the garrison and lover of the daughter, claims the merit of the deed; and, while the women are acquitted, he is condemned to die. His last moments are approaching, when Grotius voluntarily returns. He has counseled peace and toleration in vain to the Arminians, and comes back to abide his destiny. A reconciliation is effected between him and the Prince of Orange. Maurice is pardoned, Grotius liberated, and all ends happily.

SCENE: The Castle of Lowenstein at Gorcum. Maria and Cornelia, in the apartment of Grotius.



ORNELIA (Anxiously). What means this firing, mother?

Have we succeeded? Is my father safe?

Maria. Go down—but no. What an unusual pother!

Has he been seized? Are these alarm-guns signals

To thwart his flight? I quake for agony.

Corn. (At the window.) People are running one among the other, and drums are beating—

Yet upon the river all appears quiet. (Pauses.)

Our blue streamer floats

Further and further off. See there on board

A man, no doubt my brother, waving to us

In triumph a white handkerchief—he is safe.

Maria. Is he—or doth the distance not deceive you?

Corn. No, no; the longer on the waves I rest
My eyes, the clearer everything becomes.

It is my brother—hail, beloved Felix!

He is now sitting down and steering—and the boat
With swelling sail cuts swiftly through the wave.

They'll soon have crossed the Maas. My father's saved!

Maria (Falls on her knees with folded hands; she

tries to speak, and cannot—then clasps Cornelia in her arms.) Now be it known that I, the wife of Hugo,

And thou, his child, are worthy of our race.
No word of prayer for us, now he is free.
We care not for their power; we cheerfully
Shall sing athwart our grating: He is free.
Let them from us exclude the light of heaven;
Let them with thirst and hunger plague our frames;
We suffer now for him, and he is free!

(Enter Maurice.)

Maurice. The Prince of Orange unexpectedly
Appeared before the fortress; drums were beat,
And cannons fired in honor of his coming.

Maria. Is our sworn foe so nigh, and at this moment!
Well, let him come!

Maurice. The prince had scarce alighted
From off his horse, when he inquired for Grotius;
He means to see him.

Maria. (With a triumphant smile.) Well, then, let
him come.

Maurice. In a few minutes he will be before you.

Maria. And we are ready to receive him.

Maurice. I augur good. He is indeed our foe;
But a great man, who scorns the petty triumphs
Of humbling by his presence the disarmed.

Maria. I pledge myself he'll not do that.

Maurice. Be it so. Is Hugo sleeping still?

Maria. He is broad awake.

(Prince of Orange enters with the Captain.)

Maurice. The general.

Prince. Thanks, my worthy captain.

All things I find as I expected of you.

Capt. (Presenting Maria and Cornelie to the Prince.)
The wife of Grotius—and his daughter.

Prince. Lady,
Though we meet not as friends, at least I hope
That we shall part as such.

Maria. I know Prince Moritz
Values consistency e'en in a foe.

Prince. This virtue sometimes looks like obstinacy.

Maria. And sometimes serves ambition for a cloak.

Prince. A truce to words that might be taken harshly.
You'll learn to know me better, noble lady.

Maria. We've known you ever since we've been in prison.

Prince. Who forced you to partake your husband's fortunes?

Maria. If you were married you would not inquire.

Prince. Enough. The memory of the past be razed.

Maria. Are you a god?

Prince. Lead me to Hugo Grotius,
And he shall reconcile me to his consort.

Capt. There is his chamber.

Maria. You will find in it
Only the reliques of the saint who dwelt there.

Prince. (Startled.) Is Hugo dead?

Maria. And would it be a wonder,
If these damp walls had nipped his frail existence?
But I am not here to curse his murderers,
I smile in scorn upon their impotence;
My husband has escaped.

All. Escaped! Escaped!

(*The Captain goes into the sleeping-room.*)

Maria. In spite of all your halberds, all your bolts,
A woman's cunning snatched him from your power,
And love has triumphed over violence.

Capt. (Returns terrified.) She speaks the truth; he
is not to be found.

Prince. (Surprised and angry.) How? By whose
help?

Maria. By mine.

Prince. By whose contrivance?

Maria. Who can compel me to discover that?

Maurice. (Aside.) I guess.

Prince. Speak! Whither, whither is he gone?

Maria. Send out your spies, and track him as you can.

Prince. Woman, beware my anger!

Maria. I fear nothing.

Prince. Who are the helper's helpers; for alone
You cannot have accomplished it. Speak out,
Lest force extort confession from your lips.

Maria. None know but I; therein consists my pride.

Corn. (Modestly.) You rob me of my little share of
merit;

I also knew it, but no one besides.

Prince. And was the law unknown to you, that each
Who breaks the prison of seditious persons

Is subject to the penalty of death?

Capt. They knew it well.

Prince. Then give the law its course;
The wife at least—

Corn. Do not forget the daughter.

Maurice. They both have falsely testified—'twas I,
I only did it!

Prince. (*Astonished.*) Who are you?

Maurice. My name

Is Maurice Helderbush. I am a lieutenant
Now stationed in this garrison. An orphan boy,
Grotius first noticed me, and taught me much.
This lady has been quite a mother to me.
Under your highness I have served with honor;
But when the fortunes of my foster-father,
My benefactor, reached me, and I heard
That he was here in close confinement kept,
And his dear life in danger, I endeavored
To get the humbler place I occupy,
Wishing to free him, and I have succeeded.

I only am the criminal to punish.

Maria. Fie, Maurice! Don't believe him—he has lied.

Corn. He often has refused to me his help,
Because he held it contrary to duty.

Maurice. (*Pointing to Maria.*) This woman loves
me as were I her son.
(*Pointing to Cornelia.*) This girl has been betrothed to
me as bride.

They sacrifice themselves to rescue me.

Maria. (*Deeply moved.*) Maurice, what are you
doing?

Prince. How, how is this?
Who disentangles for me the enigma?

Capt. I stand astonished, Prince, as you must do;
Nor can I clearly fathom the strange contest.
One thing I know, that Maurice Helderbush
Was always a brave soldier, and a man
Of nicest honor, to whom but last night,
When duty took me 'cross the Maas to Gorcum,
I handed over the command in trust.

Corn. And did he not that very night prevent
My father's flying by his vigilance?

Maria. He did so.

Capt. All the garrison knows that.

Maurice. I did it the more certainly to favor
 The riper purpose of this morning's flight.
 Ask you for proofs? These have been telling you
 That no one knows the way he left his prison.
 I know it, I! 'Twas in a chest for books
 That he was carried out. I stood beside it,
 And called myself the men who took it hence.
 The sergeant, as his duty ordered him,
 Wanted to break it open. I forbade;
 Took on myself the whole responsibility;
 Can you deny it?

Maria. Maurice, were you not
 Deceived, like him?

Maurice. Oh, no! I knew the whole.
 Would you have further proofs? The son of Hugo,
 The same who lately broke away from prison
 And for whose capture the States General
 Offered rewards (for that I also knew),
 Came here most rashly, and was in my power.
 I let him go—ask all the garrison—
 I am the guilty person!

Prince. Give your sword
 To the commanding officer. To-day
 By martial law the case shall be decided.
 (*To the Captain.*) Till then remains he in the very cell
 Whose doors he says he opened for this Grotius.
 Transfer these women to the castle, there
 They'll have a better lodging; but remain
 For their safe custody responsible,
 Until the trial shall allot the guilt.
 If they are criminals, let them join the fled one.
 My heart's a stranger to ignoble vengeance.

Capt. You must be parted. Follow, noble lady.

Maria. (*Painfully.*) Maurice!

Maurice. (*In a petitioning tone.*) Now am I not
 again your son?

Maria. Is this your way of punishing the mother
 Who once mistook her child? You give him back
 Only to tear him the more hardly from me.

Corn. Beloved, not this fearful sacrifice.

Capt. I can allow no further conversation.

Maria. I follow. Maurice, thou hast been obedient.
 Honor thy mother's will—

Corn. Thy loved one's prayer.

The Window Blind

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

From "The Case of Rebellious Susan."

SCENE: *The sitting-room of Sir Richard Kato, Q.C., at St. Mildred's Hotel, Westbay, a comfortable room in a good-class seaside hotel. A door right. A large window, left. Discover Sir Richard writing at table.*

(Enter Waiter at door.)

Waiter. Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson Pybus are here and would like to see you, Sir Richard.

Sir R. Show them in. And let me know when Sir Joseph Darby and Mr. Harabin return.

(Exit Waiter.)

(Sir Richard, left alone for some moments, walks up and down room very perplexed, indicating that he is putting together the links of a chain of evidence, and puzzling them out in his own mind, walks, stops suddenly, slightly scratches his forehead, puts one forefinger on the other, puts head on one side, walks again, puzzles.)

Enter Waiter; announces Mr. and Mrs. Pybus. Enter Elaine and Pybus slowly and a little sulkily, as if on bad terms with each other. Exit Waiter.

Sir R. (Cordially.) Well? (Shaking hands with each of them.) Well? (Looking from one to the other.) What's the matter! Nothing serious, I hope?

Pybus. We told you, Sir Richard, that we should come to you if any difficulty arose.

Sir R. Thank you. (To him.) Sit down. (To her.) Sit down.

(They sit down on each side of him.)

Sir R. (Genially.) Now tell me all about it.

(During the following scene Sir Richard is quietly seated between the two. He does not interfere in the least, but merely turns his head from one to the other as each begins to speak.)

Elaine. The whole thing is in a nutshell. Is the mistress of the house to be consulted on a purely domestic arrangement, or is she not? Is she to be treated as a rational creature, or is she not?

Pybus. My darling, I have always wished to treat you as something entirely sweet and perfect and gracious; something sainted and apart; but when you insist on getting on a chair and breaking the looking-glass—you do make it a little difficult, my darling, for me to—to—(*descriptive gesture*)—to cherish my ideal of you.

Elaine. It was your pushing that broke the looking-glass.

Pybus. My darling, I was quite gentle. I merely held the corner of the dressing-table in a firm position while you struggled.

Elaine. Just so. You merely asserted your superior brute force. Brute force! Brute force! When will Woman hear any other argument from Man?

Pybus. My dear Elaine, I did argue with you for nearly three-quarters of an hour. I explained how impossible it is for me to—to concentrate myself, to bring all my manifold powers to bear upon the problems of this age while you are shaking the washing stand, and letting the breakfast get quite cold merely for the sake of indulging your own whims.

Elaine. Whims? I have no whims. I have only convictions.

Pybus. My dear Elaine, what is it but a whim when you—

Elaine. Really, Fergusson, it is impossible—(*Rising angrily.*)

Pybus. (*Also rising angrily.*) Really, my darling, I cannot—

Sir R. (*Interposing, soothes them down.*) Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Sit down. Sit down, both of you. (*Motioning them into their chairs again.*) Sit down. There is to me in all matrimonial disagreements a want of harmony, a want of beauty, so to speak, which I am quite sure, Mr. Pybus, must be as distressing to you as it is to me.

Pybus. That is what I am always explaining to Elaine. We made it a rule when we were married to avoid all that is petty and mean and commonplace in life.

Sir R. (*Soothingly.*) An excellent rule. It ought

to be incorporated in the marriage service. (*Throughout the scene he assumes a perfectly calm and judicial bearing.*) Well now. You were married on the second of February. After your honeymoon, you took up your residence at—

Pybus. At Clapham.

Sir R. At Clapham. You made it a rule to avoid all that is mean and petty and commonplace in life, and you took up your residence at Clapham. I forget the exact address?

Pybus. "The Nest," Gladstone Road, Clapham.

Sir R. "The Nest," Gladstone Road, Clapham.

Pybus. (*Plaintively.*) I cannot say that Clapham appeals to me.

Elaine. Clapham is intolerably suburban. The inhabitants of Clapham are entirely conventional persons. They do not live in the realm of ideas at all. And Fergusson will not join me in rousing—

Pybus. (*Interrupting her.*) My angel, I do think it is of more importance that you should—(*Ends with feeble descriptive gesture.*)

Elaine. And I think that it is of more importance that you should assist me in organizing my society.

Pybus. I cannot see, my dear—

Elaine. (*Stopping him.*) No, Fergusson, you cannot see. That is the difficulty with men. They cannot see.

Pybus. Really, my darling—(*Rising again angrily.*)

Elaine. Really—

Sir R. (*Soothing them down.*) Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! (*Gets them seated again.* To *Elaine.*) What is this society you are organizing?

Elaine. The Clapham Boadicean Society for the Inculcation of the New Morality among the Women of Clapham.

Sir R. What is the New Morality? Has it anything to do with the Ten Commandments?

Elaine. It is not based precisely on those lines. (*Beginning oratorically.*) There is an immense future for Woman—

Sir R. (*Hurriedly stopping her.*) I'm sure there is! I'm sure there is! But we must not discuss the future of woman just now. Well, now, you agree upon one thing. You both dislike Clapham.

Elaine. It is your unwarranted retention of my fortune, Sir Richard, that—

Sir R. (*Interrupts, stopping her.*) Yes, yes—we must not discuss my conduct just now.

Elaine. But it is your conduct that compels us to exist in a jerry-built villa, in a wretched suburb surrounded by suburban persons with entirely suburban ideas—

Sir R. My dear Elaine, we must not discuss Clapham just now. (*Taking out watch.*) I want to hear the history of this unfortunate disagreement between you and Mr. Pybus.

Elaine. But it all arises from living in Clapham.

Sir R. Oh! I thought you said it was a purely domestic affair.

Elaine. So it is. We live in Gladstone Road, Clapham.

Sir R. But how does that produce disagreements between you and Mr. Pybus?

Pybus. I am of an intensely nervous and artistic temperament, and I cannot shave in the morning unless the blind is fully drawn up so that I can perceive, with the utmost nicety, the exact position of any pimple—otherwise I cut myself.

Elaine. But it is very inconvenient that the blind should be drawn up, because of the neighbors in the rooms of the opposite house.

Pybus. I am sure Sir Richard will agree that it is highly desirable that the blind should be drawn up.

Sir R. (*Judicially.*) It is highly desirable, Mr. Pybus, that you should not cut yourself while shaving.

Pybus. (*To Elaine, triumphantly.*) There!

Elaine. But if the blind is drawn up, the people in the opposite house—

Sir R. It is highly desirable that the good folks who live in Clapham should not be shocked.

Elaine. (*Triumphantly to Pybus.*) There! And every morning Fergusson will insist—

Pybus. My dear, it is you who will insist. And really—

Sir R. Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch!

Pybus. (*Plaintively.*) It affected my health so much I was obliged to leave Clapham. And I cannot consent to return to "The Nest" unless Elaine—(*Descriptive gesture.*)

Elaine. Nor can I—unless—

Sir R. Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! (*In a very calm and judicial tone.*) Is there only one blind to this window, or is there also a small muslin blind?

Elaine. There is a small muslin blind. (*Pybus nods acquiescence.*)

Sir R. What is the difference from the top of the muslin blind to the top of the window?

Elaine. Four feet.

Pybus. Three, my dear.

Elaine. Four.

Pybus. I'm sure, my darling—

Elaine. I measured.

Pybus. I'm sure—my dear, if you will contradict—
(*Piteously.*)

Sir R. Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! We'll have it measured again. (*To Pybus.*) The looking-glass is immediately under the window?

Pybus. (*Pathetically.*) The looking-glass is unfortunately broken.

Sir R. Kindly replace it at my expense. (*Proceeds judicially.*) If the roller blind were drawn down each morning to exactly half the distance between the top of the window and the top of the muslin blind, it would allow plenty of light for you to shave by, Mr. Pybus?

Pybus. Yes—yes, I think so, but really I cannot—

Sir R. Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! (*Turning to Elaine.*) And it would also protect any one inside the room from the observation of the neighbors opposite?

Elaine. Yes. Unless any one went near the window.

Sir R. Well, now, it seems to me it would be convenient to every one concerned if during the time Mr. Pybus is shaving in the morning the roller blind is drawn down exactly half the distance. And during that time it would be convenient if you, Elaine, did not go within two yards of the window.

(*Enter Waiter.*)

Waiter. Sir Joseph Darby and Mr. Harabin are outside, Sir Richard.

Sir R. Show them in. (*Exit Waiter.*) Now, won't that arrangement enable you to return in perfect agreement like doves to the nest?

Pybus. (*Doubtful.*) Yes, perhaps, but—

Elaine. Well, that depends—

Sir R. Go and take a pleasant little stroll in the garden (*getting them off at window*), and arrange in future for the blind to be just half-way up—that is to say, neither up nor down. (*Gets them off at window.*)



The Other Fellow*

BY WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH.



R. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that in every one of us there are two persons. First, there is yourself, and then there is the Other Fellow! Now, one of these is all the time doing things, and the other sits inside and tells what he thinks about the performance. Thus, I do so and so, act so and so, seem to the world so and so; but the Other Fellow sits in judgment on me all the time.

I may tell a lie, and do it so cleverly that the people may think I have done or said a great and good thing; and they may shout my praises far and wide. But the Other Fellow sits inside and says, "You lie! you lie; you're a sneak, and you know it!" I tell him to shut up, to hear what the people say about me; but he only continues to repeat over and over again, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!"

Or, again, I may do a really noble deed, but perhaps be misunderstood by the public, who may persecute me and say all manner of evil against me falsely; but the Other Fellow will sit inside and say, "Never mind, old boy; It's all right! stand by!"

And I would rather hear the "Well done" of the Other Fellow than the shouts of praise of the whole world; while I would a thousand times rather that the people should shout and hiss themselves hoarse with rage and envy than that the Other Fellow should sit inside and say, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!"

* From *The Evolution of "Dodd."* Copyright by W. W. Knowles & Co.

Romeo and Juliet

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Act II.

SCENE V.: *Verona—Terrace of Capulet's Garden.*

Juliet. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

(Enter Nurse and Peter.)

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. (Exit Peter.)

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st
thou so sad?

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—
Fye, how my bones ake! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good, nurse, speak.

Nurse. O Lord, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied,—Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man.—Go thy ways, wench;

serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no : But all this did I know before ;
What says he of our marriage ? what of that ?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches ! what a head have I ?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back ! o' t'other side, O, my back, my back !
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down !

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well :
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love ?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother ?

Jul. Where is my mother ? why, she is within ;
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest ?
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear !
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforth do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil,—come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Go, I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

(*Exit.*)



Thy will ! it bids the weak be strong ;

It bids the strong be just ;

No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,

No brow to seek the dust,

Wherever man oppresses man

Beneath thy liberal sun,

O God ! be there, thine arm made bare,

Thy righteous will be done.

John Hay, "Thy Will be Done."

The Nap Interrupted*

BY ARTHUR W. PINERO.

Sir William Gower is seated, near a table, asleep, with a newspaper over his head, concealing his face. Miss Trafalgar Gower is sitting at the farther end of a couch, also asleep, and with a newspaper over her head. On the other side of the room, near a table, Rose is seated, wearing the look of a boredom which has reached the stony stage. On another couch Arthur sits, gazing at his boots, his hands in his pockets. After a moment or two Arthur rises and tip-toes down to Rose. Rose, of the "Wells" Theatre, is engaged to marry Arthur Gower. She is now spending the time at the house of Arthur's grandfather, Sir William Gower. Both are hoping to gain the approval of the grandfather and his sister.

Arthur. (On Rose's left—in a whisper.) Quiet, isn't it?

Rose. (To him in a whisper.) Quiet! Arthur! (Clutching his arm.) Oh, this dreadful half-hour after dinner, every, every evening!

Arthur. (Creeping across to the right of the table and sitting there.) Grandfather and Aunt Trafalgar must wake up soon. They're longer than usual to-night.

Rose. (To him across the table.) Your sister Clara and Captain de Foenix—when they were courting, did they have to go through this?

Arthur. Yes.

Rose. And now they are married, they still endure it!

Arthur. Yes.

Rose. And we, when we are married, Arthur, shall we?

Arthur. Yes, I suppose so.

Rose. (Passing her hand across her brow.) Phe-ew! (Despairingly.) Oh-h-h!

(There is a brief pause, and then the sound of a street-organ, playing in the distance, is heard. The air is "Ever of Thee.")

Rose. Hark! (Excitedly.) Hark!

Arthur. Hush!

*Rose. (Heedlessly.) The song I sang in *The Pedlar*—*

* From "Trelawny of the 'Wells.'" A part of Act II.

The Pedlar of Marseilles! The song that used to make you cry, Arthur! (*He attempts vainly to hush her down, but she continues dramatically in hoarse whispers.*) And then Raphael enters—comes on to the bridge. The music continues softly. “Raphael, why have you kept me waiting? Man, do you wish to break my heart—(*thumping her breast*) a woman’s hear-r-t, Raphael?”

(*Sir William and Miss Gower suddenly whip off their newspapers and sit erect. They stare at each other for a moment silently.*)

Sir William. What a hideous riot, Trafalgar!

Miss Gower. Rose, dear, I hope I have been mistaken—but through my sleep I fancied I could hear you shrieking at the top of your voice.

(*Sir William gets on his feet; all rise, except Rose, who remains seated sullenly.*)

Sir William. Trafalgar, it is becoming impossible for you and me to obtain repose. (*Turning his head sharply.*) Ha! is not that a street-organ? (*To Miss Gower.*) An organ?

Miss Gower. Undoubtedly. An organ in the Square, at this hour of the evening—singularly out of place!

Sir William (*looking around.*) Well, well, well, does no one stir?

Rose. (*Under her breath.*) Oh, don’t stop it!

(*With a great show of activity Arthur hurries across the room, and, when there, does nothing.*)

Sir William. (*Coming upon Rose and peering down at her.*) What are ye upon the floor for, my dear? Have we no cheers? (*To Miss Gower—producing his snuff-box.*) Do we lack cheers here, Trafalgar?

Miss Gower. (*Going to Rose.*) My dear Rose! (*Raising her.*) Come, come, come, this is quite out of place! Young ladies do not crouch and huddle upon the ground—do they, William?

Sir William. (*Taking snuff.*) A moment ago I should have hazarded the opinion that they do not. (*Chuckling unpleasingly.*) He, he, he! (*Raising his hands.*) In mercy’s name, Trafalgar, what is befalling my household?

Miss Gower. (*Bursting into tears.*) Oh, William—!

(*Miss Gower totters to Sir William and drops her head upon his breast.*)

Sir William. Tut, tut, tut, tut!

Miss Gower. (*Between her sobs.*) I—I—I—I know what is in your mind.

Sir William. (*Drawing a long breath.*) Ah-h-h-h!

Miss Gower. Oh, my dear brother, be patient!

Sir William. Patient!

Miss Gower. Forgive me; I should have said hopeful. Be hopeful that I shall yet succeed in ameliorating the disturbing conditions which are affecting us so cruelly.

Sir William. Ye never will, Trafalgar; I've tried.

Miss Gower. Oh, do not despond already! I feel sure there are good ingredients in Rose's character. (*Clinging to him.*) In time, William, we shall shape her to be a fitting wife for our rash and unfortunate Arthur. (*He shakes his head.*) In time, William, in time!

Sir William. (*Soothing her.*) Well, well, well! there, there, there! At least, my dear sister, I am perfectly aware that I possess in you the woman above all others whose example should compel such a transformation.

Miss Gower. (*Throwing her arms about his neck.*) Oh, brother, what a compliment!

Sir William. Tut, tut, tut! And now, before Charles sets the card-table, don't you think we had better—eh, Trafalgar?

Miss Gower. Yes, yes—our disagreeable duty; let us discharge it. (*Sir William takes snuff.*)

Rose, dear, be seated. (*To everybody.*) The Vice-Chancellor has something to say to us. Let us all be seated.

Sir William. (*Peering about him.*) Are ye seated? What I desire to say is this. When Miss Trelawny took up her residence here, it was thought proper, in the peculiar circumstances of the case, that you, Arthur (*Pointing a finger at Arthur.*), you—

Arthur. Yes, sir.

Sir William. That you should remove yourself to the establishment of your sister Clara and her husband in Holles Street, round the corner—

Arthur. Yes, sir.

Sir William. Taking your food in this house and spending other certain hours here, under the surveillance of your great-aunt Trafalgar.

Miss Gower. Yes, William!

Sir William. This was considered to be a decorous,

and, toward Miss Trelawny, a highly respectful course to pursue.

Arthur. Yes, sir.

Miss Gower. Any other course would have been out of place.

Sir William. And yet (*Again extending a finger at Arthur.*), what is this that is reported to me?

Arthur. I don't know, sir.

Sir William. I hear that ye have, on several occasions, at night, after having quitted this house with Captain and Mrs. De Foenix, been seen on the other side of the way, your back against the railings, gazing up at Miss Trelawny's window; and that you have remained in that position for a considerable space of time. Is that true, sir?

Rose. (*Boldly.*) Yes, Sir William.

Sir William. I venture to put a question to my grandson, Miss Trelawny.

Arthur. Yes, sir; it is quite true.

Sir William. Then, sir, let me acquaint you that these are not the manners, not the practices of a gentleman.

Arthur. No, sir?

Sir William. No, sir; they are the manners, and the practices of a troubadour.

Miss Gower. A troubadour in Cavendish Square! Quite out of place!

Arthur. I—I'm very sorry, sir; I—I never looked at it in that light.

Sir William. (*Snuffing.*) Ah-h-h! ho! Pi-i-i-sh!

Arthur. But at the same time, sir, I dare say—of course I don't speak from precise knowledge—but I dare say there were a good many—a good many—

Sir William. Good many—what, sir?

Arthur. A good many respectable troubadours, sir—

Rose. (*Starting to her feet heroically and defiantly.*) And what I wish to say, Sir William, is this. I wish to avow, to declare before the world, that Arthur and I have had many lengthy interviews while he has been stationed against those railings over there; I murmuring to him softly from my bedroom window, he responding in tremulous whispers—

Sir William. (*Starting to his feet.*) You—you tell me such things! (*All rise.*)

Miss Gower. The Square in which we have resided for years ! Our neighbors——!

Sir William. (*Shaking a trembling hand at Arthur.*) The—the character of my house——!

Arthur. Again I am extremely sorry, sir—but these are the only confidential conversations Rose and I now enjoy.

Charles. (*Entering.*) The cawd-table, Sir William?

Miss Gower. (*Agitatedly.*) Yes, yes, by all means, Charles; the card-table, as usual. (*To Sir William.*) A rubber will comfort you, soothe you—

Rose. Infamous! Infamous!

Arthur. Be calm, Rose, dear, be calm!

Rose. Tyrannical! diabolical! I cannot endure it. (*She throws herself into a chair in the far corner of the room. He stands behind her, apprehensively, endeavoring to calm her.*)

Arthur. (*Over her shoulder.*) They mean well, dearest——

Rose. (*Hysterically.*) Well! ha, ha, ha!

Arthur. But they are old-fashioned people——

Rose. Old-fashioned! They belong to the time when men and women were put to the torture. I am being tortured—mentally tortured——

Arthur. They have not many more years in this world——

Rose. Nor I, at this rate, many more months. They are killing me—like Agnes in *The Spectre of St. Ives*. She expires, in the fourth act, as I shall die in Cavendish Square, painfully, of no recognized disorder——

Arthur. And anything we can do to make them happy——

Rose. To make the Vice-Chancellor happy! I won't try! I will not! He's a fiend, a vampire——!

Arthur. Oh, hush!

Rose. (*Snatching up Sir William's snuff-box which he has left upon the table.*) His snuff-box! I wish I could poison his snuff, as Lucrezia Borgia would have done. *She* would have removed him within two hours of my arrival—I mean, her arrival. (*Opening the snuff-box and mimicking Sir William.*) And here he sits and lectures me, and dictates to me! to Miss Trelawny “I venture to put a question to my grandson, Miss Trelawny!” Ha, ha! (*Taking pinch of snuff thoughtlessly but vigor-*

ously.) "Yah-h-h-h! Pish! Have we no cheers. Do we lack cheers here, Trafalgar?" (*Suddenly.*) Oh——!

Arthur. What have you done?

Rose. (*In suspense, replacing the snuff-box.*) The snuff!

Arthur. Rose dear!

Rose. (*Putting her handkerchief to her nose, and rising.*) Ah——!

(*Charles, having prepared the card-table, and arranged the candlesticks upon it, has withdrawn. Miss Gower and Sir William now rise.*)

Miss Gower. The table is prepared, William. Arthur, I presume you would prefer to sit and contemplate Rose——?

Arthur. Thank you, aunt.

(*Rose sneezes violently.*)

Miss Gower. (*To Rose.*) Oh, my dear child! (*Looking around.*)

Arthur. Are you in pain, dearest? Rose!

Rose. Agony!

Arthur. Pinch your upper lip. (*She sneezes twice, loudly, and sinks back upon the couch.*)

Sir William. (*Testily.*) Ssh! ssh! ssh! this is to be whist, I hope.

Miss Gower. Rose, Rose! young ladies do not sneeze quite so continuously.

Rose. (*Weakly.*) I—I think I had better—what d'ye call it?—withdraw for a few moments.

Sir William. (*Sitting again.*) Do so. (*Rose disappears.*)



And so, the native land, I hold,
By male descent is proudly mine;
The language, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the female line.
And thus, we see, on either hand,
We name our blessings whence they've sprung;
We call our country father-land;
We call our language mother-tongue.
Samuel Lover, "Father-land and Mother-tongue."

Match-Making

BY CAPTAIN R. MARSHALL.

From "His Excellency the Governor."



THEL. (*Who has come down, and is examining photograph which she has taken from a table.*) How like him! And that's his signature, I suppose—"Charles Carew." Perhaps some girl loves him. I wonder! I never felt so interested in any one before. Strange! for it's not as if he were a brother.

(Enter Carew. *He wears the evening dress of a Governor's Staff. As he enters, Ethel conceals photograph.*

Carew. Alone, Miss Carlton?

Ethel. Yes. (*Drops photograph. Both stoop for it hurriedly, and Carew secures it.*)

Carew. Why, it's myself.

Ethel. Is it, really? So it is! (*Changing the subject.*) Where—where are the others?

Carew. Playing billiards. Do you care for the game?

Ethel. Oh yes. I like all games.

(*A piano being played is heard in the distance.*)

Carew. So do I. Who's that?

Ethel. Probably the Comtesse. Shall we join her?

Carew. No, no! We should only be disturbing her; and besides, there's a game—er—rather a good one—I used to know, called "Match-making." Do you know it?

Ethel. Match-making? No, I've never played at that. But perhaps you can teach me.

Carew. I'll try, with pleasure. You see, we each take paper and pencil, and sit opposite each other. There. Now we're supposed to be writing a scene between two lovers in a novel. I write for him, and you write for her. (*As he speaks they sit at a table opposite each other, and Carew produces pencils and paper.*)

Ethel. I see.

Carew. Well, now, I'm in love with you—with her.

Ethel. And—and am I in love with you—with him?

Carew. Yes, I think so. Oh yes, certainly!

Ethel. I suppose I ought to be.

Carew. And we toss for who begins. (*Tosses coin.*) Head or tail?

Ethel. Head.

Carew. It's a tail, so I begin. You're quite ready?

Ethel. Yes.

Carew. Very well. I write. "My own Ethel——"

Ethel. (*Rising.*) Captain Carew!

Carew. (*Rises.*) That's her name in the novel, you know.

Ethel. (*Laughing, and sitting again.*) Oh! I beg your pardon. You see, it's mine too.

Carew. It's a nice name. I always liked it. However, I'd better go on. "My own Ethel, ever since you landed on these Islands——"

Ethel. Am I on the Islands?—I mean, is she?

Carew. Yes, for I can choose the scene if I win the toss. That's a rule of the game.

Ethel. I see. I didn't know.

Carew. "I have loved you passionately." Now it's your turn. You reply for her.

Ethel. Yes. It's rather difficult.

Carew. Remember, you love him.

Ethel. I remember. I think she had better reply, "What is your income?"

Carew. Ah! you can't say that. It's against the rules.

Ethel. Is it? Well, she says, "Why do you love me?"

Carew. I say, "Because you are beautiful and good."

Ethel. No. He says that.

Carew. Yes, but I'm him.

Ethel. It's rather a confusing game.

Carew. Only at first.

Ethel. What did he say last?

Carew. "You are good and beautiful."

Ethel. Oh yes. And she answers, "I am sorry I cannot truthfully say the same of you." Now it's your turn.

Carew. He, undaunted, remarks, "Do you think you could ever care for me?"

Ethel. And she, being good-natured, says, "I might try."

Carew. Ah! that's better. You're getting into the game.

Ethel. Indeed I'm not. She only said that to gain time.

Carew. Anyhow, he comes to her—(*rises*)—clasps her hand, and that brings us to the first illustration.

Ethel. You never told me it was an illustrated novel.

Carew. Oh yes! That's one of the rules. We don't draw. We do it by a sort of *tableau vivant*.

Ethel. It's a very embarrassing game. There are so many rules.

Carew. Now, before the illustration, we toss again. If it's heads, he embraces her; if it's tails, she embraces him.

Ethel. Then what's the good of tossing?

Carew. It's a rule, that's all. Shall I toss?

Ethel. One moment! (*Retires behind sofa.*) Now you may.

Carew. Right. (*Tosses.*) It's a tail.

Ethel. (*Indignantly.*) Well, I'm not going to. There! It's a preposterous game, and I don't see where it's to end. I believe you invented it.

Carew. To be honest, Miss Carlton, I did. I wanted neither of us to lose, and love's the only game I know of where both players can win. I meant every word I said.

Ethel. Captain Carew!

Carew. It's true, Ethel, I—

Ethel. Hush! There's some one coming. I—I—

Carew. (*Eagerly.*) Yes

Ethel. I—I—I may have meant it too.

Carew. Ah!

Ethel. I'm not sure. If, when you see me next, I wear a white rose—Hush!



Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
 Of morning, to abide

Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on the far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee

 In thy great out-of-doors!

To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
 God of the open air.

Henry Van Dyke, "God of the Open Air."

The Quarrel Scene from Julius Caesar

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

This scene takes place in Brutus' tent in the camp near Sardis, just one day before Brutus and Cassius were defeated by the army of Octavius Cæsar and Marc Antony near Philippi.

Act IV.

SCENE III.: *Enter Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, "better"?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have moved
me.

Bru. Peace, Peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No!

Cas. What! durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which thou denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts:
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my
heart.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.



What Will We Do?

BY ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

What will we do when the good days come—
When the prima donna's lips are dumb,
And the man who reads us his "little things"
Has lost his voice like the girl who sings;
When stilled is the breath of the cornet-man,
And the shrilling chords of the quartet clan;
When our neighbor's children have lost their drums—
Oh, what will we do when the good time comes?

Poor Dear Mamma

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

From "The Story of the Gadsbys."

Scene: Interior of Miss Minnie Threegan's bedroom at Simla. Miss Threegan, in window-seat, turning over a drawerful of things. Miss Emma Deercourt, bosom friend, who has come to spend the day, sitting on the bed, manipulating the bodice of a ballroom frock and a bunch of artificial lilies of the valley. Time, 5.30 P. M. on a hot May afternoon.

Miss Deercourt. And he said: "I shall *never* forget this dance," and, of course, I said: "Oh! how *can* you be so silly!" Do you think he meant anything, dear?

Miss Threegan. (*Extracting long lavender silk stocking from the rubbish*) You know him better than I do.

Miss D. Oh, *do* be sympathetic, Minnie! I'm *sure* he does. I least I *would* be sure if he wasn't always riding with that odious Mrs. Hagan.

Miss T. I suppose so. How *does* one manage to dance through one's heels first? Look at this—isn't it shameful? (*Spreads stocking-heel on open hand for inspection.*)

Miss D. Never mind that! You can't mend it. Help me with this hateful bodice. I've run the string *so*, and I've run the string *so*, and I *can't* make the fulness come right. Where would you put this (*Waves lilies of the valley.*)

Miss T. As high up on the shoulder as possible.

Miss D. Am I quite tall enough? I know it makes May Olger look lop-sided.

Miss T. Yes, but May hasn't your shoulders. Hers are like a hock-bottle.

Bearer. (*Rapping at door.*) Captain Sahib, aya.

Miss D. (*Jumping up wildly, and hunting for body, which she has discarded owing to the heat of the day.*) Captain Sahib! What Captain Sahib? Oh, good gracious, and I'm only half dressed! Well, I shan't bother.

Miss T. (*Calmly.*) You needn't! It isn't for us. That's Captain Gadsby. He is going for a ride with

Mamma. He generally comes five days out of the seven.

Agonized Voice. (*From an inner apartment.*) Minnie, run out and give Captain Gadsby some tea, and tell him I shall be ready in ten minutes; and, O Minnie, come to me an instant, there's a dear girl!

Miss T. Oh, bother! (*Aloud.*) Very well, Mamma.

(*Exit, and reappears, after five minutes, flushed and rubbing her fingers.*)

Miss D. You look pink. What has happened?

Miss T. (*In a stage whisper.*) A twenty-four-inch waist, and she won't let it out. Where are my bangles? (*Rummages on the toilet-table, and dabs at her hair with a brush in the interval.*)

Miss D. Who is this Captain Gadsby? I don't think I've met him.

Miss T. You must have. He belongs to the Harrar set. I've danced with him, but I've never talked to him. He's a big yellow man, just like a newly-hatched chicken, with an enormous mustache. He walks like this (*Imitates Cavalry swagger.*), and he goes "Ha—Hmmm!" deep down in his throat when he can't think of anything to say. Mamma likes him. I don't.

Miss D. (*Abstractedly.*) Does he wax that mustache?

Miss T. (*Busy with powder-puff.*) Yes, I think so; why?

Miss D. (*Bending over the bodice and sewing furiously.*) Oh, nothing—only—

Miss T. (*Sternly.*) Only what? Out with it, Emma.

Miss D. Well, May Olger—she's engaged to Mr. Charteris, you know—said—Promise you won't repeat this?

Miss T. Yes, I promise. What did she say?

Miss D. That—that being kissed (*With a rush.*) by a man who didn't wax his mustache was—like eating an egg without salt.

Miss T. (*At her full height, with crushing scorn.*) May Olger is a horrid, nasty *Thing*, and you can tell her I said so. I'm glad she doesn't belong to my set—I must go and feed this *man!* Do I look presentable?

Miss D. Yes, perfectly. Be quick and hand him over to your mother, and then we can talk. I shall listen at the door to hear what you say to him.

Miss T. Sure, I don't care. I'm not afraid of Captain Gadsby.

(*In proof of this, swings into drawing-room with a manly stride followed by two short steps, which produces the effect of a restive horse entering. Misses Captain Gadsby, who is sitting in the shadow of the window-curtain, and gazes round helplessly.*)

Captain Gadsby. (Aside.) The filly, by Jove! Must ha' picked up that action from the sire. (Aloud, rising.) Good evening, Miss Threegan.

Miss T. (Conscious that she is flushing.) Good evening, Captain Gadsby. Mamma told me to say that she will be ready in a few minutes. Won't you have some tea? (Aside.) I hope Mamma will be quick. What am I to say to the creature? (Aloud and abruptly.) Milk and sugar?

Capt. G. No sugar, thaanks, and very little milk. Ha-Hmmm.

Miss T. (Aside.) If he's going to do that, I'm lost. I shall laugh. I know I shall!

Capt. G. (Pulling at his mustache and watching it sideways down his nose.) Ha-Hmmm. (Aside.) Wonder what the little beast can talk about. Must make a shot at it.

Miss T. (Aside.) Oh, this is agonizing. I must say something.

Both Together. Have you been—

Capt. G. I beg your pardon. You were going to say—

Miss T. (Who has been watching the mustache with awed fascination.) Won't you have some eggs?

Capt. G. (Looking bewilderedly at the tea-table.) Eggs! (Aside.) O Hades! She must have a nursery-tea at this hour. S'pose they've wiped her mouth and sent her to me while the mother is getting on her duds. (Aloud.) No, thanks.

Miss T. (Crimson with confusion.) Oh! I didn't mean that. I wasn't thinking of mu-eggs for an instant. I mean salt. Won't you have some sa-sweets? (Aside.) He'll think me a raving lunatic. I wish Mamma would come.

Capt. G. (Aside.) It was a nursery-tea and she's ashamed of it. By Jove! She doesn't look half bad when she colors up like that. (Aloud.) Do you ride much? I've never seen you on the Mall.

Miss T. (*Aside.*) I haven't passed him *more* than fifty times. (*Aloud.*) Nearly every day.

Capt. G. By Jove! I didn't know that. Ha-Hmmm! (*Pulls at his mustache and is silent for forty seconds.*)

Miss T. (*Desperately, and wondering what will happen next.*) It looks beautiful. I shouldn't touch it if I were you. (*Aside.*) It's all Mamma's fault for not coming before. I *will* be rude!

Capt. G. (*Blushing under the tan and bringing down his hand very quickly.*) Eh; Wha'at! Oh, yes! Ha! Ha! (*Laughs uneasily.*) (*Aside.*) Well, of *all* the dashed cheek! I never had a woman say that to me yet. She must be a cool hand or else—Ah! that nursery-tea!

Voice from the Unknown. Tchk! Tchk! Tchk!

Capt. G. Good gracious! What's that?

Miss T. The dog, I think. (*Aside.*) Emma has been listening, and I'll never forgive her!

Capt. G. (*Aside.*) They don't keep dogs here. (*Aloud.*) Didn't sound like a dog, did it?

Miss T. Then it must have been the cat. Let's go into the veranda. What a lovely evening it is!

(*Steps into veranda and looks out across the hills into sunset. The Captain follows.*)

Capt. G. (*Aside.*) Superb eyes! I wonder that I never noticed them before! (*Aloud.*) There's going to be a dance at Viceregal Lodge on Wednesday. Can you spare me one?

Miss T. (*Shortly.*) No! I don't want any of your charity-dances. You only ask me because Mamma told you to. I hop and I bump. You *know* I do!

Capt. G. (*Aside.*) That's true, but little girls shouldn't understand these things. (*Aloud.*) No, on my word, I don't. You dance beautifully.

Miss T. Then why do you always stand out after half a dozen turns? I thought officers in the Army didn't tell fibs.

Capt. G. It wasn't a fib, believe me. I really *do* want the pleasure of a dance with you.

Miss T. (*Wickedly.*) Why, won't Mamma dance with you any more?

Capt. G. (*More earnestly than the necessity demands.*) I wasn't thinking of your Mother. (*Aside.*) You little Vixen!

Miss T. (*Still looking out of the window.*) Eh? Oh, I beg your pardon. I was thinking of something else.

Capt. G. (*Aside.*) Well! I wonder what she'll say next. I've never known a woman treat *me* like this before. I might be— Dash it, I might be an Infantry subaltern! (*Aloud.*) Oh, please don't trouble. I'm not worth thinking about. Isn't your mother ready yet?

Miss T. I should think so; but promise me, Captain Gadsby, you won't take poor, dear Mamma twice round Jakko any more. It tires her so.

Capt. G. She says that no exercise tires her.

Miss T. Yes, but she suffers afterwards. You don't know what rheumatism is, and you oughtn't to keep her out so late, when it gets chill in the evenings.

Capt. G. (*Aside.*) Rheumatism! I thought she came off her horse rather in a bunch. Whew! One lives and learns. (*Aloud.*) I'm sorry to hear that. She hasn't mentioned it to me.

Miss T. (*Flurried.*) Of course not! Poor, dear Mamma never would. And you mustn't say that I told you, either. Promise me that you won't. Oh, Captain Gadsby, promise me you won't!

Capt. G. I am dumb, or—I shall be as soon as you've given me that dance, and another—if you can trouble yourself to think about me for a minute.

Miss T. But you won't like it one little bit. You'll be awfully sorry afterwards.

Capt. G. I shall like it above all things, and I shall only be sorry that I didn't get more. (*Aside.*) Now what in the world am I saying?

Miss T. Very well. You will have only yourself to thank if your toes are trodden on. Shall we say Seven?

Capt. G. And Eleven.

Poor, Dear Mamma. (*Entering, habited, hatted, and booted.*) Ah, Captain Gadsby! Sorry to keep you waiting. Hope you haven't been bored. My little girl been talking to you?

Miss T. (*Aside.*) I'm not sorry I spoke about the rheumatism. I'm not! I'm not! I only wish I'd mentioned the corns too.

Capt. G. (*Aside.*) What a shame! I wonder how old she is. It never occurred to me before.

Miss T. (*Aside.*) Nice man! (*Aloud.*) Good-bye, Captain Gadsby. (*Aside.*) What a huge hand and what

a squeeze! I don't suppose he meant it, but he has driven the rings into my fingers.

INTERVAL OF EIGHT WEEKS.

Scene: Exterior of New Simla Library on a foggy evening. Miss Threegan and Miss Deercourt meet among the rickshaws. Miss T. is carrying a bundle of books under her left arm.

Miss D. (Level intonation.) Well?

Miss T. (Ascending intonation.) Well?

Miss D. (Capturing her friend's left arm, taking away all the books, placing books in 'rickshaw, returning to arm, securing hand by the third finger and investigating.) Well! You bad girl! And you never told me.

Miss T. (Demurely.) He—he—he only spoke yesterday afternoon.

Miss D. Bless you, dear! And I'm to be bridesmaid, aren't I. You know you promised ever so long ago.

Miss T. Of course. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow. (Gets into 'rickshaw.) O Emma!

Miss D. (With intense interest.) Yes, dear?

Miss T. (Piano.) It's quite true—about—the—egg.

Miss D. What egg?

Miss T. (Pianissimo prestissimo.) The egg without the salt.



If care you've got to carry,
Wait till 'tis at the door,
For he who runs to meet it
Takes up the load before.

If minding will not mend it,
Then better not to mind;
The best thing is to end it;
Just leave it all behind.

Then don't you trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you,
You'll only double trouble
And trouble others, too.

Pygmalion and Galatea

BY W. S. GILBERT.

Pygmalion, an Athenian sculptor, has carved a statue of Galatea, his wife Cynisca being his model. It is so lifelike that it really seems to breathe, and Pygmalion bitterly regrets that he is powerless to give the statue life.

The scene begins just as Cynisca is taking her leave of Pygmalion before she depart for Athens. The statue stands before them.

Pygmalion. (*Bitterly.*) It all but breathes—therefore it talks aloud!

It all but moves—therefore it walks and runs!

It all but lives, and therefore it is life!

No, no, my love, the thing is cold, dull stone,
Shaped to a certain form, but still dull stone. (*Looking at statue.*)

The lifeless, senseless mockery of life.

The gods make life, I can make only death! (*Closing curtains in front of statue.*)

Cynisca. Hush, my Pygmalion! the gods are good,

And they have made thee nearer unto them

Than other men; this is ingratitude!

Now I must go.

Pyg. So soon, and for so long,
Cyn. One day, 'twill quickly pass away!

Pyg. With those

Who measure time by almanacks, no doubt—

But not with him who knows no days save those

Born of the sunlight of Cynisca's eyes;

It will be night with me till she returns.

Cyn. Then sleep it through, Pygmalion! But stay,

Thou shalt not pass the weary hours alone;

Now mark thou this—while I'm away from thee,

There stands my only representative, (*Indicating Galatea, and withdrawing curtains.*)

She is my proxy, and I charge you, sir

Be faithful unto her as unto me!

Into her quietly attentive ear

Pour all thy treasures of hyperbole,

And give thy nimble tongue full license, lest

Disuse should rust its glib machinery;
 If thoughts of love should haply crowd on thee,
 There stands my other self, tell them to her,
 She'll listen well;

Nay, that's ungenerous,
 For she is I, yet lovelier than I,
 And hath no temper, sir, and hath no tongue;
 Thou hast thy license—make good use of it.
 Already I'm half jealous (*Looking at statue.*)—there!

(Draws curtain together concealing statue.)

It's gone:

The thing is but a statue after all,
 And I am safe in leaving thee with her;
 Farewell, Pygmalion, till I return.

Pyg. (*Bitterly.*) "The thing is but a statue after all!"
 Cynisca little thought that in those words
 She touched the keynote of my discontent—
 True, I have powers denied to other men;
 Give me a block of senseless marble—Well,
 I'm a magician, and it rests with me
 To say what kernel lies within its shell; (*Proudly.*)
 It shall contain a man, a woman, child—
 A dozen men and women if I will.
 So far the gods and I run neck and neck—
 Nay, so far I can beat them at their trade;
 I am no bungler—all the men *I* make
 Are straight-limbed fellows, each magnificent
 In the perfection of his manly grace:
 I make not crook-backs—all *my* men are gods.
 My women goddesses—in outward form.
 But there's my tether (*Sitting.*)—I can go so far,
 And go no farther—at that point I stop,
 To curse the bonds that hold me sternly back.
 To curse the arrogance of those proud gods,
 Who say, "Thou shalt be greatest among men,
 "And yet infinitesimally small!"

Galatea. (*From behind curtain.*) Pygmalion!

Pyg. (*After a pause.*) Who called?
Gal. Pygmalion!

(*Pygmalion tears away curtain and discovers Galatea alive. He kneels before statue as in adoration.*)

Pyg. Ye gods! It lives!

Gal. Pygmalion!
Pyg. It speaks!
 I have my prayer! my Galatea breathes!
Gal. Where am I? Let me speak, Pygmalion;
 Give me thy hand—both hands—how soft and warm!

(*She descends from pedestal—Pygmalion leading her, very slowly, down.*

Whence came I?
Pyg. Why, from yonder pedestal.
Gal. That pedestal! Ah, yes, I recollect,
 There was a time when it was part of me!
Pyg. That time has passed for ever, thou art now
 A living, breathing woman, excellent
 In every attribute of womankind.
Gal. Where am I, then?
Pyg. Why, born into the world
 By miracle!
Gal. Is this the world?
Pyg. It is.
Gal. This room?
Pyg. This room is portion of a house;
 The house stands in a grove; the grove itself
 Is one of many, many hundred groves
 In Athens.
Gal. And is Athens then the world?
Pyg. To an Athenian—Yes—
Gal. And am I one?
Pyg. By birth and parentage, not by descent.
Gal. But how came I to be?
Pyg. Well—let me see.
 Oh—you were quarried in Pentelicus;
 I modelled you in clay—my artisans
 Then roughed you out in marble—I, in turn,
 Brought my artistic skill to bear on you,
 And made you what you are—in all but life—
 The gods completed what I had begun,
 And gave the only gift I could not give!
Gal. Then this is life?
Pyg. It is.
Gal. And not long since
 I was a cold, dull stone. I recollect
 That by some means I knew that I was stone—

That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;
I became conscious of a chilly self,
A cold immovable identity,
I knew that I was stone, and knew no more!
Then, by an imperceptible advance,
Came the dim evidence of outer things,
Seen—darkly and imperfectly—yet seen—
The walls surrounding me, and I, alone,
That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice
That called on Galatea! At that word,
Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,
That which was dim before, came evident.
Sounds, that had hummed around me—indistinct,
Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves
Into a language I could understand;
I felt my frame pervaded with a glow
That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh;
Its cold hard substance throbbed with active life,
My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived!
Lived in the ecstasy of new-born life;
Lived in the love of him that fashioned me;
Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope—
Love—gratitude—thoughts that resolved themselves
Into one word, that word, Pygmalion! (*Kneels to him*)
Pyg. I have no words to tell thee of my joy,
O woman—perfect in thy loveliness!
Gal. What is that word? Am I a woman?
Pyg. Yes.
Gal. Art thou a woman?
Pyg. No, I am a man.
Gal. What is a man?
Pyg. A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;—
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her, that she may live! (*Leading
her to seat.*)
Gal. (*After a pause.*) I'm glad I am a woman.
Pyg. So am I.
Gal. That I escape the pains thou hast to bear?
Pyg. That I may undergo those pains for thee.
Gal. With whom then wouldest thou fight?
Pyg. With any man

Whose word or deed gave Galatea pain (*Puts his arm round her.*)

Gal. Then there are other men in this strange world?

Pyg. There are indeed!

Gal. And other women?

Pyg. (*Withdrawing his arm.*) Yes;
Though for the moment I'd forgotten it!

Yes, other women.

Gal. And for all these
Men work, and toil, and mourn, and weep, and fight?

Pyg. It is man's duty, if he's called upon,
To fight for all—he works for those he loves. (*His arm round her waist.*)

Gal. Then by thy works I know thou lovest me.

Pyg. Indeed, I love thee! (*Embraces her.*)

Gal. With what kind of love?

Pyg. I love thee (*Recollecting himself and releasing her.*) as a sculptor loves his work!

(*Aside.*) There is diplomacy in that reply.

Gal. My love is different in kind to thine:

I am no sculptor, and I've done no work,

Yet I do love thee; say—what love is mine?

Pyg. Tell me its symptoms—then I'll answer thee.

Gal. Its symptoms? Let me call them as they come.

A sense that I am made *by thee for thee*;

That I've no will that is not wholly thine;

That I've no thought, no hope, no enterprise,

That does not own thee as its sovereign;

(*Kneeling to him.*)

That I have life, that I may live for thee;

That I am thine—that thou and I are one:

What kind of love is that?

Pyg. A kind of love

That I shall run some risk in dealing with.

Gal. And why, Pygmalion?

Pyg. Such love as thine

A man may not receive, except indeed

From one who is, or is to be, his wife.

Gal. Then I will be thy wife (*Again embracing him.*).

Pyg. (*Withdrawing from her.*) That may not be;

I have a wife—the gods allow but one.

Gal. Why did the gods then send me here to thee?

Pyg. I cannot say unless to punish me

For unreflecting and presumptuous prayer!

I pray'd that thou shouldst live. I have my prayer,
And now I see the fearful consequence
That must attend it!

Gal. (*Rises and goes to his side.*) Yet thou lovest me?

Pyg. Who could look on that face and stifle love?

Gal. Then I am beautiful?

Pyg. Indeed thou art.

Gal. I wish that I could look upon myself,
But that's impossible.

Pyg. Not so indeed,
This mirror will reflect thy face. Behold!
(*Hands her a mirror from table.*)

Gal. How beautiful! I am very glad to know
That both our tastes agree so perfectly;
Why, my Pygmalion, I did not think
That aught could be more beautiful than thou,
Till I beheld myself. Believe me, love,
I could look in this mirror all day long.
So I'm a woman!

Pyg. There's no doubt of that!

Gal. Oh happy maid to be so passing fair!
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze,
At will, upon so beautiful a face!

Pyg. Hush! Galatea—in thine innocence. (*Taking
glass from her.*)

Thou sayest words that never should be said.
Gal. Indeed, Pygmalion; then it is wrong

To think that one is exquisitely fair?

Pyg. Well, it's a confidential sentiment
That women cherish in their heart of hearts.

But, as a rule, they keep it to themselves.

Gal. And is thy wife as beautiful as I?

Pyg. No, Galatea, for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in the marble made them lovelier still.

Gal. (*Disappointed.*) Oh! then I'm not original?

Pyg. Well—no—

That is—thou hast indeed a prototype,
But though in stone thou did'st resemble her,
In life, the difference is manifest.

Gal. I'm very glad I'm lovelier than she.
And am I better?

Pyg. (*Standing.*) That I do not know.

Gal. Then she has faults?

Pyg. But very few indeed;
 Mere trivial blemishes, that serve to show
 That she and I are of one common kin.
 I love her all the better for such faults!

Gal. (*After a pause.*) Tell me some faults and I'll com-
 mit them now.

Pyg. There is no hurry; they will come in time:
 Though for that matter, it's a grievous sin
 To sit as lovingly as we sit now.

Gal. Is sin so pleasant? If to sit and talk
 As we are sitting, be indeed a sin,
 Why I could sin all day! But tell me, love,
 Is this great fault that I'm committing now,
 The kind of fault that only serves to show
 That thou and I are of one common kin?

Pyg. Indeed, I'm very much afraid it is.

Gal. And dost thou love me better for such fault? (*Em-
 bracing him.*)

Pyg. Where is the mortal who could answer "no"?

Gal. (*Releasing him.*) Why then I'm satisfied, Pyg-
 malion;

Thy wife and I can start on equal terms.
 She loves thee?

Pyg. Very much.

Gal. I'm glad of that.

I like thy wife.

Pyg. And why?

Gal. (*Surprised at the question.*) Our tastes agree.
 We love Pygmalion well, and what is more,
 Pygmalion loves us both. I like thy wife;
 I'm sure we shall agree.

Pyg. (*Aside.*) I doubt it much.

Gal. Is she within?

Pyg. No, she is not within.

Gal. But she'll come back?

Pyg. (*Rising.*) Oh yes, she will come back.

Gal. (*Rising and putting her arm round his neck.*) How
 pleased she'll be to know when she returns,
 That there was some one here to fill her place.

Pyg. (*Dryly.*) Yes, I should say she'd be extremely
 pleased.

Gal. Why, there is something in thy voice which says
 That thou art jesting. Is it possible
 To say one thing and mean another?

Pyg. Yes,
It's sometimes done.
Gal. How very wonderful;
So clever!
Pyg. And so very useful.
Gal. Yes.
Teach me the art.
Pyg. The art will come in time,
My wife will *not* be pleased; there—that's the truth.
Gal. I do not think that I *shall* like thy wife.
Tell me more of her.
Pyg. Well—
Gal. What did she say
When last she left thee?
Pyg. Humph Well, let me see;
Ah! true, she gave thee to me as my wife—
Her solitary representative;
(*Tenderly.*) She feared I should be lonely till she
came,
To speak those thoughts to thee, as I am wont
And counselled me, if thoughts of love should come,
To speak to her! (*Embraces her.*)
Gal. That's right.
Pyg. (*Releasing her.*) But when she spake
Thou wast a stone, now thou art flesh and blood,
Which makes a difference.
Gal. It's a strange world:
A woman loves her husband very much,
And cannot brook that I should love him too;
She fears he will be lonely till she comes,
And will not let me cheer his loneliness:
She bids him breathe his love to senseless stone,
And when that stone is brought to life—be dumb!
It's a strange world, I cannot fathom it.
Pyg. Let me be brave, and put an end to this.
Come, Galatea—till my wife returns,
My sister shall provide thee with a home;
Her house is close at hand.
Gal. (*Astonished and alarmed.*) Send me not hence,
Pygmalion—let me stay!
Pyg. It may not be.
Come, Galatea, we shall meet again.
Gal. (*Resignedly.*) Do with me as thou wilt, Pygmal-
ion!

But we *shall* meet again?—and very soon?

Pyg. Yes, very soon.

Gal. And when thy wife returns,
She'll let me stay with thee?

Pyg. I do not know.

(*Aside.*) Why should I hide the truth from her?

(*A loud.*) alas!

I may *not* see thee then.

Gal. (*Horrified.*) Pygmalion,

What fearful words are these?

Pyg. The bitter truth.

I may not love thee—I must send thee hence (*Sits.*)

Gal. Recall those words, Pygmalion, my love!

Was it for this that Heaven gave me life

Pygmalion, have mercy on me; see

I am thy work, thou hast created me;

The gods have sent me to thee. I am thine,

Thine! only, and unalterably thine!

This is the thought with which my soul is charged.

Thou tellest me of one who claims thy love,

That thou hast love for her alone. Alas!

I do not know these things—I only know

That Heaven has sent me here to be with thee. (*Kneels
at his side.*)

Thou tellest me of duty to thy wife,

Of vows that thou wilt love her; alas!

I do not know these things—I only know

That Heaven, who sent me here, has given me

One all-absorbing duty to discharge—

To love thee, and to make thee love again! (*Putting
her arms round him.*)

(During this speech Pygmalion has shown symptoms
of irresolution; at its conclusion he takes her in his arms
and embraces her passionately.)



Portia and Nerissa

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From "Merchant of Venice."

Portia, the only child and heir of a rich Venetian nobleman, is compelled, by her father's will, to accept in marriage the suitor who chooses the right casket from among three, made of gold, silver and lead. The conversation is in regard to the suitors who seek her hand and fortune.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house. Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to *do* were as easy as to *know* what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be *done*, than be *one* of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word *choose!* I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning

chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection toward any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee overname them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An' you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man. If a throstle sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Faulsonbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, not Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere. (*Laughs heartily.*)

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for

he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German—the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk. When he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worse he is a little better than a beast: an' the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray heaven grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he would shrieve me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. (*Exit.*)



To a Snow-Flake

BY FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Who hammered you, wrought you?
From argentine vapor?—
“God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal.
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor,
To lust of his mind:—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With his hammer of wind,
And his graver of frost.”

Two Souls with but a Single Thought*

From "Ingomar, the Barbarian."

Plot: Parthenia, the daughter of Myron, a poor armorer of Massilia, has surrendered herself to the Alemanni, a tribe of barbarians, as hostage for her father, whom the barbarians had captured. This scene is from the second act after Ingomar, the leader of the band, has ordered Myron's release, and is watching the poor old man being driven away by the Alemanni.

Ingomar. (*Who has been standing on a rock looking at the proceedings of his followers.*) No violence!

Ho! How he runs! (*Laughs.*) And now
He stops and cries again!

Poor fearful fool!

It must be strange to fear; now, by my troth,
I should like to feel, for once, what 'tis to fear!
But the girl. (*Leaning forward.*) Ha! Do I see right?

You weep! (*To Parthenia.*)
Is that the happy temper that you boast?

Par. Oh, I shall never see him more.

Ing. What! Have we
For a silly old man, got now a foolish
And timid, weeping girl? I have had enough
Of tears.

Par. Enough, indeed, since you but mock them!
I will not—no, I'll weep no more.

Ing. That's good; come, that looks well.
She is a brave girl! She rules herself, and if
She keep her word, we have made a good exchange—
"I'll weep no more." Aha! I like the girl.
And if—ho! whither goest thou?

(*To Parenthia, who is going off with two goblets.*)
Par. Where should I go? To yonder brook, to

cleanse the cups.

Ing. No! Stay and talk with me.

Par. I have duties to perform. (*Going.*)

* This play was known in the original as "Der Sohn der Wildniss" and was written by Baron von Münch-Bellinghausen, who was known to the literary world as Friedrich Halm.

Ing. Stay—I command you, slave!

Par. I am no slave! Your hostage, but no slave.
I go to cleanse the cups. (*Exit Parthenia.*)

Ing. Ho! Here's a self-willed thing—here is a spirit!
(*Mimicking her.*)

"I will not, I am no slave! I have duties to perform!
Take me for hostage!" And she flung back her head
As though she brought with her a ton of gold!
"I'll weep no more." Aha! an impudent thing.
She pleases me! I love to be opposed;
I love my horse when he rears, my dogs when they snarl,
The mountain torrent, and the sea, when it flings
Its foam up to the stars; such things as these
Fill me with life and joy. Tame indolence
Is living death! The battle of the strong
Alone is life!

(During this speech *Parthenia* has reentered with the
cups and a bundle of field flowers. She seats herself on
a bank.)

Ing. Ah! she is here again. What art thou making
there?

Par. I? Garlands.

Ing. Garlands?
(Musing.) It seems to me as I before had seen her
In a dream! How! Ah, my brother!—he who died.
A child—yes, that is it. My little Folko—
She has his dark brown hair, his sparkling eye.
Even the voice seems known again to me.
I'll not to sleep—I'll talk to her. (*Returns to her.*)
These you call garlands,
And wherefore do you weave them?

Par. For these cups.

Ing. How?

Par. Is it not with you a custom? With us
At home, we love to intertwine with flowers
Our cups and goblets.

Ing. What use is such a plaything?

Par. They are beautiful; that is their use.
The sight of them makes glad the eye; their scent
Refreshes, cheers. There!

(Fastens the half-finished garland round a cup, and
presents it to him.)
Is not that, now, beautiful?

Ing. Ay—by the bright sun! That dark green mixed up
With the gay flowers! Thou must teach our women
To weave such garlands.

Par. That is soon done. Thy wife
Herself shall soon weave wreaths as well as I.

Ing. (*Laughing heartily.*) My wife! my wife! A
woman, dost thou say?
I thank the gods, not I. This is my wife—(*Pointing to
his accoutrements.*)

My spear, my shield, my sword; let him who will
Waste cattle, slaves, or gold, to buy a woman;
Not I—not I!

Par. To buy a woman?

Ing. What is the matter? Why dost look so
strangely?

Par. How! Did I hear aright? Bargain for brides
As you would slaves—buy them like cattle?

Ing. Well, I think a woman fit only for a slave.
We follow our own customs, as you yours.
How do you in your city there?

Par. Consult our hearts.
Massilia's free-born daughters are not sold,
But bound by choice with bonds as light and sweet
As these I hold. Love only buys us there.

Ing. Marry for love! What! Do you love your
husbands?

Par. Why marry else?

Ing. Marry for love; that's strange!
I cannot comprehend. I love my horse,
My dogs, my brave companions—but no woman!
What dost thou mean by love—what is it, girl?

Par. 'Tis of all things the most sweet—
The heaven of life—or, so my mother says
I never felt it.

Ing. Never?

Par.. No, indeed. (*Looking at garland.*)
Now look how beautiful! Here would I weave
Red flowers if I had them.

Ing. Yonder there,
In that thick wood they grow. (*Looking off.*)

Par. How sayest thou?
(*Looking off.*) Oh, what a lovely red! Go, pluck me
some.

Ing. (*Starting at the suggestion.*) I go for thee?
The master serve the slave?

(*Gazing on her with increasing interest.*)
And yet, why not? I'll go (*Starts to go and stops.*)—the
poor child's tired. (*Looking at Parthenia.*)

Par. Dost thou hesitate?

Ing. No, thou shalt have the flowers
As fresh and dewy as the bush affords.

(*Exit Ingomar.*)

Par. (*Holding out the wreath.*)
I never yet succeeded half so well.
It will be charming! Charming? And for whom?
Here among savages! No mother here
Looks smiling on it—I am alone, forsaken!
But no, I'll weep no more! No, none shall say I fear.

(*Re-enter Ingomar, with a bunch of flowers, and slowly advances towards Parthenia.*)

Ing. (*Aside.*) The little Folko, when in his play he
wanted
Flowers or fruit, would so cry "Bring them to me;
Quick I will have them—these I will have or none,"
Till somehow he compelled me to obey him.
And she, with the same spirit, the same fire—
Yes, there is much of the bright child in her.
Well, she shall be a little brother to me! (*ALOUD.*)
There are the flowers.

(*Brings flowers, and throws them in Parthenia's lap.*)

Par. Thanks, thanks. Oh, thou hast broken them
Too short off in the stem!

(*She throws some of them on the ground.*)

Ing. Shall I go and get thee more? (*Starts to go.*)

Par. No; these will do.

Ing. Tell me now about your home. I will sit here,
near thee. (*Starts to sit down on bank.*)

Par. Not there; thou art crushing all the flowers.

Ing. (*Seating himself at her feet.*)
Well, well; I will lie here, then. And now tell me,
What is your name!

Par. Parthenia.

Ing. Parthenia!

A pretty name! And now, Parthenia, tell me
 How that which you call love grows in the soul;
 And what love is. 'Tis strange, but in that word
 There's something seems like yonder ocean—fathomless.

Par. How shall I say? Love comes, my mother says,
 Like flowers in the night—reach me those violets—
 It is a flame a single look will kindle,
 But not an ocean quench.

Fostered by dreams, excited by each thought,
 Love is a star from heaven, that points the way
 And leads us to its home—a little spot
 In earth's dry desert, where the soul may rest—
 A grain of gold in the dull sand of life—
 A foretaste of Elysium; but when,
 Weary of this world's woes, the immortal gods
 Flew to the skies with all their richest gifts,
 Love stayed behind, self-exiled for man's sake!

Ing. I never yet heard aught so beautiful!
 But still I comprehend it not.

Par. Nor I,
 For I have never felt it; yet I know
 A song my mother sang, an ancient song,
 That plainly speaks of love, at least to me.
 How goes it? Stay— (*Slowly, as if trying to recollect.*)

"What love is, if thou wouldest be taught,
 Thy heart must teach alone,—
 Two souls with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one.

And whence comes love? Like morning's light,
 It comes without thy call.
 And how dies love? A spirit bright,
 Love never dies at all!

And when—and when"—

(*Hesitating, as if unable to continue.*)

Ing. Go on.

Par. I know no more.

Ing. (*Impatiently.*) Try—try.

Par. I cannot now; but at some other time I may remember.

Ing. (*Somewhat authoritatively.*) Now, go on, I say.

Par. (*Springing up in alarm.*) Not now, I want more roses for my wreath!
 Yonder they grow, I will fetch them for myself.
 Take care of all my flowers and the wreath!
 (*Throws the flowers into Ingomar's lap and runs out quickly.*)

Ing. (*After a pause, without changing his position, speaking to himself in deep abstraction.*)

Two souls with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one."



Two Souls with but a Single Thought

INGOMAR, THE BARBARIAN.—ACT V.

Plot: Ingomar, leader of the Alemanni, subdued to love Parthenia, a Greek maiden who had surrendered herself to the tribe as hostage for her father, has bought her her freedom by giving up his part of the spoil to his comrades, and has conducted her back to Massilia, her native city, and there remained in her father's household, striving to perfect himself in Greek manners and industries that he may become acceptable as a citizen and a fit suitor for Parthenia. The task is a hard one, and often Parthenia seems to despair of her rough pupil's improvement.

Par. I cannot make you heed my words, and never—
Ing. Not heed thy words! I think of nothing else,
 Laboring or resting, at the plough, the anvil,
 In very sleep, still I repeat your lessons,
 But all in vain! Oh, I shall never learn;
 And thou wilt never love me!

Par. Nay, thou hast
 Learned much already, and—
Ing. Oh, my wild woods,
 My mountain home! There the heart speaks its will,
 And the free act is open as the thought.
 'Tis thus I have grown up—I cannot change it.

What moves me,—love or hate, pleasure or pain,—
 Breaks from my lips, shows in my looks, and sparkles
 From out my eyes; I must be what I am,
 I can be nothing else!

Par. Nor shalt thou be!
 I would not have thee other than thou art—
 Honest, and pure, and true.
 Yet even the candor of a noble soul
 Requires restriction. See, thou hast learned much,
 Thou honorest law and order—thou hast left
 The bloody service of thy mountain gods
 For the pure worship of my people. See,
 Thou art a Greek already in thy heart;
 Yet be more gentle, more—but that will come.

Ing. And then, after I've learned,
 When I am more what thou desirest, Parthenia,
 Wilt thou then—

Par. (*Laughing.*) Stop, thou hast not learned it yet,
 And wilt not soon.

Ing. Ah, thus it ever is!
 In place of paying the poor scholar's zeal,
 Thou dost withdraw the goal still further from me.
 Thou art altered too—thou once didst seek, encourage
 me,
 Didst tell me tales and sing me songs; but now
 Thou art distant, cold. Well, well, I will not weary thee,
 Content if I can gaze into thine eyes,
 And—

Myron. (*Without.*) Parthenia—Parthenia!

Par. Hark! my father!

(Enter Myron followed by Actea, Parthenia's mother.)

Myr. Parthenia! Ay—and Ingomar, where is he?

Ing. Here.

Act. Now, what is it? Will you never tell me?

Myr. Stop—give me air, let me breathe first,—what
 do you think?

Know! they are coming, they will be here directly.

Act. Who—the enemy?

Myr. His grace the Timarch!

Act. Ah! I said so—I said

That Ingomar would bring us no good luck.

Myr. Then you talked nonsense, as you always do.

He brings us glory, consideration, honor!
But here they are. Now, Ingomar, dear friend,
Be ready—I go to greet him.

Act. Consideration! Honor! How my heart beats!
Like a forge hammer.

(Enter Herald, followed by the Timarch, accompanied
by attendants. Myron receives him with low bows.)

Tim. Enough, enough—Myron, where is thy guest,
thy pupil?

Myr. Here, illustrious sir—will you step into the
house?

Tim. No, call him hither.

(Myron beckons Ingomar forward, and he advances
toward the Timarch.

So, friend, thy name is Ingomar.

Ing. Ay—as thou sayest.

Tim. I hear thou wouldest become a Greek,
Be naturalized—Massilia's citizen.

Ing. Such is my wish.

Tim. Massilia grants thy wish—
A house within her walls shall be assigned thee;
Added to which, three hides of land, with the freedom
And the full privileges of a citizen.

Ing. To me—this, this to me!

Par. Ye gods!

Tim. Nay, more;—thou lovest this maid; thirty
ounces of silver
Shall her dower be—she shall be thine, thy wife.

Ing. Parthenia!

Tim. So prove only that Massilia's welfare
Lies at thy heart, all these shall then be thine.
Say, in return what wilt thou do?

Ing. What do! What will I not do?
Yet all that is possible—ay, or impossible,
I'll do for bliss like this.

Tim. Thou hast heard the Alemanni now
Surround the city—they come against us to—

Ing. No, no, you err. Against the Allobrogi
This expedition moves, not against you—
Not you.

Tim. Be as it may, we hold them dangerous—
Massilia would extirpate them.

Thou knowest them.

Thou shalt go to their camp, as though thou camest
To seek thy friends and hear the news of home;
So shalt thou well observe their mode of war,
The approaches of their camp, their watchword, and
The arrangement of their guard. Return in the evening,
And then by night conduct Massilia's soldiers,
And lead them on to conquest.

Ing. (*Furiously.*) Ah!

Tim. What sayest thou?

Ing. Ensnare, •

Betray my countrymen! Deceive the men
Who trust me—murder them in their sleep—
The men who speak my tongue, who were my brothers?

Tim. Think of the reward,—Parthenia, honor, riches.

Ing. Take all thy offers back! Take even her,
For she is all to me! My heart, my soul,
My life! Yet take her too; for had I her,
And all the happiness the earth could give,
It were despair, shame, misery, and death,
To purchase her by baseness such as this.

Tim. Dost thou not wish to be a Greek?

Ing. I did.
For then I did not know that Greeks were traitors.
I said farewell to mine own kin and nation—
I gave up all to make my home with you,
And had you called on me to fight for you
On the open field of war, I would have stood
Faithfully by you to the death; but (*with contempt*)

Grecian

Weapons are treachery, cunning, cowardice,—
In these I am unpractised. Go, go, go!
We do not understand each other—you are civilized,
Refined, and I but a barbarian! Go!

Tim. Restrain thy bold tongue—one hour for decision
We give thee yet. Refuse, and thy false breath
No longer shall contaminate our city.
Choose, then! And thou, Myron, if afterward
Thou dost befriend or shelter him, thy life
Shall answer for it! Back to the council.

(*Exit Timarch with suite; all the crowd follow in different directions.*)

Act. Now, who was right? Where is the honor,
The consideration, that this Ingomar
Was to have brought? He brings thy head in danger.

Myr. No, not, not my head;
I will have nothing more to do with him.
Away, depart,—I shut my door against thee,
I am Massilia's true citizen. Go into the house, Parthenia.

Ing. Myron.

Myr. Go, go in, wife—in, girl.

(*Actea and Parthenia go into the house.*)

Ing. One word.

Myr. Not one! You see the danger you have brought
me.

I owe thee thanks; and, had I two heads, willingly
Would I lose one for thee. But I have but one;
And therefore, go, go, go. I am a true man,
And a good citizen—and so, farewell!

(*Exit into house, shutting the door.*)

Ing. 'Tis past, then! All is over, all is lost.
Never will she be mine. Never again
Shall I behold her face, or hear her voice.
She is lost! Why, then, delay? Away, away;
And let them close their coward gates upon me.
I'll die, or break a passage through their spears.

(*Enter Parthenia, who, during his last words,
comes out of the house, and approaches unperceived,
bearing Ingomar's sword.*)

Par. Ingomar! Wilt thou go?

Ing. Dost doubt it?

Par. Whither?

Ing. Ask me not whither.

There are on earth only two paths for me,
One to heaven, where thou art—and where
Thou art not, all is there a barren desert.
That path is mine. Son of the wilderness,
I bend my steps again towards my mother;
She gave me truth for my inheritance,
And I will keep it, though my heart should burst.

Par. And thou wilt go?

Ing. Wouldst thou desire my stay,

To be dishonored? Yet thine image still
Shall never leave me—thou, Parthenia—
Farewell.

Par. Thy sword—thou hast forgot thy sword.

Ing. I want it not. Hope took it from my hand;
And now—now—

Par. Yes 'tis here. Look, I return it,
Bright as when first thou gavest it up. (*He goes to take
it.*)

Not so;

But I will bear it for thee.

Ing. Thou, Parthenia!
Where? To the market?

Par. No, farther—to the gate.
Still farther—to the sea—beyond the sea—
Over the mountains—over valleys, floods,—
To east and west. Wherever thy path leads,
Wherever thou dost bend thy wandering steps,
So long I will go with thee!

Ing. Thou, Parthenia,
Wilt—

Par. Ay, will follow thee wherever thou goest.
Thy way shall be mine.
Where thou dost build thy house, there, too, shall be
My home. Thine am I, and nothing
Shall part us more! (*Embrace.*)

Ing. Do I dream? Thou liest on
My breast,—thou lovest me! Thou, Massilia's child,
And I the stranger, the barbarian!

Par. Oh, speak that word no more; for what are we
Compared to thee, thou good, thou noble one!
How great, how glorious thou stoodest before me,
When thou for duty gavest up more than life—
The hope of life! And, oh, how shamed I feel
That I presumed to teach thee! Pardon me!
Forgive me.

Ing. Parthenia mine—mine!

Par. Long have I been thine;
Ay, since the day when thou didst learn to weep and fear,
When from thy hand dropped the uplifted sword
Which threatened at my life. Yes, since that day
I loved thee; and if in shame I tried to hide it from thee,
I only loved thee more.

As they are about to leave, Polydor, a suitor long ago discarded by Parthenia, claims Parthenia as his slave. He has bought up old Myron's debts, and can enforce the claim. Ingomar, at first furious, when he realizes the claim as good, yields, but Polydor is so intimidated, that he gives up Parthenia and accepts Ingomar as slave.

The bargain is no sooner completed, than news is brought that the Alemanni (the tribe to which Ingomar belonged) have entered the city. They come to release Ingomar, having heard he is detained in Massilia against his will.

Ingomar confesses that he is a slave, the vengeance of the tribe is about to fall upon the terrified Polydor, when the Timarch, realizing at last Ingomar's nobility and his devotion to Parthenia, frees him, makes him a citizen, bestows Parthenia upon him, and assigns him land whereon to build a city of which he shall be Timarch. All cry in approval:

Ingomar, the Timarch!

(*But Ingomar heeds not.*)

Oh, hush! my swelling heart has only room
For one thought, for one word—Parthenia, mine—(*He takes her into his arms.*)
Forever mine! (*Embracing her.*)

“Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.”



Don't Trouble

There's a saying old and rusty,
But as good as any new;
'Tis “Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.”

Don't you borrow sorrow;
You'll surely have your share;
He who dreams of sorrow
Will find that sorrow's there.

King Lear

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Lear, king of Britain, being an old man, has determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to divide his kingdom among his three daughters, Goneril, Regan and Cordelia, and leave the management to their youthful strengths. He accordingly calls his daughters to him to hear from their own lips which of them loves him best, that he may divide his kingdom in such proportions as their affections deserve.

ACT I., SCENE I.: *King Lear's Palace.*

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the map there. Know that we have divided In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburdened crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters (Since now we will divest us both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state), Which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril, Our eldestborn, speak first.

Goneril. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter, Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor; As much as child e'er loved, or father found. A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable, Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cordelia. (*Aside.*) What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
 With shadowy forests and with champaigns riched,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady; to thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?

Regan. I am made of that selfmetal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short—that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find I am alone felicitate
 In your dear highness' love.

Cor. (Aside.) Then poor Cordelia!
 And yet not so; since I am sure my love's
 More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that conferred on Goneril. Now, our joy,
 Although our last, not least; to whose young love
 The wines of France and milk of Burgundy
 Strive to be interested: what can you say to draw
 A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
 According to my bond; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, now, Cordelia? Mend your speech a
 little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
 You have begot me, bred me, loved me; I
 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
 They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
 That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
 Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower.

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,

By all the operation of the orbs

From whom we do exist, and cease to be,

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee from this forever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,

'As thou, my sometime daughter,

Kent. Good my liege—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:

I loved her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery. (*To Cordelia.*)

Hence, and avoid my sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,

With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,

Pre-eminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,

By you to be sustained, shall our abode

Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain

The name, and all the additions to a king;

The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,

Beloved sons, be yours, which, to confirm,

This coronet part between you.

(*Giving the crown.*)

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honored as my king,

Loved as my father, as my master followed,

As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's
bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy doom,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more!

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo——

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant!
(*Laying hand on sword.*)

Alb., Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet), and with strained pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away, by Jupiter,

This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

(To *Cordelia.*) The gods to their dear shelter take
thee, maid,

That justly think'st and hast most rightly said!

(To *Regan and Goneril.*) And your large speeches
may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new. (Exit.)

(Enter *Gloster with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.*)

Gloster. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivalled for our daughter: What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Burgundy. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she's yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, newadopted to our hate,
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our oath,
Take her or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
made me,
I tell you all her wealth. (To *France.*) For you, great
king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
 That she, who even but now was your best object,
 The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
 The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
 Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
 So many folds of favor! Sure her offence
 Must be of such unnatural degree
 That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
 Fallen into taint; which, to believe of her,
 Must be a faith that reason without miracle
 Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
 (If for I want that glib and oily art,
 To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend
 I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
 No unchaste action, or dishonored step,
 That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
 But even the want of that for which I am richer,
 'A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
 Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
 Which often leaves the history unspoke
 That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love's not love
 When it is mingled with regards that stand
 Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
 She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
 Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing; I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
 That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
 poor,
 Most choice, forsaken, and most loved, despised,

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon!
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect!
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.



The School-house Stands by the Flag

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

School children are taught to-day as never before the history of our flag, and the sentiments which cling 'round it. In many places, particularly the foreign districts in New York City, they are taught to salute it daily. In love and loyalty to what it symbolizes lies the hope of our land; in the hands of the teachers of our youth is her destiny placed.

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name.
To her years of prosperity past and in store,
A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
'Tis the school-house that stands by the flag,
 Let the nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
 'Tis the school-boy whose ballot shall rule.
The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us Equality's home,
But the school-room to-day is Humanity's friend—
Let the people the flag and the school-house defend.
'Tis the school-house that stands by the flag,
 Let the nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that ring for our Liberty old,
 'Tis the school-boy whose ballot shall rule.

Bardell V. Pickwick

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(The Court of Common Pleas.)

MR. JUSTICE STARELEIGH, SERGEANT BUZZUZ, MR. SKIMPIN, MR. PHUNKY, MRS. CLUPPINS, MR. WINKLE, MR. WELLER, *senior*, SAM WELLER, FOREMAN, CRIER.

(Enter Mr. Justice Stareleigh, attended by Crier.—All rise—Takes his seat on the bench.—All sit.)

Crier. Hats off, gentlemen. Silence! silence for my Lord!

Buzzuz. I am for the plaintiff, my Lord.

Phunky. I appear for the defendant, my lord.

Judge. Go on.

Buzzuz. My lord! gentlemen of the Jury! Never in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me—a responsibility, I would say, which I never could have supported were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or in other words, the cause of my much injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I now see in the box before me. This, gentlemen, is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at one thousand five hundred pounds. The facts and circumstances of the case, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you. The plaintiff, gentlemen—the plaintiff is a widow. Yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenue, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy—the only pledge of her departed exciseman—Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front-parlour window a written placard, bearing this inscription, “Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within.”

A Juror. There is no date to that, is there, sir?

Buz. There is no date, gentlemen: but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour-window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. “Apartments furnished for a single gentleman.” Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion; all was confidence and reliance. “Mr. Bardell,” said the widow, “Mr. Bardell was a man of honour, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver; Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.” Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch—the train was laid—the mine was preparing—the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the window three days—three days, gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day, he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant. . . . Of this man Pickwick, I will say but little—the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the

contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy.

I say systematic villainy, gentlemen! And when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him—more becoming—in better judgment and in better taste—if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my Lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is not to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Soakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad; darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy. . . . ; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen, most unwilling witnesses—that on one particular morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments. And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. . . . They are covert, sly, underhand communications. . . . letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: “Garraway's, 12 o'-

clock. Dear Mrs. B., Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? "Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick!" "Chops"—gracious heaven! and "tomato sauce!" Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious:—"Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow.—Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression: "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan." "The warming-pan!" Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan?—which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and, I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture. Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick, with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the "Slow coach" mean? For aught I know, it may be an allusion to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. It is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded, while his mother weeps . . . he forgets the long-familiar cry of "knuckle-down," and at tip-cheese, or odd-and-even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—

Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen!

Call Elizabeth Cluppins.

Crier. Elizabeth Tuppins!—Elizabeth Jupkins!—Elizabeth Muffins!

(*Enter Mrs. Cluppins.*)

Buz. Mrs. Cluppins, pray compose yourself, ma'am. (*Mrs. Cluppins sobs.*) Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins—do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartments?

Mrs. C. Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

Buz. Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first floor front, I believe?

Mrs. C. Yes, it were, sir.

Judge. What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?

Mrs. C. My lord and jury, I will not deceive you.

Judge. You had better not, ma'am.

Mrs. C. I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaries—which was three pounds tuppence h'penny—when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.

Judge. On the what?

Snub. Partly open, my lord.

Judge. She *said* on the jar.

Snub. It's all the same, my lord.

Judge. I will make a note of it.

Mrs. C. I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good-mornin', and went in a permiscuous manner, upstairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room—

Buz. And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins.

Mrs. C. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear.

Buz. Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?

Mrs. C. Yes, it were, sir.

Buz. Tell us what you heard, Mrs. Cluppins, if you please.

Mrs. C. I heard Mr. Pickwick's voice, my lord and jury.

Buz. Yes, yes, but what did you hear him say?

Mrs. C. Mr. Pickwick was speaking to Mrs. Bardell, and he said, my lord and jury, that to keep two people would not be a much greater expense for her than to keep one; and it would save Mrs. Bardell a great deal of trouble.

Buz. Well, what next?

Mrs. C. He said she would have a lively companion, who would teach her more tricks in a week than she would ever learn in a year.

Buz. What more did you hear?

Mrs. C. My lord and jury, I peeped in—I won't deceive you, gentlemen—and his arms were round Mrs. Bardell's neck, and he called her a good creature.

Buz. That will do. You can go now, Mrs. Cluppins.

(*Exit.*)

Snubbin. I shall not cross-examine this witness.

Buz. Call Nathaniel Winkle.

Crier. Nathaniel Winkle!

Winkle. Here. (*Goes into box, bows to Judge.*)

Judge. Don't look at me, sir; look at the jury.

Skim. Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?

Win. (*With a stuttering accent.*) Winkle.

Judge. What is your Christian name, sir?

Win. Nathaniel, sir.

Judge. Daniel—any other name?

Win. Nathaniel, sir—my lord, I mean.

Judge. Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?

Win. No, my lord, only Nathaniel—not Daniel at all.

Judge. What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?

Win. I didn't, my lord.

Judge. You did, sir. How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?

Skim. Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord. We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say.

Judge. You had better be careful, sir.

Skim. Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, sir, if you please, and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?

Win. I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly—

Skim. Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?

Win. I was just about to say that—

Skim. Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?

Judge. If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir.

Skim. Come, sir—yes or no, if you please.

Win. Yes, I am.

Skim. Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too. Eh, Mr. Winkle?

Win. I don't know her—I've seen her.

Skim. Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle.

Win. I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I called to see Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street.

Skim. How often have you seen her, sir?

Win. How often?

Skim. Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir.

Win. It is impossible to say how many times I have seen Mrs. Bardell.

Skim. Have you seen her twenty times, sir?

Win. Certainly; more than that.

Skim. Have you seen her a hundred times?

Win. No, I think not.

Skim. Can you swear that you have not seen her more than fifty times?

Win. I think not.

Skim. Don't you know that you have seen her at least seventy-five times?

Win. I think I may have seen her seventy-five times, but I am uncertain.

Judge. You had better take care of yourself, sir, and mind what you are about.

Skim. Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant, Pickwick, at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning in the month of July last?

Win. Yes, I do.

Skim. Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?

Win. Yes, I was.

Skim. Are they here?

Win. Yes, they are.

Skim. Pray, attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends. Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir—we must have it sooner or later.

Win. The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away.

Skim. Did you hear the defendant say anything?

Win. I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself—for what a situation it was if anybody should come—or words to that effect.

Skim. Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you will bear in mind his Lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, "My dear Mrs. Bardell, you are a good creature; compose your self to this situation, for to this situation you must come," or words to *that* effect?

Win. I—I didn't understand him so, certainly. I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—

Skim. The gentlemen of the jury want none of the im-

pressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men. You were on the staircase, and did not distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted. Do I understand that?

Win. No, I will not. (*Skimpin sits down.*)

Phunk. (*Stands up.*) I believe, Mr. Winkle, that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?

Win. Oh no; old enough to be my father.

Phunk. You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?

Win. Oh no; certainly not.

Phunk. I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle. Did you ever see anything particular in Mr. Pickwick's manner or conduct towards the opposite sex to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?

Win. Oh, no; certainly not.

Phunk. You may leave the box, Mr. Winkle. (*He goes out.*)

Bus. Call Samuel Weller

(Enter Sam Weller.)

Judge. What's your name, sir?

Sam. Sam Weller, my lord.

Judge. Do you spell it with a V or a W?

Sam. That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord, I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a V.

Mr. Weller, sen. (*Outside.*) Quite right, too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a we, my lord; put it down a we.

Crier. Silence!

Judge. Who is that who dares address the Court? Usher!

Crier. Yes, my lord.

Judge. Bring that person here instantly.

Crier. Yes, my lord. (*Exit.*)

Judge. Do you know who that was, sir?

Sam. I rayther suspect it was my father, my Lord.

Judge. Do you see him here, now?

Sam. No, I don't, my lord. (*Looking up at the ceiling.*)

Judge. If you could have pointed him out I would have committed him instantly.

Sam. Thank ye, my lord.

Buz. Now, Mr. Weller.

Sam. Now, sir.

Buz. I believe that you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case? Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

Sam. I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'm'n, and a very good service it is.

Buz. Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?

Sam. Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said, ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

Judge. You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir—it's not evidence.

Sam. Very good, my lord.

Buz. Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I do, sir.

Buz. Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

Sam. I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'm'n of the jury, and that was a very particlker and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

Judge. You had better be careful, sir.

Sam. So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord, and I was very careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes,—very careful indeed, my lord.

(*The Judge looks sternly at Sam and motions Buzfuz to proceed.*)

Buz. Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

Sam. Certainly not. I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

Buz. Now, attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they wos a pair of patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'r'aps I might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door; but being only two eyes, you see, my wision's limited.

Buz. Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

Sam. If you please, sir.

Buz. Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last?

Sam. Oh, yes, very well.

Buz. Oh, you do remember that, Mr. Weller! I thought we should get at something at last.

Sam. I rayther thought that, too, sir.

Buz. Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?

Sam. I went up to pay the rent. But we did get a-talkin' about the trial.

Buz. Oh, you did get a-talkin' about the trial! Now, what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?

Sam. With all the pleasure in life, sir. After a few unimportant obserwations from the virtuous female as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'm'n as is sittin' near you now.

Buz. The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well! they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

Sam. Yes; they said what a very generous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec', and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick.

Buz. It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the Court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir! That's my case, my lord.

Phunk. In the absence of my leader, Serjeant Snubbin, who is at Westminster, I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of replying to this case.

Judge. Sergeant Snubbin should have been here. I

cannot postpone my summing-up on that account. Gentlemen of the jury, if Mrs. Bardell be right, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick must be wrong; and if you think the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, you will believe it; and if you don't, you will not believe it. If you are satisfied that a breach of promise has been committed, you will find for the plaintiff, with such damages as you think proper; and if, on the other hand, it appears to you that no promise of marriage has ever been given, you will find for the defendant, with no damages at all.

Crier. Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?

Foreman. We are.

Crier. Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?

Foreman. For the plaintiff.

Crier. With what damages, gentlemen?

Foreman. Seven hundred and fifty pounds.

* * * *

Crier. Silence!



There is a song somewhere, my dear;
Be the skies above dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere!

—James W. Riley.



The best way to deliver a man from calamity is to put a song in his heart. There are some who sink under their calamity, and there are some who swim through it. I think you will find that the difference between these lies in the comparative amount of their previous cheer. The balance generally turns on the hearing or not hearing of yesterday's song. They who have the song already in their heart pass over the Red Sea; they who have heard no previous music are submerged in the wave.—George Matheson.

The Secrets of the Heart

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Le coeur mène où il va."

SCENE: *A chalet covered with honeysuckle.*

Ninette. This way.

Ninon. No, this way.

Ninette. This way, then.

(They enter chalet.)

You are as changing, child, as men.

Ninon. But are they? Is it true, I mean?
Who said it?

Ninette. Sister Seraphine.
She was so pious and so good,
With such sad eyes beneath her hood,
And such poor little feet—all bare!
Her name was Eugénie la Fère.
She used to tell us, moonlight nights,
When I was at the Carmelites.

Ninon. Ah, then it must be right. And yet,
Suppose for once—suppose Ninette—
But what?

Ninon. Suppose it were not so?
Suppose there were true men, you know!
And then?

Ninon. Why,—if that could occur,
What kind of men should you prefer?

Ninette. What looks, you mean?

Ninon. Looks, voice and all.
Ninette. Well, as to that, he must be tall,
Or say, not tall—of middle size;
And next, he must have laughing eyes,
And a hook-nose, with, underneath,
O! what a row of sparkling teeth!

Ninon. (Touching her cheek suspiciously.)
Has he a scar on this side?

Ninette. Hush!
Someone is coming. No; a thrush;
I see it swinging there.

Ninon. Go on,

Ninette. Then he must fence (ah, look, 'tis gone!),
And dance like Monseigneur, and sing
"Love was a shepherd"—everything
That men do. Tell me yours, Ninon.

Ninon. Shall I? Then mine has black, black hair,
I mean, he *should* have; then an air
Half sad, half noble; features thin;
A little *royale* on the chin;
And such a pale, high brow. And then,
He is a prince of gentlemen!
He, too, can ride and fence, and write
Sonnets and madrigals, yet fight
No worse for that—

Ninette. I know your man.

Ninon. And I know yours. But you'll not tell,—
Swear it!

Ninette. I swear upon this fan,—
My grandmother's!

Ninon. And I, I swear,
On this old turquoise *reliquaire*,
My great, great grandmother's!
(After a pause.) Ninette!

I feel so sad.

Ninette. I, too. But why?

Ninon. Alas, I know not!

Ninette. *(With a sigh.)* Nor do I.



I have like other people I suppose made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept; but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the keynote of my life. It is this—always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning; I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul; but rather be made to "blossom, like Aaron's rod, with flowers."—Helen Keller.

King John

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

As Richard I died without lawful issue, the crown in the strict order of succession would have fallen to his nephew Arthur, Duke of Brittany, then a lad of twelve years. But the crown was then partly elective, the nation choosing of the royal family the one they thought fittest for the office. As England declared for John, Richard's second brother, he was crowned king, but he naturally feared little Prince Arthur because of his right to the throne. He finally took him prisoner and ordered his chamberlain Hubert de Burgh to put out the little prince's eyes with hot irons.

In these two scenes the characters are King John, Arthur, Hubert and his attendants.

ACT III. Part of Scene III.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
'And with advantage means to pay thy love;
'And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes;
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But ah! I will not: yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldest?
 Good Hubert! Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread
 He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My Lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.

(*Exit.*)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

(Enter Hubert and Two Attendants.)

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
 Within the arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me
 Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

First Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the
 deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.
(Exit Attendants.)

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

(Enter Arthur.)

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince,—having so great a title
 To be more prince,—as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
 Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practices more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him.
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
 No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. *(Aside.)* If I talk to him with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
 Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with you:
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. *(Aside.)* His words do take possession of my
 bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. *(Showing a paper.)*

(Aside.) How now, foolish rheum!
 Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
 Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did ache,
 I knit my handkercher about your brows,—

The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
 And I did never ask it you again;
 And with my hand at midnight held your head,
 And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
 Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"
 Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick-service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning: do an if you will,
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes that never did nor never shall
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it!
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
 And quench this fiery indignation
 Even in the matter of mine innocence;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed him; no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. (*Stamps.*) Come forth.

(*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, etc.*)

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough?
 I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the iron angerly.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

First Attendant. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

(*Exit Attendants.*)

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense;
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O! spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you:
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:

Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O' now you look like Hubert, all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more, go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. (*Exit.*)



The Boy to the Schoolmaster

BY EDWARD J. WHEELER.

"You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,
 You've asked me to cipher and spell,
You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong,
 Or a dolt if I failed to tell
Just when to say lie and when to say lay,
 Or what nine-sevenths may make,
Or the longitude of Kamchatka Bay,
 Or the I-forget-what's-its-name lake.
So I think it's about my turn, I do,
 To ask a question or so of you."

The schoolmaster grim, he opened his eyes,
 But said not a word for sheer surprise.

"Can you tell where the nest of the oriole swings,
 Or the color its egg may be?
Do you know the time when the squirrel brings
 Its young from their nest in the tree?
Can you tell when the chestnuts are ready to drop,
 Or where the best hazelnuts grow?
Can you climb a high tree to the very tiptop,
 Then gaze without trembling below?
Can you swim and dive, can you jump and run,
 Or do anything else we boys call fun?"
The master's voice trembled as he replied:
 "You are right, my lad; I'm the dunce," he sighed.

The Foxes' Tails

Minister. Weel, Sandy, man; and how did ye like the sermon the day?

Precentor. Eh?

Min. I say, how did ye like the sermon?

Pre. Oh, the sermon—weel—a—a—the sermon—’od—a—I maist forget how, I likit it.

Min. D’ye no mind the sermon, Sandy?

Pre. Weel—I—wadna jeest like to say that I didna mind it, but—

Min. D’ye no mind the text, then?

Pre. Ou, ay—I mind the text weel aneuch—ay, I mind the text.

Min. Weel, d’ye no mind the sermon?

Pre. Bide a meenit, bide a meenit—I’m thinkin’—Hoots, ay! I mind the sermon noo—ay, I mind it fine.

Min. What d’ye mind about it?

Pre. Weel—weel—ye said the world was lyin’ in wickedness.

Min. Toots, man! any fule kens that. What did ye think o’ the discourse as a whole?

Pre. I thocht it was owre lang.

Min. Tut—tut—tut! Weel, what did ye think o’t in the abstract?

Pre. The abstract—weel, I thocht the abstract was rather drumlie noo and then, as a whole, like.

Min. Man, d’ye understand your ain language? I ask you, what was your opeenion o’ the nature—the gist, the pith, the marrow o’ the discourse?

Pre. Ay, jeest that—weel, it was—it was evangelical.

Min. Evangelical! of course it was evangelical—wasn’t no more than that?

Pre. Ou, ay, it was gey an’ conneckit.

Min. You thickhead! Was the sermon good, bad, or indifferent—there, can ye fathom that?

Pre. Oh! that’s what ye’ve been speirin’ aboot a’ the time, is’t? What for did ye no speak plain afore? Weel, it was a gude sermon—’deed it was the best I ever heard you preach.

Min. Hoot toot! Sandy, now you’re gaun owre far.

Pre. Aweel, aweel, I never saw sae few folk sleepin' afore.

Min. Oh! and are you in the habit, sir, o' fallin' asleep during my pulpit ministrations?

Pre. I wadna say but what I tak a blink noo and then.

Min. Oh! but still ye thought it was a good sermon?

Pre. Ay, it was a hantle better than the lave.

Min. I'm much oblieged to you, Sandy, for your gude opinion.

Pre. You're perfectly welcome. But, at the same time, if ye'll excuse me, I would jeest like to make one observation aboot the discourse the day—and in fac' aboot a' yer discoresses.

Min. Ay, what's that?

Pre. Weel, it's raither a venturesome pint tae handle; but, if ye'll forgie the freedom, I was jeest gaun to say that in your discourse the day—we'll no gang ony farther than the one the day—in the midst o't, like—when ye was on the tap o' an illystration—it struck me that every noo and then—but ye'll no feel offended at what I'm gaun to say?

Min. Say awa, man, and I'll tell ye after.

Pre. Ay, weel, in your discourse the day—every noo and again—in the midst o't, like—when ye was expleenin' some kittie pint out o' the Scriptures—or when ye was in the heat o' an argyment, or that—or else when ye—a—but noo, ye're sure ye'll no be offended?

Min. Ye donnart idiot! wull ye either say what ye've gotten to say, or else lit it alone?

Pre. I'm coming to the pint directly. All I was gaun to say was jeest this, that every noo and then in your discourse the day—I dinna say oftener than noo and then—jeest occasionally—it struck me that there was maybe—frae time to time—jeest a wee bit o' *exaggeration*.

Min. Exagger—what, sir?

Pre. Weel, maybe that's ower strong a word, I dinna want to offend ye. I mean jeest—*amplification*, like.

Min. Exaggeration! amplification! What the deil mischief d'ye mean, sir? Where got ye haud o' sic lang-nebbit words as these?

Pre. There, there, there! I'll no say anither word. I dinna mean to rouse ye like that. All I meant to say was that you jeest *stretched the pint* a wee bit.

Min. Streeched the pint! D'ye mean to say, sir, that I tell *lees*?

Pre. Oh! no, no, no—but I didna gang sae far as a' that.

Min. Ye went quite far enough, sir. Sandy, answer me this: Are ye sayin' this a' out o' your ain head, or did somebody else put ye up till't? Did ye ever hear the Laird say I was in the habit o' exaggeratin'?

Pre. I wadna say but what he has.

Min. Did ever ye hear the elders say I amplified, or streeched the pint, or whatever ye like to call it?

Pre. I wadna say but what they hae, too.

Min. Oh! So the Laird, and the elders, and the whole o' ye, call me a *leear*, do ye? Haud your tongue, Sandy, ye've said ower muckle already; it's my turn to speak now. Sandy, although I'm your minister, still I'm perfectly willing to admit that I'm a sinful, erring creature, like any one o' ye; and the only difference between me and the rest o' ye is just this: I've been to colleges and universities, and seats o' learnin', and I've got some sense in my heid; but as for the rest o' ye, ye're a puir, miserable, ignorant set o' creatures, that don't know your right hand frae your left; that's all the difference between us. At the same time, as I said before, I am free to admit that I myself am a human being, Sandy—only a human being; and it's just possible that being oblieged, Sawbbath after Sawbbath, to expound the Word to sic a doited set o' naturals,—for if I wasna to mak ilka thing as big as a barn door, ye wadna see it ava—I say it's just possible that I may have slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things; and it's a bad habit to get into, Sandy, and it's a waur thing to be accused o't; and therefore, Sandy, I call upon you, if ever ye should hear me say another word out o' joint, to pull me up there and then.

Pre. Losh! sir; but how could I pull ye up i' the kirk?

Min. Ye can give me some sort o' a signal.

Pre. How could I gie ye a signal i' the kirk?

Min. Ye could make some kind o' a noise.

Pre. A noise i' the kirk?

Min. Ay. Ye're sittin' just down aneath me, ye ken; so ye might just put up your heid, and give a bit whustle (*whistles*), like that.

Pre. A whustle!

Min. Ay, a whustle! What ails the fule?

Pre. What! whustle i' the Lord's hoose on the Lord's day? I never heard o' sic a thing i' a' my days!

Min. Now, now—ye needna mak such a big disturbance about it. I dinna want ye to blaw off a great overpowering whustle, and frighten a' the folk out o' the kirk, but just a wee bit o' a whustle that naebody but our two selves could hear.

Pre. But would it no be an awfu' sin?

Min. Hoots, man; doesna the wind whustle on the Sawbbath?

Pre. Ay; I never thought o' that afore. Yes, the wind whistles.

Min. Well, just a wee bit soughing whustle like the wind. (*Whistles softly.*)

Pre. Well, if there's nae harm in in't, I'll do my best.

So, ultimately, it was agreed between the minister and precentor, that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit the signal from the desk below.

Next Sunday came; the sermon had been rigorously trimmed, and the parson seated himself in the pulpit with a radiant smile, as he thought of the prospective discomfiture of Sandy. Sandy sat down as imperturbable as usual, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. Had the minister only stuck to his sermon that day, he would have done very well, and have had the laugh against Sandy which he anticipated at the end of the service. But it was his habit, before the sermon, to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such remarks and explanations of his own as he thought necessary. He generally selected such passages as contained a number of *kittle pints*, so that his marvellous powers of *eloocidation* might be called into play. On the present occasion he had chosen one that bristled with difficulties. It was that chapter which describes Samson as catching three hundred foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting firebrands in their midst, starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning it down. As he closed the description, he shut the book, and commenced the *eloocidation* as follows:

"My dear friends, I daresay you have been wondering in your minds how it was possible that Samson could catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasts run so fast. It takes

a great company of dogs and horses and men to catch a fox, and they do not always catch it then—the cra'ter whiles gets away. But lo and behold! here we have one single man, all by himself, catching three hundred of them. Now how did he do it?—that's the pint; and at first sight it looks a gey an' kittle pint. But it's not so kittle as it looks, my freends; and if you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes I'll clear away the whole difficulty, and make what now seems dark and incomprehensible to your uninstructed minds as clear as the sun in his noon-day meridian.

"Well, then, we are told in the Scriptures that Samson was the strongest man that ever lived; and, furthermore, we are told in the chapter next after the one we have been reading, that he was a very polite man; for when he was in the house of Dagon, he *bowed with all his might*; and if some of you, my freends, would only bow with *half* your might it would be all the better for you. But, although we are told all this, we are not told that he was a great runner. But if he catched these three hundred foxes he must have been a great runner, an awful runner; in fact, the greatest runner that ever was born. But, my freends—an' here's the *eloocidation* o' the matter—ye'll please bear this in mind, that although we are not told he *was* the greatest runner that ever lived, still we're not told he *wasna*; and therefore I contend that we have a perfect right to assume, by all the laws of Logic and Scientific History, that he *was* the fastest runner that ever was born; and that was how he catched his three hundred foxes!

"But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends, another crops up—after he has catched his three hundred foxes, how does he manage to keep them all together? This looks almost as kittle a pint as the other—to some it might look even kittler; but if you will only bring your common sense to bear on the question, the difficulty will disappear like the morning cloud, and the early dew that withereth away.

"Now you will please bear in mind, in the *first place*, that it *was foxes* that Samson catched. Now we don't catch foxes, as a general rule, in the streets of a *toon*; therefore it is more than probable that Samson catched them in the *country*, and if he catched them in the country it is natural to suppose that he 'bided in the

country ; and if he 'bided in the country it is not unlikely that he lived at a farm-house. Now at farm-houses we have stables, and byres, and coach-houses, and barns, and therefore we may now consider it a settled pint, that as he catched his foxes, one by one, he stapped them into a good sized barn, and steeked the door and locked it,—*here we overcome the second stumbling block.* But no sooner have we done this, than a third rock of offense loops up to fickle us. After he has catched his foxes ; after he has got them all snug in the barn under lock and key—*how in the world did he tie their tails thegither?* There is a fickler. You or me couldna tie two o' their tails thegither—let alone three hundred ; for, not to speak about the beasts girnning and biting us a' the time we were tying them, the *tails themselves are not long enough.* How then was he able to tie them all ? That's the pint—and it is about the *kittlest pint* you or me has ever had to *eloocidate.* Common sense is no good to't. No more is Latin or Greek ; nor more is Logic or Metaphysics ; no more is Natural Philosophy or Moral Philosophy or Moral Philosophy ; no more is Rhetoric or Bell's Letters, even, and I've studied them a' mysel' ; but it is a great thing for poor, ignorant folk like you, that there has been great and learned men who have been to colleges, and universities, and seats o' learning—the same as mysel', ye ken—and instead o' going into the kirk, like me, or into physic, like the doctor, or into law, like the lawyer, they have gone travelling into foreign parts ; and they have written books o' their travels ; and we can read their books. Now, among other places, some of these learned men have traveled into *Canaan*, and some into *Palestine*, and some few into the *HQLY LAND* ; and these last mentioned travellers tell us, that in these Eastern or Oriental climes, the foxes there are *a total different breed o' cattle o'thegither frae our foxes*; that they are great, big beasts—and, what's the most astonishing thing about them, and what helps to explain this wonderful feat of Samson's, is, that they've all got *most extraordinary long tails*; in fact, these Eastern travellers tell us that these foxes' tails are actually *forty feet long.*

Pre. (Whistles.)

Min. (Somewhat disturbed.) Oh ! I ought to say that there are *other travellers*, and *later travellers* than the travellers I've been talking to you about, and they say

this statement is rather an *exaggeration on the whole*, and that these foxes' tails are never more than *twenty feet long*.

Pre. (*Whistles.*)

Min. (*Disturbed and confused.*) Be—be—before I leave this subject a'thegither, my friends, I may just add that there has been a considerable diversity o' opinion about the length o' these animals' tails. Ye see one man says one thing, and anither, anither; and I've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter mysel'; and after examining one authority, and anither authority, and putting one authority agin the ither, I've come to the conclusion that these foxes' tails, on an average, are seldom more than *fifteen and a half feet long*.

Pre. (*Whistles.*)

Min. (*Angrily.*) Sandy McDonald, I'll no tak anither inch aff o' the beasts' tails, even gin ye whustle every tooth oot o' your head. Do ye think the foxes o' the Scriptures had na tails at a'?



From the Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

They say the early Bird the Worm shall taste.
Then rise, O Kitten! Wherefore, sleeping, waste
The fruits of Virtue? Quick! the Early Bird
Will soon be on the flutter—Oh, make haste!

The Early Bird has gone, and with him ta'en
The Early Worm—Alas! the Moral's plain,
O Senseless Worm! Thus, thus we are repaid
For Early Rising—I shall doze again.

His Unbiased Opinion*

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. GATHERUM-JONES, who adores celebrities.

MISS CHESTER DABNEY, who wrote "A Gilded Pill."

MR. CHILLINGSBY BLIGHT, whose opinion is final.

SCENE: Flirtation nook, opening from Mrs. Gatherum-Jones's ballroom.

Miss Chester Dabney is discovered peeping through entrance. Music and hum of voices come from off. Enter Mrs. G.-J. Chester advances to meet her.

Mrs. G.-J. So glad to see you, my dear Chester! So glad!

Chester. So kind of you! What an alarming crush you have! I was afraid to venture in.

Mrs. G.-J. I've got quantity—but quality? (With gesture of despair.) Not one new celebrity!

Ch. (Looking off.) Isn't that Bangerefsky by the piano?

Mrs. G.-J. Yes; but he is in a frightful temper, and won't play. What does he fancy I asked him for?

Ch. What, indeed! But I see—one—two poets, eight novelists, an actor, and three critics. Enough lions to start a menagerie.

Mrs. G.-J. (Pathetically.) All last season's; and last year's lions are this year's bores. Positively, you and Chillingsby Blight are—

Ch. Chillingsby Blight, the critic?

Mrs. G.-J. Yes; is it not a triumph? I have told him all about your dear book.

Ch. You didn't tell him I wrote "A Gilded Pill?"

Mrs. G.-J. Certainly. I have prepared everyone to meet you. Come! (Takes her arm.)

Ch. (Drawing back.) I won't—I can't be presented as the author of "A Gilded Pill."

Mrs. G.-J. Surely, you are not ashamed of it?

* Reprinted from the "Cosmopolitan" Magazine.

Ch. No, only tired of being a tag on my own book. Before I wrote it I had friends. Now, I only make curious acquaintances, who stare, and question, and— and are perfectly horrid.

Mrs. G.-J. The penalty of fame. Come, my dear. (*Takes her arm again.*)

Ch. (*Resisting.*) Please, really I cannot run the gauntlet. I know the process so well. (*Imitating.*) "Who is she? What did *she* do? Soh! soh! 'Gilded Pill.' Oh! not bad-looking—for a literary woman! Next!" No, no!

Mrs. G.-J. Nonsense!

Ch. Present me as Miss Dabney. *Please*, Mrs. Gatherum-Jones! Let them find out for themselves if I am clever.

Mrs. G.-J. How could they? At least—you know what I mean.

(Enter *Chillingsby Blight* hurriedly; looks about haggardly.)

Blight. Peace at last! (*Perceiving ladies.*) No, caught again. (*Bows.*)

Mrs. G.-J. (*Gushingly.*) Ah, my dear Mr. Blight, I want you to meet this foolish girl—

Bl. Charmed. (*Bows.*)

Mrs. G.-J. Mr. Blight, my dear Chester, is our most dreadful critic. His word is final, his—

Voice off. Mr. Claude Errol!

Mrs. G.-J. (*Ecstatically.*) Claude Errol, the author of those naughty, naughty poems! My evening is turning out a success. Pardon! (*Hurries out.*)

Bl. (*Aside.*) I wonder what she goes in for? (*A loud.*) You have read Errol's book?

Ch. (*Severely.*) Certainly not.

Bl. (*Hopefully.*) Then you are not an advanced woman, Miss—er—pardon, was Chester the name?

Ch. My name is Chester. (*Aside.*) He don't know me. Delightful!

Bl. And you—er—pardon me again, but Mrs. Gatherum-Jones's guests generally—er—er—

Ch. Generally are someone. I can give no excuse for living. I am just a plain, ordinary—

Bl. Plain, ordinary, pretty girl. More and more charming.

Ch. Do you object to clever girls?

Bl. I prefer fascinating ones. (*Points this with an insinuating look.*)

Ch. (*Laughing.*) You are clever, are you not?

Bl. I must refer you to my obituary notices.

Ch. Ridiculous! But, seriously, why don't you like clever women?

Bl. Because they are all dead.

Ch. Why, don't you know—

Bl. I know an army of brightly imitative women in all departments of art. Charming dabblers—

Ch. Dabblers! Think of—

Bl. Oh, oh! A few exceptions proved the rule—and died in the attempt.

Ch. Really!

Bl. Angry?

Ch. No; but I can assure you I know—oh! lots of clever, brilliant, conscientious women.

Bl. Which of them has made a new departure in literature?

Ch. (*Confused.*) Departure?

Bl. Yes. Ah, you see! Women are like the Chinese: they imitate with dexterity, execute with celerity, adapt with rapacity, but originate—never.

Ch. How crushing! I begin to fear you.

Bl. You need not. A womanly woman commands my respectful admiration.

Ch. Are brains unwomanly?

Bl. Apparently.

Ch. Oh!

Bl. Every day, some feminine aspirant demands my unbiased opinion of her book, or my life.

Ch. Well?

Bl. She gets my life: at least, I shorten it by hunting for something to say.

Ch. I should tell her the truth.

Bl. Impossible! There are always some pathetic extenuating circumstances in the way. Her work is deplorable, but—she has a sick father, or husband; or she is a gifted widow with ten children, or a consumptive orphan. In short, I cannot give her my unbiased opinion.

Ch. (*Nervously.*) There are others. Suppose—just for fun—suppose I had written a novel.

Bl. Heaven forbid!

Ch. But suppose I had—just for fun—wouldn't you give me your unbiased opinion?

Bl. Suppose I did. And suppose—just for fun—that you cried, and called me a monster?

Ch. As if I would! But I am not a clever woman.

Bl. The woman who does not publish a book to prove her ignorance, is very clever, negatively.

Ch. (*Much irritated.*) Please don't fan me! I—I—well, I think women are just as original as men.

Bl. They are nicer.

Ch. More original.

Bl. Name one—alive; dead don't count.

Ch. I will. Did you ever read—a—a—"A Gilded Pill?"

Bl. Yes.

Ch. (*Fiercely.*) It is considered to be a new departure.

Bl. Oh, yes; the author is like a balky horse—she departs from the beaten track backwards into a ditch.

Ch. So that is your unbiased opinion?

Bl. Certainly.

Ch. Why didn't you write a criticism and tell her so?

Bl. I did. I was almost as funny as I could be. Touched it up in my most sportively sarcastic vein, and then—

Ch. And then—

Bl. Suppressed it at the request of Mrs. Gatherum-Jones. There is the usual pathetic reason: Miss Dabney is an orphan, and my critique might have injured the sale of her book.

Ch. Oh! and I—*Do* tell me what you said, Mr. Blight! I am a very intimate friend of Miss Dabney.

Bl. (*Taking out note-book.*) Do you care for the flavor of minced friend?

Ch. It's mental ice-cream soda to me. Go on! *Please!*

Bl. You won't tell her?

Ch. (*Burlesquing.*) I swear that she shall never know your unbiased opinion, unless you read it to her yourself!

Bl. (*Laughing.*) I shall never place myself in such

an embarrassing position. Oh, no! (*Opens book.*) I believe she is here to-night.

Ch. (*Demurely.*) Yes; she is very much here.

Bl. (*Turning over pages.*) Is she pretty?

Ch. No; but she's—she's— Please go on.

Bl. (*Reading.*) " 'A Gilded Pill' is a striking example of the useless in fiction—as it is equally false to life and art, and neither amuses nor instructs."

Ch. (*Gasp ing.*) Oh! Oh! Now—go on!

Bl. (*Reading.*) "It, however, introduces us to an entirely new type of hero——"

Ch. (*Brightly.*) Yes!

Bl. "Who would shine resplendent as a freak, from his remarkable physique. In addition to the conventional marble brow and chiseled lips, Claude Lorraine possesses the torso of Apollo, midnight hair, one cold steel eye, one arm of Hercules, the lope of a tiger, and the fierce temper of his Arabian mother. When we add that he combines the intellect of the village idiot with the morals of a thug, we have simply rounded out Miss Dabney's portrait of a happily impossible man——"

Ch. Ah!

Bl. (*Folding up book.*) His love scenes are ineffably brutal.

Ch. You mean strong.

Bl. (*Dryly.*) A dog fight is strong.

Ch. I mean strong! Ah, I understand now your prejudice against women. You are jealous!

Bl. Jealous!

Ch. Critics are stunted authors, pickled in disappointment.

Bl. Oh, I say.

Ch. Revenging their own failures on their successful rivals.

Bl. Why make such a personal matter of this?

Cr. (*Tragically.*) Why?

(Enter Mrs. G.-J.) My dear, you must come. Everyone is simply wild to meet the author of "A Gilded Pill."

Bl. (*With agony.*) You wrote it?

Ch. Yes.

Bl. Your name is not Chester?

Ch. My name is Chester Dabney.

Bl. And I——

Mrs. G.-J. You did not know? What a pity!

Ch. (*Hysterically.*) Not at all, for—thanks to the misunderstanding—I have had the dubious pleasure of receiving Mr. Blight's unbiased opinion of my book. Let us go! (*Exits with Mrs. G.-J.*)

Bl. (*Starting up.*) Miss Dabney! One moment! Ah, truth, truth! Why did you ever leave your well?



She Stoops to Conquer

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

This old play by Oliver Goldsmith is one of the few that have stood the test of time since Shakespeare's day.

Sir Charles Marlow has recommended his son to old Hardcastle as a suitable husband for Hardcastle's daughter Kate. Young Marlow sets out with his friend Hastings to the Hardcastle house. Losing their way, they stop to inquire at the Inn where they encounter Tony Lumpkin, old Hardcastle's step-son, who, in his mischievous way, directs them.

ACT I. SCENE 2.: *An ale-house room.*

MARLOW, HASTINGS, LANDLORD, TONY LUMPKIN.

(Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings.)

Mar. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country and we have come above threescore.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Mar. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolleying, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of?

Mar. Our information differs in this: the daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem!—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's. (*Winking upon the Landlord.*) Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh. You understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's? Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash Lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. O, sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go side-

ways till you come upon Crackskull Common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill—

Mar. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside, with—three chairs and a bolster.

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you!—Then, let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hast. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night however.

Land. (*Aside to Tony.*) Sure, you bean't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. (*Aside.*) Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out. (*Aloud.*) You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the road side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign: Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are much obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a' keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole county.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the Land-lord.*) Mum!

Land. Ah, bless your heart for a sweet, pleasant, mischievous devil! (*Aside.*) (*Exeunt.*)

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Hardcastle gives instructions to his servants.

(Enter Squire Hardcastle, followed by two or three of his servants.)

Hard. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

All. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

All. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you! See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going for-

wards, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative.—Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out alaughing as if you made part of the company.

Dig. Then, ecod! your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that;—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir; if you please. (*To Diggory.*)—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod! your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

First Serv. I'm not to leave this place.

Second Serv. I'm sure it's no place of mine.

Third Serv. Nor mine, for sertain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hard. You numbskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts you blockheads. I'll go in the meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. (*Exit Hardcastle.*)

Dig. By the elevens, my pleace is gone quite out of my head.

Rog. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

Fist Serv. Where is mine?

Second Serv. My place is to be nowhere at all; and so I'z go about my business. (*Exeunt Servants.*)

Piety and Civic Virtue

BY CHARLES HENRY PARKHURST.

Dr. Parkhurst, who has been pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City, since 1880, is one of the most forceful and picturesque exponents, in both word and deed, of the civic virtues that can be found in the country.



HE fault with the mass of civic virtue is that there is not enough Christian live coal in it to make it safe to be counted on for solid effects. What a wicked man will do on election day you can tell. What a good man will do you cannot tell. Most likely he will not do anything. It is a singular fact that goodness cannot be so confidently trusted as depravity can to do what is expected of it. It is not so reliable. It takes a larger consideration to prevent a bad man from casting his ballot for rum than it does to prevent a good man from going and voting against it.

Average decency is not so much in earnest as average profligacy. Elections in city and State are very likely to turn on the weather. Singularly enough a watery day is apt to mean a rum government. Respectability looks at the barometer before it steps out of doors. Decency is afraid of taking cold. Piety does not like to get its feet wet. Wickedness is amphibious and thrives in any element or in no element. There are a good many lessons which the powers of darkness are competent to teach the children of light, and that is one of them. Vice is a good deal spryer than virtue, has more staying power, can work longer without getting out of breath, and has less need of half-holidays.

I know because of this people say, you can't do anything. You can. One man can chase a thousand; we have the Almighty's word for it. I have done it. I am not bragging of it; but I have done it. Any man can do it be he Catholic, Republican, or Democrat, if he have the truth on his side, dares to stand up and tell it, is distinguished by consecrated hang-to-itiveness, and when he has been knocked down once preserves his serenity, gets up, and goes at it again. One man can chase a thousand.

Let our earnest, fiery citizens once get but an inkling of what citizenship means, in its truest and innermost sense, and there is no wall of misrule too solidly constructed for it to overthrow; no "machine" of demagogism too elaborately wrought for it to smash. There is nothing that can stand in the way of virtue on fire. A fact you can misstate, a principle you can put under a false guise, but a man you cannot down; that is to say, if he is a man who has grit, grace, and sleeps well o' nights.

There is no play about this work; there is no fun in it. It means annoyances; it means enmities. It is no more possible to stand up in the presence of the community and speak the truth in cold monosyllables now than it was in Jerusalem two thousand years ago. Human nature has not altered any in that time. There is not so much wickedness now, perhaps, as there was then, but what there is is just as wicked and just as malignant. If a man butts his head against a wall, he may be able to do a little something towards weakening the wall, but it will be certain to give him the headache. Action and reaction are bound to be equal. Nothing less than the steady pull of a long and devout purpose will be sufficient under those circumstances to keep the man a-going.

Men now are precisely what they were when they thrust Jeremiah into a hole and took off the head of John the Baptist. But that makes not a whit of difference. Every blow tells. Wickedness is cowardly and Pentecostal virtue is not. That makes a huge difference. The matter of numbers does not come into the account. History is not administered on the basis of arithmetic. The declaration of Solomon that the battle is not to the strong has been justified by every age of moral, political, and military history.

No cause can be called a weak cause that has vitality enough about it to make devotees out of its advocates. Philip Second could do nothing with poor little Holland because the Protestant's idea put recruits on their feet faster than Philip's mercenaries could shoot or roast the veterans.

If any one anywhere is anxious to accomplish something in the way of ameliorating the condition of his town or city, and asks me what he shall do, I answer in ten words: Get the facts; state them; stand up to them.

May 1 1916

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